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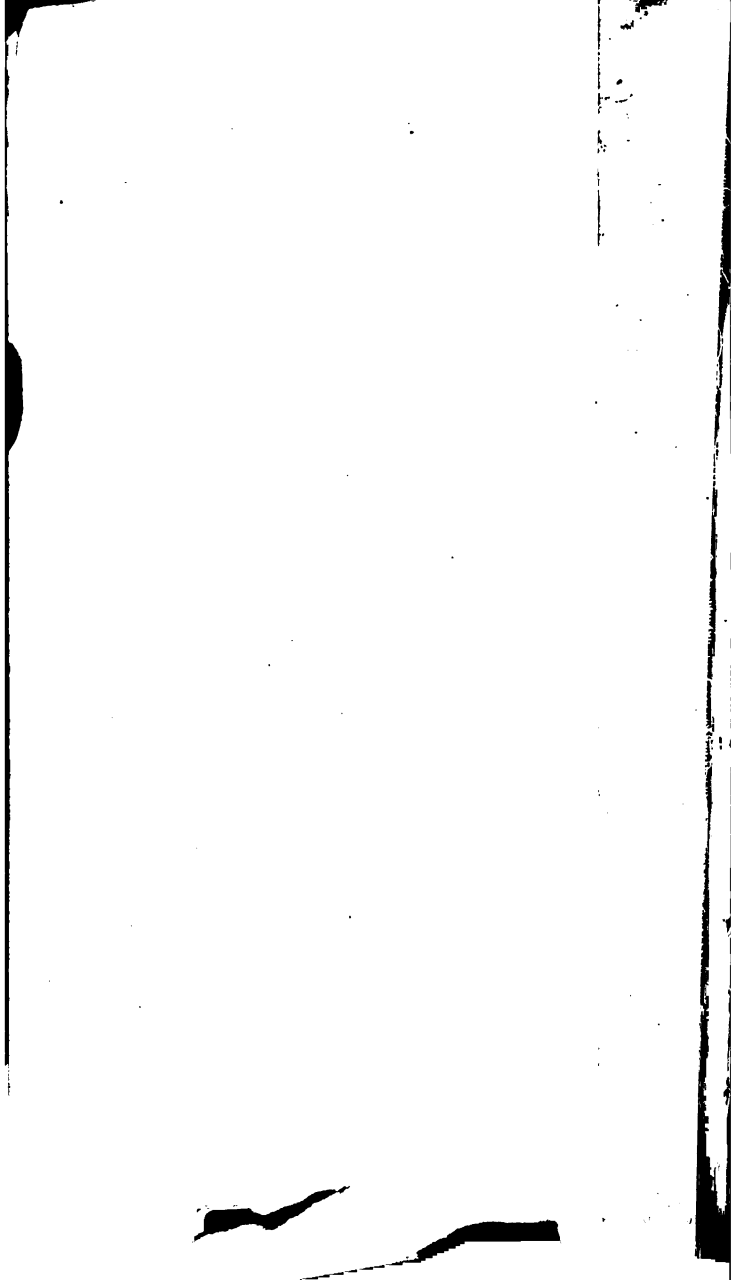

Robert Sutherland 1801

TRAVELS

FROM

MOSCOW,

THROUGH

PRUSSIA, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

BY
PRINCE
NICOLAI KARAMSIN.
" Boerrois "

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

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TRAVELS.

TRAVELS.

Paris, April 1790.

SHALL I speak of the Revolution? You read the newspapers; of course the occurrences are known to you. Should one have expected such scenes from the engaging French, who, from Calais to Marseilles, and from Perpignan to Strasburgh, so lately sung:

> Pour un peuple aimable et sensible,
> Le premier bonheur est un Roi.

You must not, however, believe that the whole nation takes an active part in the grand tragedy now performing in France. Scarce the hundredth part belongs to the real actors. The rest are spec-

tators, and judge or dispute, cry or laugh, hiss or clap hands, just as it pleases them. Those who have nothing to lose are keen, like ravenous wolves; but on the other hand, they who may lose all, are as fearful as hares. The former would take all, and the latter seek at least to save something. But a war merely defensive against an enterprising enemy, is seldom successful. The *drama* besides is not yet an end, only it appears as if the Clergy and *Noblesse* did not defend the King with success.

Since the 14th July, we hear of nothing but Aristocrats and Democrats. By these appellations one party seeks to render the other odious, though the fewest know what they mean. The following anecdote may be a proof how ignorant the bulk of the people are in this respect:—In a little village, not far from Paris, the peasants stopped a well-dressed man, and obliged him to cry out, *Vive la Nation!* The young man waved his hat, calling, *Vive la Nation!* "Very well," said the peasants, "you are a good Frenchman, we "are satisfied: go, in God's name, whither you "will—only, one word more: do but explain to "us what is properly understood by the Nation?" They also tell of the young Dauphin correcting his squirrel with these words: "Ah you wicked "Aristocrat,

" Aristocrat, I'll teach you." The lovely boy had remarked the word he had heard so often.

A certain Marquis whom the King had loaded with favours, acts one of the first parts among the enemies of the Court. Some of his old friends expressing their surprise at it, he replied, stuttering, with a shrug of indifference, *Que faire?* j'aime les te-te troubles. But does the Marquis know the history of the Free States of Greece and Rome? Does he know the draught of hemlock, and the Tarpeian rock? The multitude is an edged-tool, with which it is dangerous to play; and Revolutions are often gulphs which swallow up virtue as well as vice. Every civil society, confirmed through a series of ages, is for good citizens a sanctuary; and in the most imperfect we may often admire a certain concord and order.

Utopia (the realm of happiness) will ever continue a dream of good minds, or at least it can never be realized, but by the imperceptible effects of time, or by means of the slow but certain progress of the human mind, in education and manners. Then only, when men shall be persuaded that virtue alone makes them happy, then shall the golden age be arrived; and human and social bliss shall flourish under every form of Government.

But every extraordinary convulsion is ruinous, and every rebel erects a scaffold for himself. Let us, my friends, trust to Providence, whose plan is fixed, and who holds in its hand the hearts of kings—that is enough. Thoughtless men think every thing easy; but the wise man knows the danger of Revolutions, and lives in peace. The French Monarchy has produced great sovereigns, great ministers, and great men of every class: under its shadow arts and sciences flourished, and a thousand charms adorned life. What is France now? O ye new Republicans, with corrupt hearts, hear what says the old, exalted, virtuous Republican Cato: Anarchy is worse than any form of Government. I conclude this with some verses from Rabelais, in which Abbé N. thinks to find a prophecy of the present Revolution:

GARGANTUA Ch. 8.

ENIGMÆ ET PROPHETIÆ.

Je fais sçavoir à qui le veut entendre
Que cet hiver prochain, sans plus attendre
En ce lieu, ou nous sommes,
Il sortira une maniere d'hommes,
Las du repos et faschez du sejour,
Qui franchement iront et de plein jour
Suborner gents de toutes qualitez
A differends et partialitez
Et qui voudra les croire et escouter,
Quoy qu'il en doive advenir et couter.

Ils

Ils feront mettre en debats apparents,
Amys entre eux et proches parents.
Le fils hardi ne craisn dra l'impropere
De se bander contre son propre pére.
Mesme les grands de noble lien saillis
De leur sujets se verront assailles;
Et sur ce point naistra tant de meslées
Tant de discords, venues et allées,
Que nulle histoire, ou sont les grandes merveilles,
N'a fait recit d'emotions pareilles,
Alors auront non moindre authorité
Hommes sans foy, que gents de verité;
Car touts suivront la creance et l'estude
De l'ignorante et sotte multitude,
Dont le plus lourd sera reçu pour juge.
O dommageable et penible deluge!
Deluge, dis-je, et a bonne raison
Car ce travail ne perdra sa saison;
Et n'en sera la terra delivrée,
Jusques a tant qu' elle soit enyvrée
De flots de sang.

Paris, April 1790.

ON the three last days of the Passion there was a famous *Promenade au bois de Boulogne:* there was---for what I have now seen can bear no comparison to what was formerly; as the rich and fashionable people displayed here their newest

equipages, four or five thousand carriages, each finer than the other, dazzled the eyes of the spectators. But the Priestesses of Venus distinguished themselves above all the rest, by the splendour and taste of their equipage. A young actress had quarrelled with Count D. one of the most handsome young men. Her acquaintance were surprised at it. What are you so surprised about, answered she; only think, he would not even give me a new carriage for the *Promenade* at the *Bois de Boulogne!* so I was obliged to give the preference to an old Marquis, who pledged his wife's jewels to purchase for me the dearest carriage in all Paris. This year there were scarce a thousand carriages, and not one of them magnificent. The amusement reminded me on our May-day. The coaches were arranged in a line, reaching from the *Champs Elisées* to the *Abbaie de Longchamp*. The people stood in rows by the road side, calling out and jeering at the passengers, not in the most delicate manner. "Only "look there and see how big looks that *Poissarde*, "with her neighbour, the wife of a shoemaker.--- "Well, if that be'nt the largest red nose in all "Paris. O for the young coquette at 70 years "of age; who can help falling in love with her? "Do but see the chevalier with his young wife

"and

"and pair of horns! Yonder's a philosopher "selling his wisdom for two sous."

On the other hand young bloods cantered along on their English horses, ogled at every coach, and bantered the populace---"*Alons, alons, mes* "*Amis! de l'esprit! de l'esprit! c'est la vraie* "*gaieté parisienne.*" Others of this tribe pressed through the mob with wooden sabres, instead of sticks in their hand---"*Pour se confondre avec* "*le peuple.*" I stepped into the Abbey of *Longchamp* to see the tomb of Isabella, sister to St. Louis, and there I found two epitaphs which I cannot omit; the one, on the grave of Father Fremin, is as follows:

Fremin, tu fais fremir le sort,
Et ton nom vit malgré la mort.

And the other, on the tomb-stone of Brother Francis Seraphicus:

Qui la vie a vecu de François Seraphique,
80 ans sur terre, au ciel vit l'Angelique.

Paris, April 29, 1790.

I HAVE spent the whole day in my room on account of a head-ache; in the evening only I walked out to the *Pontneuf*, leaned on the pedestal

destal of Henry IVth's statue, and saw, with great pleasure, the shades of the night intermixed with the dying light of the day, and the stars of heaven, and the street lamps beginning to give light. Since my arrival in Paris I had spent every evening without exception in play-houses; so that for a whole month I had not seen the twilight, which in Spring has its charms, even in the midst of noisy and hateful Paris.

Every day at the play for a whole month, and not to be wearied with Thalia's jest, or Melpomene's tears! at every time new pleasure, fresh enjoyment! I cannot but wonder at it myself, and yet it is very true. It is no less true that I had, till now, a very imperfect idea of the French theatre. Now I know that every thing is carried to the highest point of perfection in its own kind, and this constitutes the greatest harmony, which moves the hearts of the spectators in the most agreeable manner.

There are in Paris five principal theatres. The great Opera, the one called the Theatre François, the Italian, the Theatre of Monsieur, and the Variétés. Plays are daily performed on each of these stages, and they are always so crowded, that you can scarce find a place after six o'clock. Whoever has been in Paris, say the French, and has

has not seen the grand Opera, may be in Rome without seeing the Pope: it is indeed something very extraordinary, especially on account of the decorations and the ballet. There you may see, at one time, the Elysian fields, the happy abode of the good; where reigns a perpetual spring; where the soft harmony of golden lyres charms the ear, where all is beautiful, lovely, enchanting.

At another time Black Tartarus, where Acheron rolls away the sighs of the dying; where the roaring of Cocytus, and of the terrible Styx, drowns the cries of woe; where rush the waters of Phlegethon; where Tantalus, Ixion, and the Danaïds suffer without hope and without end; in fine, where the clear Lethe, with its sorrowful murmurs, lulls the wretched into forgetfulness of their earthly miseries. Here you behold Orpheus wandering in the lower regions; Orestes pursued by the furies; and Jason struggling amidst flames and monsters. You hear the curses of the enraged Medea, and see her flying in thunder and lightning to the top of Caucasus. You hear the Egyptians bewailing the death of their good king in mournful choirs; and the sorrowing Nephtha swearing eternal fidelity on the pompous tomb of her spouse. You see Rinaldo melting in rapture at the feet of the burning Armida; Diana descending

scending on a bright cloud to kiss the beautiful Endymion; the majestic Calypso exhausting all her art to fetter Telemachus, the wanton graceful Nymphs, each more alluring than her neighbour, surrounding him with their lyres and harps, and seeming with every voluptuous glance, with every wanton gesture, to call to him; Love! Love! the youth wavering, feeling his weakness, forgetting the Counsels of Wisdom, and at length, by the hand of the virtuous Mentor, hurled from the cliff into the deep—the soul of the spectator flies after him. And all this is so true, so natural, so lively, that a thousand times have I forgot myself, and taken the fictions of art for nature. Scarce can you believe your eyes, the changes of scenery are done so quick. In the twinkling of an eye the sea roars, where an instant before smiled a flowery meadow, and swains played on their reeds. The clear sky is overcast by a sudden gloom; dark clouds borne on the wings of the howling storm approach, and every heart trembles;---another moment and the darkness vanishes, the clouds pass away, and the storm is laid; and life and joy return to every breast.

Among the many excellent dancers Vestris shines forth, like Sirius among the stars; all his motions so graceful, so lively, so expressive, that

that I am lost in astonishment every time I see him, without being able to account for the delight which this single dancer affords me: lightness, agility, harmony, sensibility, and life---he unites all that in himself; and, if it be possible to be an orator without words, then Vestris is a Cicero. No poet can express what sparkles in his eye, and what the play of his muscles says, when the fair bashful shepherdess avows at last her love for him, by her tender look; and when he, rushing to her bosom, calls heaven and earth to witness his happiness. The painter throws away his pencil, and cries out VESTRIS!

Gardel is inimitable in tragic pantomine: what dignity! a demi-god in every look! a hero in every gesture! *Vestris* is the pupil of graces, and *Gardel* of the tragic muse. *Nivelon*, too, is another *Vestris*.

Of the other dancers nothing farther can be said, but that altogether they form one of the most picturesque groups that can be beheld.

But when Terpsichore's nymphs come flying as on the wings of zephyrs, then the theatre appears to me like a delightful meadow full of flowers. The eye is bewildered amidst the multitude of beauties; among whom, however, the lovely Perignon,

Perignon, and the charming *Müller*, distinguish themselves like the beautiful rose and lily.

Lais, *Chenard*, *Laisne*, and *Rousseau*, are the best singers at the Opera, and if you believe the French, no country ever had better; they do indeed please me very much, not only on account of their singing, but chiefly for their excellent acting, which is not always joined to the other quality.

Marchesi never moved me so much as *Lais* or *Chenard*. People may laugh at my simplicity, but I candidly confess, that in the notes of that celebrated Italian I miss what delights me most---the soul. You will ask me, perhaps, what I mean by that expression; I cannot explain, but I feel it. Ah! what *Marchesi* can do justice to these lines,

Jai perdu mon Euridice,
Rien n'egale mon malheur, &c.

What Italian half-man can sing that incomparable air of *Gluck* like *Rousseau*---the young, the handsome *Rousseau*, worthy of Euridice.

Maillard is the first singer of the Opera. You have heard of *St. Huberti*---she has quitted the stage---they report she has lost her senses. The amateurs of the Opera remember her with tears.

The

The Orchestra, consisting of the best performers, corresponds with the decorations and the singers perfectly well. In a word, my friends, art reigns here in perfection, and the whole excites, in the breasts of the spectators, a sensation which, without exaggeration, may be called *transporting*. Such a theatre must be very expensive; and although places are paid very high, and the house in general full, yet the Opera costs to Government, according to Neckar's account, three or four millions yearly.

On the stage, properly called *the French Theatre*, are acted tragedies, dramas, and great comedies; but hitherto I have not altered my opinion of the French Melpomene: she is sublime, noble, and majestic; but never makes on me the same impression as does the muse of Shakespear, and the works of a few German tragedians.

The French poets have a refined nice taste, and may serve for models in the art of writing; but in the expression of the warm and profound natural feeling, (forgive me ye manes of *Corneille*, *Racine*, and *Voltaire!*) therein ye must yield the palm to the English and Germans. Your tragedies are full of the finest pictures in which colouring and position are master-pieces, but we admire them with cold hearts: every where ro-

mantic is mixed with natural: every where *mes feux, ma foi:* every where Greeks and Romans *à la Françoise*, who melt in amorous rapture, and now and then philosophize; spinning out a single thought to a great length, and thereby losing themselves so completely in the labyrinths of rhetoric, that they forget to *act*.

The French public demand of the authors fine verses, *des vers a retenir*; these only secure the success of a piece, for which reason the poet endeavours on all occasions to multiply them, so that he neglects the natural course of the drama, and the new unexpected, yet natural situations, by which, however, the characters of the agents are chiefly determined, and from which the language receives its greatest force. In a word, the works of the French tragedians deserve all praise, on account of the purity of stile and the excellent versification, and this they will preserve; but if it be true that tragedy should touch the heart and move the soul, then cannot Voltaire's countrymen produce two real tragedies; and D'Alembert is in the right when he says, that all their tragedies are written more to be read than acted; but if they must needs be acted, I should not wish to see other actors than *Larive Saint-Priest, Saint-Fal*, and a *Sainval*, and *Reaucour*, who now succeeds

ceeds to the places of *Baron*, *Lecain*, *Lacouvreux*, and *Clairon*. That is what I call declaiming! that is, acting! dignity in every mien, majesty in every gesture, clearness of expression, and feeling in every word. Not a thought of the poet is lost; all is delivered with the most proper tone, and the most suitable action of the whole body; every thing is pictured lively, and if the spectator remains cool and indifferent at all this art, it is not at least the actor's fault.

Larive is the king of the tragic stage, he joins an extraordinary delivery to a true Grecian figure. This actor had retired from the stage for the following reason: he could not suffer the young actress *Garcin*, a true picture of soft melancholy; so he endeavoured constantly to put her out in her performance. The public observing this low *trait* of character with indignation, hissed the famous *Larive* off; this enraged him so much that he left the stage, and swore never to act again; but after some years he grew wearied with inaction. Accustomed to praise and applause, he felt himself miserable; and so he appeared again at last, after a long struggle with himself, for the first time in the character of *Oedipus;* I was present at the performance; the house was crowded full, *loges*, *parquet*, and *parterre*, and even the orchestra were

filled with spectators. At five o'clock the noise and knocking of impatience began, at half past five the curtain was drawn up; the silence of the grave reigned in the whole house. *Oedipus* does not appear in the first scene---the silence continues---but scarce had *Dumas* said these words, *Oedipe en ces lieux va paroître,* when a thundering ruff of approbation began, which lasted till *Larive* appeared. He was dressed in a rich Grecian white-coloured garment, and brown locks flowed round his shoulders; he thanked the public for their favour by an inclination of his head, displaying both dignity and modesty together; the applause continued during the whole of the piece, and *Larive* exerted all his powers to deserve it. The French say he surpassed himself on the occasion. He spared his poor lungs as little as the spectators did their hands. In the scene where *Oedipus* learns that he is the murderer of his father and the husband of his mother, and thereupon curses his lot in a dreadful manner, I was petrified: no pencil can express what *Larive*'s countenance and manner then displayed. Horror, remorse, despair, rage, and much more than words can say, might be read in his face; and when pursued by the furies he rushed from the theatre, and runs his head against the scenes that the pillars shook,

a loud

a loud echo resounded from every part of the audience. At the end of the play, the public who had not yet seen enough of their favourite, demanded *Larive;* the poor man appeared hand in hand with the actress *Reaucour*, who had acted the part of *Jocasta*. He could scarce utter a few words, and seemed ready to faint away when the curtain dropt.

Saint Priest who acts the same parts, is a performer of great talents, but still he is no *Larive*.

Saint Fal, a handsome well-looking man, acts the lover in dramas and tragedies. His triumphant part is *Rodrigo* in the *Cid* of Corneille, only in two or three passages I am not quite pleased with him; for instance, when he relates to the King his engagement with the Moors, he expresses with his voice, the quiet of the night and the noise of the battle. The French applauded him on that occasion; but whoever knows the rules of a good mimic, will have no liking for such unnatural acting.

Sainval is the first tragic actress, and although she be already too old for the part of Inamorata's, and has but few personal attractions, yet she pleases by her fine and feeling manner.

Reaucour is a real Medea, and, of course, unparalleled in that part. A majestic form, large

eyes, that dart forth from under thick eyelashes, like lightning in the night; jet black hair; regular features without gracefulness; beauty without tenderness; something harsh even in her smiles; and strong impressive voice; in a word, *Medea*. Methinks I see still the fiery mantle painted with magic figures, fluttered about the angry demi-goddess, and the sharp dagger frightfully glittering in her hand, and crying with her looks. It is impossible for any one to repeat after her, the following lines with as much expression:

Le destin de Medee est d'etre criminelle,
Mais son cœur etoit fait pour aimer la vertu.

The actress *Contat*, more famous for her beauty and her coquetry, than for her acting, performs the enamoured part in comedy and drama, and sometimes in tragedy. She is already past 30, but she is still pleasing, and the pit is full of her fortunate and unfortunate admirers. It is said that a young Count lost his reason on her account, and became a Carthusian. She shines most in the new piece *Le Couvent*---the black dress, the white veil, the look of innocence.—Poor Count, I don't wonder you lost your senses! She is always *encored* in the aria:

L'attrait qui fait cherir ces lieux,
Est le charme de l'innocence, &c.

She has a voice delightful beyond expression. Yet among all the players none please so much as *Molé*, the only inimitable Molé; he generally acts the father in comedy. Our *Pomeranzew** seems to be a pupil of his. I have seen and admired him twice in *Moliere's*, and in *Fabres Misanthropes*, and often in *Mercier's* drama, called *Montesquieu* has he forced tears from my eyes. Surely the author of the immortal work *on laws*, must have had such a noble aspect, such a philanthropic benevolent smile as Molé.

Of all the other performers on this theatre, I shall say nothing. The number is considerable. Only this I cannot help observing: that the Comic Muse of the English and Germans, stands far behind the *French Thalia*. English comedies are generally tedious, or at least stuffed with gross and indelicate jests, repugnant to pure morals and good taste; and the Germans do not deserve to be mentioned, some few excepted, which do not exceed mediocrity.

The theatre called *Italian*, though nothing but French pieces are sung there, is the one that pleases me most. I visit it very frequently, and always with equal pleasure. The compositions of French musicians, the performance of the celebrated *Dugazon*, and the singing of the lovely

* One of the best actors of the Theatre of Moscow.

Rose-

Rose-Renaud, afford me the greatest delight. The latter is unquestionably the best singer in Paris, and deserves the approbation of the public who adore her. Two new pieces brought forward on this stage, pleased me more particularly. The first is *Raoul*, or *Blue Beard*; and the other *Peter the Great*.

Raoul, a rich nobleman, falls in love with the sister of a poor Knight, the charming *Rosalia*, and offers her his hand, along with most splendid presents. *Rosalia* feels an inclination for young *Vergis*, who adores her; but poor *Vergis* can offer her nothing but a tender heart, and that does not with every girl outweigh the gifts of fortune. *Raoul*'s riches dazzle the eyes of *Rosalia*. She looks on his presents: what taste, what magnificence! A head dress of diamonds particularly takes her fancy. She puts it on, places herself before the mirror, and reaches her hand to proud Raoul. Poor Vergis flies with his tears to solitude. Rosalia now lives in a pompous castle, where she is honoured like a divinity, and where every thing flatters her vanity. Sometimes, but only seldom, a sigh escapes from her faithless breast: sometimes, but not often, she thinks she might have been more happy with the good, the loving Vergis, than with the cold Raoul. Soon after

after their union her husband sets out on a journey, without saying whither. As he takes leave of Rosalia he delivers to her the key of a room, charging her, as she values his life and her own, to make no use of it. Rosalia assures him, with the most sacred oaths, that she will resist her curiosity; and scarce is he out of the house when—she opens the door. What a spectacle! she sees the bloody heads of the two former wives of Raoul, with this awful inscription—"Behold thy fate!" It had been foretold to Raoul, that the curiosity of his wives would cost him his life; on this account he put them to the test, to know if they were subject to that fault, and having found them so, he put them to death, in hopes to save himself. *Dugazon* acts the part of Rosalia. Quite pale, with dishrivelled hair, after the sad discovery, she throws herself into a chair, and with the most affecting voice sings:

Ah! quel sort,
Le barbare
Me prepare!
C'est la mort!
C'est la mort!

Now appears Vergis in women's dress, as Rosalia's sister. What a sight! He will, he must save the unfortunate woman. But how? alone, without

without arms, surrounded by a number of enemies? only one chance remains for him. He sends off his boy to Rosalia's brother, and discovers all to him. Meanwhile Raoul returns; he is informed of all, and with a dreadful voice commands Rosalia to prepare for death. No tears, no sighs moved him—there is no escaping. In vain does the impatient Vergis look out at the window for the arrival of the brother. No assistance. At lengh the despairing lover discovers himself; he informs Raoul who he is, confesses that he loves his wife, and offers to die with her. Raoul throws him into a dungeon, and Rosalia expects the deadly stroke. Already the sword flashes over her head; when all at once the door is broke open—armed Knights rush in, they fall on Raoul and his warriors, they conquer, and Rosalia knows her brother. Her cruel husband is murdered, and the tender Vergis lies at her feet. Here concludes the piece to which *Gretry* has composed admirable music.

The Operetta of *Peter the Great* has very moving scenes, at least for a *Russian*. The scene is in a village not far from the Russian frontiers, where the Emperor stays with his friend *Lefort*, in order to learn ship-building. He works in the docks from morning till night. Every one admires

mires his industry, and he is known by the name of the *good, diligent,* and *sensible Peter.* The young handsome *Michud,* who performs this part, appeared to me a living picture of our great Emperor. Perhaps this resemblance was imaginary; but I took care not to destroy a deception which afforded me so much enjoyment.

In the same village lived the charming *Catherine,* a young virtuous widow, and the favourite of all the inhabitants of the place. *Peter,* quick and fiery in all his passions, falls in love with the fair youthful *Catherine,* and discovers his passion. *Catherine* loves him in return; her eyes had never seen a more handsome and amiable man, and never did her heart agree better with her eyes: she does not conceal her inclination, and reaches her hand. At this confession tears of rapture overflow her fair face. The Emperor swears to her to make her his spouse; the promise fell from his lips, it is sacred to him. *Lefort* being alone with him shews his astonishment at such a resolution. "What!" says he, "a poor peasant shall become "the consort of my Emperor? But thou art "*unique* in all thy actions: thou wilt raise in thy "land the dignity of man; and thy great mind "looks down with contempt on the petty preju-"dices of vanity. Nobility of soul is alone of

" value in thy eyes, and Catherine has that nobi-
" lity—then let her become the spouse of my
" Emperor, of my father, of my friend!"

The second act begins with the espousals. Old men of 100 years, supported on the shoulders of their grandchildren, approach the bride, holding out their cold trembling hands, and with tearful eyes, wishing her joy. Young maidens crown the loving pair with garlands of roses, and sing nuptial hymns. " Good Peter," said the old men, " love always thy fair kind Catherine, and " continue the friend of our village." The Monarch much affected, turned to *Lefort*, and whispered to him: " this is the second happy hour of " my life—the first was when I formed the resolu-
" tion to be the father of my people, and solemnly " vowed to the Almighty that I would fulfill this " resolution." Now the company is seated around the young couple, all serene and happy. The old men know that *Lefort* sings well, and they ask of him a pretty song; but " none of your new " fashioned things, some of the good old ones." *Lefort* takes the guitar, and, after reflecting for some time, sung as follows:—

Once on a time there was a Prince—
A good Prince and Emperor;
Him the great and little loved
As their friend and father.

This

This good Prince forsakes his throne,
To make his people happy;
His sceptre's made a pilgrim's staff—
He wanders into foreign lands.

Why does the Prince forsake his throne,
To make his people happy?
And why his scepter made a staff,
To wander into foreign lands?

That every where, in every land,
He may descry the best;
That he may learn among the strangers,
Arts and useful knowledge.

And why must he in every land,
Descry what is the best?
To what avail wit and knowledge
Of near and distant countries?

The best he will into his land,
With his own hand transplant;
And useful art and knowledge
Will he teach his own people.

O great and good Prince and Emperor,
The people's friend and father:
No ruler on earth is like to thee,
Justly art thou call'd the First.

The honest peasants liked the song; but they could not believe that ever there had been such a Prince. Catherine was more affected than any, the tear trembled in her black eye. "No," says she, to Lefort, "thou dost not deceive us, there is

" truth in thy song, otherwise thou couldst not " have sung it with so much feeling." What must have been Peter's feelings on this occasion! The scene now changes. *Mentschikoff* appears, and takes the Emperor aside: he informs him that it is reported in Russia he is dead; malcontents have every where raised the standard of revolt, so that his presence is become indispensable in Moscow. Finally, he acquaints him that his faithful regiment, called Preobraschenski, is in the neighbourhood, and awaits him on the frontiers. Peter does not fear the revolters: he knows that one look of him is enough to dispel every cloud from Russia's horizon; but he hastens to shew himself to his faithful guards. The tender Catherine misses her friend, she seeks for him every where, but is told he is gone—she is thunderstruck. " Peter has betrayed me, he has forsaken me;" these words die away on her pale lips—she swoons away. When she recovers she beholds Peter at her feet: no more the poor labourer, but the mighty Emperor surrounded by his grandees. Catherine's eyes see none but her beloved; overjoyed at seeing him, she forgets every thing else. At length Peter discovers to her who he is. " I " sought for a tender heart," says he, embracing her, " a heart that could love me, not as Em-

" peror,

" peror, but as man—I have found it. My heart " and hand are thine—take my crown also; it " will not adorn you, but you will grace it." Catherine is astonished at this discovery; but the diadem has no charms for her. She would have preferred living with her dear Peter in a peaceful cottage, but still she loves him on a throne. The courtiers now pay their obeisance to her, the whole Preobraschenschish guard appear on the stage: the joyful salutation " God save Peter and Catherine" resounds on every side, and while the Emperor embraces his spouse, the curtain drops.

I wipe my eyes and rejoice that I am a Russian. The author of the piece is Bouilli. It is only a pity that the *costume* should be so little observed. The *Emperor*, *Mentschikoff*, and *Lefort*, appear in Polish dresses; and the officers and soldiers of the Preobraschenschish regiment wear the garb of Russian peasants, green with yellow sashes. Some of my neighbours in the pit assured me that was the true national dress in Russia; I was too deeply engaged with the piece to give them better information.

On Monsieur's theatre are commonly acted Italian *Opera Buffa*'s, and only now and then a little French piece. The troop that plays here, is said to be one of the best, and not to have its

equal even in Italy. We find, indeed, some rare talents here. Madame Balletti is the first singer, and not only famous for her voice and her beauty, but also for her irreproachable conduct! A Parisian actress virtuous! that is, indeed, a rare phenomenon; and on that account the English Lords, with a sigh, call her the Phœnix. Among the men are celebrated Rafanelli, Mandini, and Viganoni.

The new theatre des Varietés, is the most magnificent among all the play-houses here: an elegant hall, boxes finely ornamented, and excellent *corridors*. Here they perform comedies and dramas; sometimes very well; sometimes so so.

The well-known Monvel, one of the best players in Paris, Lecain's rival, plays now on this stage; he is old, and has neither voice nor figure; but all these defects are remedied by his art and his excellent action. Every word he says makes impression—his eyes look as if dead, but in a moment they sparkle with the most lively fire. Larive, Monvel, and Molé, are perhaps the best players in Europe. Besides these five, there are a great many lesser theatres in Paris; for instance, in the *Palais Royal*, on the Boulevards; and each has its friends: for not the rich only, who live merely for pleasure, but the mechanic, the savoyard, the pedlar, visit the theatre,

at

at least once a week. Even such as these weep or laugh, applaud or hiss, and decide the fate of a piece; and in reality there are connoisseurs among them who remark every thought of the author, and every proper gesture of the actor. *A force de forger on devient forgeron.* I have often been astonished at the good taste of the pit, which is mostly filled with people of the lower ranks. The Englishman shines in Parliament and at the Exchange, the German in his Study, and the Frenchman in the Theatre.

During the whole year, the play-houses are only shut up for a fortnight; to wit, at Easter. But how could the French live one fortnight without public amusements? During these days spiritual concerts are performed in the Opera, where the first virtuosi are to be heard.

I have spent some very delightful evenings; and *Haydn's Stabat Mater*, and *Jomelli's Miserere*, have drawn tears from my eyes. O celestial music, the joys which thou bestowest raise my soul above the earth, and transport me into the mansions of higher spirits! Who dares to deny that my soul, in these holy, pure ethereal enjoyments, is something divine and spiritual? No: these soft notes which, like gentle zephyrs, fan my heart, are not the food of mortal earthly beings.

I was particularly enchanted with a duet, sung by Lais and Rousseau. The orchestra was silent, the audience scarcely breathed, but—it baffles all description.

Paris, April

HOW comes it that I feel sometimes distressed without knowing why? Wherefore is day often changed into night before my eyes, however bright the sun shines in the heavens? Who will explain to me these melancholy sensations which seize the heart with an involuntary oppression, and petrify the soul? Are they, perhaps, forebodings of approaching evil, or consequences of past misfortunes?

In one of those gloomy moods I had wandered about several hours, and found at last I had got into the Bois de Boulogne, before the old Chateau of Madrid, which Francis the First built on his return from Spain. It is surrounded with fossées and arches, and the terrace overgrown with grass; where, of yore, Francis enjoyed all the pleasures of love, where he slumbered amid the soft melody of harps and guitars in the voluptuous embrace—

there

there reigns silence and solitude. Around me played the deer— the sun was deep sunk in the west—the wind rustled among the trees—I stepped into the castle. The bas-reliefs of the staircase, which represented scenes from Ovid's Metamorphoses, are overgrown with moss. From the ardent breast of the loving Piramus, sprouts up cold wormwood; and yonder does the all-destroying hand of time efface the fraud of artful Juno, who transforms the unhappy Semelé into ashes. In the first three halls I found all empty and deserted; but as I stepped into the fourth, adorned with sculpture and painting, I heard a deep groan; I looked about and, judge of my surprise, I discovered, in a corner, seated in an arm-chair, an old, pale, wrinkled woman, of about 60 years in appearance; she no sooner perceived me, but she saluted me with a nod, and in a very low voice. For some minutes I stood motionless, at last I drew near and accosted her: I learned she was a poor woman who begged her bread, and had inhabited this castle for two years. "And does no-"body disturb you?" said I. "Who should trouble "me here; the keeper of the castle has only been "here once; he found me on a bed of straw in an "anti-chamber—I told him my daughter's story "and my own—he gave me three livres, and al-

"lowed me to occupy this hall, because the win-
"dows are entire, and I am sheltered from wind
"and weather—O the good kind man!" So you have a daughter! "I had, now she is yonder—
"yonder above. Ah! I lived with her as in Pa-
"radise; we were quiet and happy in a little hut;
"then matters went better, people had hearts at
"that time. My daughter was beloved by all; she
"liked to sing, and when she sat at the window,
"or gathered flowers in the wood, every body
"stopped to listen. My heart leapt for joy. Our
"landlord was humane. When Louisa asked, he
"readily granted us a delay for the payment of his
"rent; but when she was dead, I was driven away
"from my cottage, poor and naked; they bade me
"wander through the world and soften the stones
"with my tears." Have you no relations? "Yes,
"yes; but now-a-days every body takes care of
"himself: nobody is in want of me, and I do not
"like to be a burthen. Thank God, I have found
"shelter here. Do you know that King Francis
"resided in this castle? Sometimes, methinks, I see
"him walking about in the night with his Ministers
"and Generals, and conversing with them about
"times past." And are you not afraid? "Afraid, no:
"it is long since I forgot that. But what must be-
"come of you, my good woman, when you are
"sick,

" sick, or cannot help yourself for old age? What " will become of me? Why I shall die and be bu- " ried, and there's an end o' me." We were both silent; I stepped to the window and looked at the setting sun, which mildly shone on the picturesque scenery. Heavens! thought I, what pomp and beauty is every where in nature, and how much misery and wretchedness in the moral world! Can the poor wretch, oppressed with the load of sufferings, spurned at by the cold and hard-hearted, can he rejoice in the gilded magnificence of the sun, and the fine azure of the sky? Do the charms of the verdant meadows and woods solace him. Ah, no: he mourns always and every where, the poor sufferer! Cover him, dark night, with thy veil: off with him, thou, tempest on thy wings, to where the good are free from sorrow, and where the waves of eternity cool and refresh the distressed heart. The sun was set—I pressed the old woman's hand, and prepared to return.

Paris, May

I HAVE just received your letter—I need not tell you how rejoiced I am. How can you have the heart not to write to me for three months? Surely

Surely you know not what your silence has cost me, otherwise you would not have made me wait so long. Forgive me, dear friend, if this looks like a reproof; I was indeed very unhappy. Now, I thank God, all is forgotton. You think it looked as if I could not leave Geneva? Ah, if you knew how long time seemed to me there! But why, then, do you ask, did you not set out? Merely because from day to day I expected to hear from you; meanwhile time went on. I should have wished to have continued my journey with a quiet heart; but, alas, I could not.

Yes, my dear A. you are in the right, Paris has not its equal: no where can you find such a field for philosophical reflexion—no where are there so many objects of attention for him who knows the arts—no where can one enjoy so many pleasures and recreations as here; but also there are no where more dangerous shelves for philosophy, and especially for morals, as here: a thousand snares are laid for every weakness of the heart. One sails here on a perilous ocean, whose stormy billows toss you from Scylla to Charibdis. Syrens in abundance, and their song so sweet and lulling to sleep; how easy it is to forget one's self and to fall asleep; and that has always bad consequences. The first and most inevitable is, an empty purse. However,

However, the pleasures of Paris are not always costly; on the contrary, you may live here very happy, at a small expence—I would only be understood, of the paths of an orderly moral life; for whoever chooses to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with actresses and opera singers, whoever visits gambling-houses, and makes a party, he must be as rich as a lord; but without spending very much, one may pass the time very agreeably in the following manner:—You rent a room in one of the best hotels.* While drinking coffee, which, by the bye, they never make so good either in Germany or in Switzerland as here, you read newspapers, where you always find something remarkable, something to make you laugh or weep; meanwhile arrives the talkative diverting friseur, who relates bons mots and anecdotes in plenty of Mirabeau and Maury, of Bailly and La Fayette, whilst he embalms the hair with the finest odours of Provence, and strews the whitest and finest powder on it. After this you put on a simple clean frock, and saunter through the town. You visit the *Palais Royal*, the *Thuilleries*, the Elysian Fields; you go to some fa-

* In the hotels you find only lodgings and attendance. Tea and coffee you order from an adjoining coffee-house; as also dinner from a traiteur.

mous

mous author or artist, to the print-shops, or to *Didot*, to admire the elegant editions of the Greek and Latin Classics. Dinner time comes—now you go to some *Restorateur*, where for a ruble, you get five or six good dishes, with a desert. Till the play-houses open you spend your time in visiting some church full of monuments, a picture-gallery, a library, or a cabinet of natural history; and when the clock strikes six, you enter the opera, or some other play-house, just as you seek food for the eyes or the ears, as you wish to laugh or to cry. After the play you refresh yourself in a coffee-room of the Palais Royal, with a cup of *bavaroise*. You view the fine illumination of the shops, the arches, and the allies; sometimes lend an ear to the conversation of the profound politicians, and then return into your quiet apartment, where you ruminate on the whole day, and perhaps write some lines of your journal, at last you throw yourself on a soft bed, and fall asleep with consoling thoughts of the approaching morn: thus ends our day, and even our life. So do I spend my time in Paris, serene and contented.

Now some words on the principal buildings in Paris. The Louvre, was at first nothing farther than a dreadful fort, and served for a mansion to the

the successors of Cloris, and for a state prison for the restless barons. Francis the First, who had an equal passion for war, women, and building, pulled down the gothic towers to the ground, and built in their stead a magnificent palace, to the decoration whereof the principal artists of his time contributed; but which was only completed under Charles the Ninth. At length came Louis XIV. to the throne, and with him the arts and sciences; then it was that the Louvre had its magnificent colonnade, which is undoubtedly the finest work of French architecture; and is so much the more to be admired, as it was not planned by some celebrated architect, but by a Doctor Perrault, whom Boileau has so severely handled in his satires. A terrace, with an elegant balustrade, serves for the roof; on the whole it is impossible to behold this grand edifice without a certain veneration. I place myself often over against the principal gate, and philosophize on the progress of the human mind. How many ages have passed from the first humble shade of wicker-work down to the gigantic colonnade of the Louvre, that prodigy of taste and magnificence?—how little is man! how great his mind! how imperceptible the progressive steps of human understanding! and yet how varied and in-

finite! Louis XIV. for a long time inhabited the Louvre, but at length he gave Versailles the preference to it, and it became the mansion of Apollo and the muses. All the academies were transferred hither, and the best authors had here apartments. In devoting thus his palace to genius, Louis provided both for his own fame, and for the honour of arts and sciences.

While speaking of the Louvre, I cannot omit the Obelisk of Snow, which the poor erected over against it in the hard winter of 1788, as a proof of their gratitude to the King, who had provided them with fire-wood. All the Parisian poets made inscriptions on this rare monument, among which the following was the best:

This monument which, to a good King,
The thanks of the poor erects, is, indeed, of snow;
But it is dearer to his paternal heart
Than precious marble bought with the people's sweat.

In order to preserve the memory of this affecting occurrence, a rich individual, of the name of *Joubot* has caused to be erected a marble statue before his house, on which are found all the inscriptions of the original monument—I have been to read them; but as it occurred to me how the poor King is treated now, I could not help thinking this monument is a true proof of French inconstancy.

The

The *Thuilleries.* This word signifies brick or tile-kilns; it is probable that some such had been in this neighbourhood. The Palace of the Thuilleries was built by Catherine of Medicis; it consists of five pavillions and four *corps-de logis*, and is adorned with colonnades, frontons, statues, and with the representation of the sun, and the name of Lewis the XIVth. The look of this edifice is more pleasing than imposing, to which, perhaps, the beautiful site contributes much. On one side flows the Seine, and before the principal Façade, is the splendid garden of the Thuilleries, with its terraces, flower-plots, basins, statues, and what is best of all, with its ancient thick allees, through which you discover, at a distance the elegant *Place de Louis Quinze.*

The Palace of the Thuilleries is at present occupied by the Royal Family; however, I obtained leave to see the apartments. On Whitsun-Monday the King goes, with the Knights of the Holy Ghost, to church. The Queen, with her ladies, accompany him. I assisted at this procession. As soon as the King with his retinue was past, the curious spectators rushed into the interior apartments; I followed the crowd, which penetrated from one hall to another, till they arrived at the bedchamber. Where are you going,

gentlemen? what do you want? cried the King's laquais. To look about us; answered they, without troubling themselves.

The ornaments of the rooms consist of tapestry from the famous manufacture of the Gobelines, in paintings, statues, grotesque, and bronze figures and chimney-pieces. My attention was, however, more taken up with the people than with these ornaments. There stood ministers and ex-ministers, courtiers and servants of the King, shrugging up their shoulders at the indecent behaviour of shabby-dressed fellows, who ran about crying and hallooing; even I felt melancholy: Is this, thought I, the once so splendid court of the King of France? When I saw two people whispering together, I fancied they were talking of the unfortunate state of France, and of the dreadful catastrophe that probably awaited it. The second son of the Duke of Orleans was playing at billiards with a venerable old man; he has an excellent form, and his soul cannot possibly resemble that of his father.

The Thuilleries are here connected with the Louvre by means of a gallery, which, for length and beauty, has not its equal. It is intended to remove hither the royal museum, or the collection of paintings, statues, antiquities, &c. which are scattered here and there. The

The Luxembourg is a majestic building from the days of Mary of Medicis, the spouse of a great Sovereign, and the mother of a weak one. This ambitious lady, without any talent for governing, long the Xantippe of Henry IVth, succeeded that Monarch on the throne, to dissipate the fruits of Sully's economy, to rekindle in France the flames of civil war, to enrich Richelieu, and at last to become the victim of his ingratitude; she squandered millions on her unworthy minions, and died poor in exile and in misery; scarce had she wherewith to still her hunger, and to cover her nakedness—the ways of Providence are awful. These thoughts pressed themselves home to my mind, when I beheld the magnificent Luxembourg. For a trifling drink-money they shewed me the interior. The rooms are not very remarkable; but what is very much so, is the celebrated gallery of Rubens, where the Raphael of Flanders has exhausted the whole power of his art and genius. It contains twenty-five large pictures, all of which relate to Henry the IVth, and his spouse Mary. What a difference in the figures of these two persons! In each painting they have a peculiar character. Mary in child-bed, is the triumph of Ruben's pencil; the strong features of pain, the pining languor,

the faded rose of beauty, the joy in becoming mother of the Dauphin, the thought that all France awaits the day with eager impatience, and that millions would celebrate her happy delivery, her tenderness towards her husband, to whom by her looks she seems to say, " I am in life, and " we have a son,"—all that is beautifully expressed in the most affecting manner on Mary's countenance. The Queen is evidently the grand object of the artist; she has the first place in all the paintings, for Rubens painted by her order after Henry's death; and, indeed, the flattering painter has done what neither a flattering historian nor a flattering poet could do. He prejudices in Mary's favour, and forces one to love her. Among the allegorical figures, one fair face struck my eye; it seemed done with particular attention. My guide informed me that it was the fair Helen Forman, spouse of Rubens, whom the loving painter every where introduced. I love people of a tender heart, and this *trait* of Rubens made him so much dearer to me.

The garden of the Luxembourg was formerly the favourite walk of the French writers; they meditated the plans of their works in the thick shaded allées. Here *Mably* went often along with his Friend *Condillac*; here the enthusiastic *Rous-*

seau

seau conversed with his eloquent heart. *Voltaire*, in his youthful years, sought here for harmonious rhymes to his ingenious ideas; and the gloomy *Crebillon* here stretched out his *Atreus*. Now there are several allées of trees cut down or dead, yet I refresh myself often in the old remaining ones, for I live not far from it, in the street Guenegaud.

As I was walking a few days ago with Mr. D. he related to me a diverting circumstance which happened about five years since, in the gardens of Luxembourg. A certain Abbé *Miolan* announced in the newspapers, that he should ascend in a balloon on an appointed day, from these gardens; when the day came all Paris assembled on the spot, and every body expected with impatience the appearance of the performer; but after waiting several hours, and no balloon to be seen, they asked if the experiment was to be made soon? "This moment," answered the Abbé, "only a little patience:" but evening coming on, and the balloon still remaining motionless on the ground, the people lost all patience, and falling on the unlucky machine, tore it in a thousand pieces. The poor aëronaut with difficulty saved himself by flight, and the next day the savoyards at the Palais Royal, and at every corner of the streets, were

were selling "*a description of the aërial voyage* "*of the celebrated Abbé Miolan,*" for one *sou*.— The Abbé did not think proper for some time to shew himself in public, and nobody knew what became of him. This laughable story had a still more laughable consequence. D. happened to be soon after at the Opera, when a tall Abbé came to place himself before him, and prevented him from seeing; he asked him politely to step on one side, as there was room enough; but the giant did not seem to hear, and never stirred from the spot. A young advocate who sat near to D. asked him whether he did not wish to be rid of his giant? "For heaven's sake," answered D. "do, if it be possible, deliver me." 'He shall 'vanish instantly,' said the advocate. He then whispered to his neighbours that it was Abbé Miolan, in a few minutes the whole pit cried out, "'Abbé Miolan! Abbé Miolan!" and all pointed at the tall Abbé. The poor devil, quite distracted, calls out to the right and left—'gentlemen, you 'are quite mistaken, indeed I am not the Abbé 'Miolan.' The outcry became always louder and louder: pit, boxes, and galleries called out altogether, "Abbé Miolan! Abbé Miolan!" so that the uncivil giant, who was not Miolan in reality, was at last obliged to quit the field. D. who could not contain

contain himself for laughter, thanked the young advocate, whilst the outcry was so loud as to drown the music.

The Palais Royal is the heart, the soul, the brains of Paris, or rather Paris in epitome. It was built by *Richelieu*, who afterwards made a present of it to Louis the XIIIth, after placing on the gate "*Palais Cardinal.*" This inscription displeased several; some called it proud, others called it nonsense, because it is not French to say "*Palais Cardinal*;" it found, however, some advocates. A paper war commenced, and *Balsac*, then a celebrated connoisseur of the French language, bore a considerable part in this important contest, a proof that the heads of the Parisians have long ago been taken up about trifles. Queen Anne put an end to the dispute, by effacing the word Cardinal, and replacing it by Royal.

Louis XIV. was educated in the Palais Royal, and afterwards gave it in a present to the Duke of Orleans. The exterior of this edifice, which is undoubtedly one of the largest in Paris, and unites in itself every kind of architecture, I shall not describe circumstantially; I must only relate what belongs to its peculiar characteristic. The family of the Duke of Orleans occupies only the least part

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of the first floor; all the rest is devoted to the pleasures of the public, or to the profits of the owner.

You find play-houses, clubs, concerts, magazines of every kind, coffee-houses, eating-houses, and shops. Rich foreigners here rent apartments; the most brilliant nymphs of the first class lodge here, and not far distant the most contemptible of these creatures. Every thing you can find in Paris, (and what can you not find?) is to be met with in the Palais Royal. Do you want a new fashioned frock? come here and put it on. Do you wish to furnish out your apartments with the finest furniture, or to ornament them with every kind of elegance? here you find all ready. Do you look for paintings or prints of the first artists? come hither and choose. The most precious jewels of all kinds, gold and silver vases, in a word, every thing is here to be had for money; even libraries in all languages, and in all branches, stand ready to be arranged in the most elegant bookcases. And in this castle of enchantment you can metamorphose, in one half hour, the wildest native of New Zealand into the smartest Parisian beau, and procure him all the splendor of a financier, the blooming *Lais* not excepted, who dies every minute for love to him. Every means against

against *ennui*, every possible remedy for mind and body, every method of enjoying or killing time, are here united; and one can spend the vision of life, were it to last for a hundred years and more, and then die with the conviction of having seen and tried every thing.

In the midst of the Palais Royal, some time ago, a garden has been laid out; the plan is very good, but does not at all please the Parisians, who cannot forget the shady trees that formerly adorned this spot, and that the Duke of Orleans has without mercy cut down for the sake of new regular allées. "Now," say the malcontents; "now the trees stand so far distant, that scarce a "sparrow can conceal itself among the leaves; "whereas formerly there was a shade as refresh-"ing as in the thickest wood." The famous tree of Cracow (arbre de Cracovie) arose among the rest like a king; under its shade the old politicians assembled, and imparted to each other the mysteries of the newspapers; here the views of the cabinets were disclosed, and peace or war was decided on. A young *provincial* would approach with reverence to this venerable circle, in order to collect materials for his letters to his friends in the country. "Such a power," said he, "will "soon declare war against another, that is cer-

"tain—

" tain—you may be assured of it—I heard it under " the Cracovian tree." What a heart must he have who would not spare this object of general respect? Can any thing be sacred to him? Certainly not—the Duke of Orleans is another Hierostratus; his genius is the evil spirit of destruction.

Notwithstanding all this the new garden has its beauties. The green pavilions about the basons, and the temple of Linden-trees, offer an enchanting *coup d'œil*: but more charming than all the rest is the circus, an admirable building, unparalleled in its kind: it is in the midst of the garden, has the figure of an oblong square, and is adorned with ionic pillars and green foliage, amid which you discover the statues of great men of white marble. On the outside, this circus looks like a low summer-house with a colonade, but on entering it you behold at your feet magnificent halls, galleries, and maneges. On whatever staircase you descend you always find yourself in the region of Gnomes, only that it is not dark; the light comes from above through large windows; and all round the objects are multiplied in elegant mirrors. In the halls there are each evening balls and concerts, and the illumination beautifies the circus still more; at these balls and concerts one may boldly approach every lady, were she even cover-

ed with brilliants, and talk and jest with her: none of them will take it amiss, however much they can act the lady of high rank on other occasions. In these halls the best fencing-masters display their art, which has often astonished me. From the room of the Duke of Orleans there is a subterraneous passage leading to the manege, where he can ride or drive about. A magnificent terrace set with odoriferous herbs and flowers crowns the whole fabric, the sight of which reminds one of the suspended gardens of Semiramis: on it I find myself in the region of Sylphs, high above the earth, amid the sweetest perfumes, and when I descend again to the Gnomes, then occurs the pleasing thought that thousands of people are hovering over my head, and diverting themselves.

The whole ground floor of the Palais Royal consists of arcades, 180 in number, which, in the evening, enlightened by reflecting lamps, represent one of the finest illuminations in the world. The apartments inhabited by the family of Orleans are adorned with richness and taste; there is a fine gallery of paintings, not far inferior to that of Dresden or Dusseldorf; a cabinet of natural history; a collection of antiquities, of cut stones, and models of every kind.

But it is high time to conclude my long epistle, and to wish you all a good night.

Paris, May, 1790.

TO-DAY the young Scythian Karamsin had the happiness to be introduced to Barthelemi—Plato in the academy of inscriptions. They had promised to procure me his acquaintance; but when I saw him to-day, I went up and accosted him. "I am a Russian," said I, "and have "read Anacharsis; the works of great immortal "talents enchant me, therefore permit me to offer "you the homage of my most profound respect, "although in expressions somewhat barbarous." He rose from his arm-chair, reached me his hand, and his friendly look assured me of a favourable reply.

'I am glad to be acquainted with you,' answered he, 'I love the North, and the hero of 'my book is no stranger to you.'

"Much should I desire,' said I, "to bear "some resemblance with him. I am in the aca-"demy, and Plato stands before me; my name "is far from being so famous as that of Ana-"charsis."*

* Il me reçut, says Anacharsis of Plato, avec autant de politesse, que de simplicité, et me fit un si bel eloge du philosophe Anacharsis, dont je descends, que je rougissois de porter le même nom. ANACHARS. vol. ii. ch. 7.

'You

'You are young,' returned Barthelemi 'you 'travel, probably, to improve your mind with 'knowledge; that is resemblance enough.'

"And I shall resemble him still more," replied I, "if you will permit me, from time to time, to "see and hear you, to receive the lessons of "the great author with docility, and thereby to "form my taste. I need not travel to Greece, I "shall find it in your study."

'It is only a pity,' rejoined the sage, with a sigh, 'that you should come just when Apollo 'and the muses wear the national uniform; how-'ever, I request you to visit me. You shall now 'hear my lecture on the Coins of Samaria, which 'will appear tedious, *comme de raison*. You must 'forgive me, my colleagues will make amends by 'a more pleasant entertainment.'

Now the sitting opened. Barthelemi took his place; he is the oldest of the academicians, the dean. The meeting consisted of about thirty members, and nearly as many spectators. In reality, Barthelemi's dissertation on the Samaritan coins, did not appear to me interesting; but at least I surveyed the speaker most minutely. Barthelemi is the very picture of Voltaire, as we see him in prints—large piercing eyes, a sharp attic smile—these are the chief traits. He is far

past 70, and yet his voice is pleasant, his gait firm and erect, and all his motions lively.—Literary labours do not, therefore, make a man old betimes, as is commonly thought: not a sedentary life, but an irregular loose life furrows the cheek with wrinkles. *Barthelemi* never knew but the passion for renown, and this was always regulated by his philosophy. However, like the immortal *Montesquieu*, he has been enamoured with friendship, and he has had the happiness to shew his generous attachment to his friend, the dismissed minister *Choiseul*, whom he followed in his retreat. He has alluded to him and his spouse in *Anacharsis*'s travels, under the name of *Arsamas* and *Phedime*, in the following affecting terms;

"How often were your names on the point of "escaping from my heart and my pen; how "bright do they shine before mine eyes, when I "describe any great quality of the mind, or of "the heart! You have a sacred claim on this "book, I undertook it on the spot graced by "your presence; and although I concluded it far "from Persia, yet I always wrote under your "eyes, for never shall vanish from my mind, the "memory of the hours I have spent with you; "it will make the happiness of my remaining

"days,

" days, and when I die, let them write on my " tomb"—' He enjoyed the friendship of *Arsa-* ' *mas* and *Phedime.*'

I got also acquainted on this occasion with *Levesque*, whose Russian history, whatever faults it may have, is still the best we have got: none of our histories indeed are good, not one is written with a philosophical genius, with criticism, and real eloquence, such as might be compared with *Tacitus*, *Hume*, *Robertson*, and *Gibbon*. It is true our history is supposed not to be of its own nature interesting, but I cannot agree to that supposition; it must only be written with spirit, with taste, and talents; a good choice, and manner of relating, may cause the reader to wonder how, from *Nestor*, *Nicon*, and other annalists, any thing can be gathered so alluring, so nervous, so interesting, both for Russians and foreigners. Indeed the genealogies of the princes, their differences, and the invasions of the Polowzers, have nothing very attractive; but why must one fill two volumes with them? Why not abridge the unimportant part as Hume does in his history of England, and on the contrary dwell more fully on the characteristic traits of the nation, or those that shew best the ancient heroes, and other great men, and extend with elaborate care the particu-

lar anecdotes? We have our *Charlemagne*, *Wladimir*, our *Lewis the Eleventh*, the *Czar Iwan*, our *Cromwell*, *Godunow*, and besides a prince whose equal no history can shew, *Peter the Great*. The reigns of these princes form the most important eras in our history, and even in the history of mankind; they must be fully exhibited, while the rest should only be etched—but etched with the hand of a *Raphael* or a *Michael Angelo*.

Levesque, as an historian, is not without merit and talents; he describes pretty well, his narration is easy, and his judgment generally good; but his pencil is weak, the colours are dead; his stile does not sin against grammar or logic, but it wants animation. Besides, Russia is foreign to him, no Russian blood flows in his veins; how could he write our history with the same interest that a Russian would have done? But I am more especially displeased with him, because he depreciates the value of *Peter the Great*; (if, however, a French writer of mediocrity can depreciate our great Emperor). For he says of him—"*On "lui a refusé, peut-être avec raison, le titre "d'homme de genie puis qu'en voulant former sa "nation, il n'a su qu' imiter les autres peuples.*" This reproach I have even heard from Russians,

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but always with a great deal of chagrin. Is then the way to improvement not one and the same for all nations? All walk therein, one after another. In Peter's days foreign countries were wiser than Russia, and therefore Russians were obliged to borrow and to learn from other nations, and to avail themselves of the experience and attempts of foreigners. Is it rational to be seeking for a thing already discovered? Should Russia have built no ships, have kept no regular troops, have instituted no academies, &c. because all these are foreign inventions? Where is the people that has borrowed nothing from others? And must we not first overtake before we can outrun? Very well, you reply; but was it necessary to make a servile copy, and imitate things that might have been dispensed with? And pray what things were these? Perhaps you mean dress and the beards. Peter introduced the German dress because it seemed better to him, and ordered the beard to be shorn because it was inconvenient and fulsome. The long Russian garb is too heavy, and hinders one in walking; but you will say it is warmer: for this reason we have furs. But why two dresses? Because it is not good to go into a warm room, or out into the cold, with the same cloathing; and as to the beard it is proper only for

for savages—not to shave is just as bad as not to pair ones nails—it only protects a small portion of the face from cold; but for that, how inconvenient is it in summer, even in winter when hoar-frost, snow, and icicles hang on it. Does not a muff covering the face do much more service? To choose the best in all things is the character of a good sense, and Peter declared war against our ancient customs, because, in the first place, they were good for nothing in themselves, and then prevented the introduction of foreign improvements infinitely more important and useful. It was necessary to break at once the old Russian obstinacy, in order to make them pliable and docile. Had Peter been the ruler of a solitary isle, remote from all others, he certainly would have found in his own great mind, ways and means to render his people happy; but as he lived in Europe, where arts and sciences flourished every where but in Russia, he needed only to tear the veil which concealed from us all the progress of the human mind, and to call out to us: "there, be-"hold, first equal these, and then outdo them!"

The Germans, French, and English, were several centuries before the Russians; but Peter drove us with a strong hand, and now perhaps we only fall a few years short of these nations. All the

the sorrowful lamentations of the change of the true Russian character, of the loss of the true moral national philosophy, are either jest, or have their grounds in imperfect views. It is true we differ from our bearded ancestors, but so much the better. Roughness, interior and exterior, ignorance, idleness, and ennui, were formerly the lot of all ranks; whereas now all the means of improving the understanding, and of satisfying the mind, are open to us; every thing that is national is not contrary to what is human—we must be men and not Slaves. Whatever is good for men cannot be bad for Russians; and every thing that the English or Germans have invented for the advantage of human society, belongs to me too, for I am man.

Another singular opinion deserves to be refuted: "*Il est probable*, says *l'Evesque, que si* "*Pierre n' avoit pas regné, les Russes seroient* "*aujour d'hui ce qu'ils sont;*" that is to say, "If Peter the Great had not enlightened us, yet "we should have been an enlightened people." But in what manner then? of course by the very nature of things. But what trouble did it not cost this great Emperor to vanquish our ignorance? Whence methinks it follows clearly, that the

the Russians who were not ready, were not ripe to be enlightened.

Under the *Czar Alexis Michaelowitz*, there were already many foreigners in Moscow; but they had no influence on the Russians, who would have not the least intercourse with them. The beaux of those days drove on sledges in the German *Slobode*,* and this was enough to make them free-thinkers. Nothing but the efficacious will, and the unlimited power of the *Czar*, could produce so sudden and so violent a change.

Our connection with other European states was but too feeble, and the improvements of foreigners could therefore have little effect on Russia; perhaps several centuries would not have been sufficient to produce what *Peter the Great* did in 20 years. Even as *Sparta* would never have been great without a *Lycurgus;* as little would Russia have been enlightened without *Peter the Great.*

All the while, my friends, you are sitting with me at the Academy of Inscriptions; meantime they have read a dissertation on the Painting of the Greeks, and a panegyric on a deceased Member. On this occasion I have made an observa-

* One of the suburbs of Moscow, where at that time foreigners lived.

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tion, which has often occurred to me in the playhouses: the French public never lose a good sentiment, or a lucky expression of an author, without applauding it. Sentiments give a particular pleasure, even though they express nothing uncommon; for instance, it was said in the Eulogy of the departed Academician, "This is a "proof that noble minds prefer a peaceful con-"science, to the noisy pursuits of ambition." At these words the whole audience applauded. The sitting concluded with proposing a prize-question for the Antiquarians. I complimented *M. Levesque* on his good opinion of the Russians, to whom he is kind enough to allow common sense, and every disposition for science. *Barthelemi* honoured me with some civilities, which I returned as well as I could, and we parted like old acquaintance.

This day I have seen the author of the excellent tales, which, though they appear to be written in so easy and familiar a style, are perhaps unique of their kind and inimitable. Need I tell you that I here speak of *Marmontel?* But you ought to be better acquainted with him; you ought to hear him talk of the fortunate periods of the French literature, which are gone never more to return! For the period of *Voltaire* and a *Rousseau,* of the *Encyclopedie* and *L'Esprit des Loix,*

Loix, is not inferior to that of a *Racine*, a *Boileau*, and a *Lafontaine*; and the house of *Madame Necker*, and that of *Baron Olsbach*, are the scenes perhaps of as much wit as was ever displayed in that of *Ninon de l'Enclos*.

Marmontel's physiognomy is exceedingly engaging, and his conversation shews that he has frequented the best company of Paris. A German traveller, however, whose name has escaped my memory, describes him as a man of rough rustic manners! *Marmontel*, though turned of sixty, united himself lately in marriage to an amiable young woman, with whom he lives happily in rural solitude, without caring much about the capital.

Laharpe resides in my neighbourhood, in Guenegaud-street; his talents, the excellency of his style, his fine taste, and his critical abilities, have long procured him universal esteem. He is undoubtedly the best tragic writer next to *Voltaire*. His tragedies, however, have too little fire and sensibility; but his versification is beautiful, and his expression nervous. At present he writes in conjunction with *Chamfort*, who is also a member of the academy, the literary part of the *Mercure de France*.

Mercier and *Florian* are both here, but I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing them.

Paris,

Paris, May.

DERVIEUX, the actress, who is not a first rate performer, but who has been attractive withal, and who, by her profitable profession, has scraped together several millions in the course of about twenty years, took into her head to build a house which should be the object of general admiration. This idea she actually carried into execution, and the edifice is indeed a wonder: no person is admitted to see it without a ticket. This pleasure was procured for me by my countryman Mr. P——. What apartments! what ornaments! Paintings, bronzes, marble furniture, every thing is elegant, every thing charms the eye. The house is not large, but it has been planned with judgment, executed with art, ornamented with taste, and opulence has supplied the money; nothing is found here but what is beautiful, and convenience and lightness are every where united with magnificence and expence. After passing through five apartments, we were introduced into the sanctum sanctorum—the bedchamber—the walls of which are ornamented with the most beautiful paintings. Here *Hercules* is kneeling before *Omphale*, while cupids are riding on his club. *Armida*, placed before

her looking-glass, seems to pay more attention to her own charms than to the homage of *Rinaldo*, who is seated near her. *Venus* is unloosing her girdle to give it—to whom is not seen—but in all probability to the divinity of this temple; her look seems to say, what do you think? To the bed of pleasure, which is studded with never fading roses, you ascend by a few steps; and here, no doubt, every Adonis must bend the knee. Behind the bedchamber, in a hall of a moderate size, is a marble bason for bathing; it is surrounded at the top by a gallery for the musicians; in all probability the nymph here splashes in the water according to musical time. A door leads from this hall into the garden of the *Hesperides*, where all the walks are strewed with flowers, while the air is filled with a thousand different perfumes: here and there you discover picturesque meads and groves, and every plant and leaf seems to have been selected from a thousand. A serpentine walk conducts to a moss-covered rock, in which is discovered a rustic grotto, with the following inscription: "Art leads to Nature, she "stretches out to you her friendly hand." And in another place: "Here I enjoy the pleasure of "reflection." A young Englishman who accompanied us, on reading this inscription, exclaimed:

claimed: "*Grimace, grimace, Mademoiselle "Dervieux!*" The proprietor of this house lives in the second story, the apartments of which are beautiful, but not to be compared to those on the first. I was exceedingly desirous to see the nymph, but she thought proper to remain invisible. Her corset was lying on a sopha, a document of her delicate shape, and a head-dress with rose coloured ribbons. The celebrated beauty was concealed from us by a green silk curtain, but we did not venture to draw it aside. The modern *Ninon* has just sold this enchanted temple; it has been purchased by a rich American, one of her admirers, for the sum of 600,000 livres, (25,000l. sterling,) which is only one half of the sum expended in building it. This lover, it is said, will restore it to his divinity as a present, and in all probability will receive in return a look of grateful astonishment.

ACADEMIES.

To labour with united powers, and, according to the best plan, for a common end, is the object of all academies; such establishments indeed have been no small benefit to the arts and sciences, and to mankind in general. To be a contributor towards honourable labours is an agreeable idea;

and the emulation of the members, the union of general celebrity to individual fame, and mutual assistance, gives wings to the progress of genius: It cannot be denied that the Parisian academies have always displayed more activity, and been of more use, than any other learned societies.

The French Academy, properly so called, was established by *Cardinal Richelieu*, for the purpose of improving the French language, and was confirmed by the Parliament and the King. Its motto is, "*à l'immortalité.*" It is only a pity that it was indebted for its existence to so severe a minister; that every new member on his admission must deliver an oration in his praise, and that one half of the members consist of ignorant men, who possess no other qualification than rank! Such people acquire very little honour from a literary title, and the reputation of the academy is lessened. It is much to be wished that people would confine themselves to their station! The most perfect equality, however, prevails among *Messieurs les quarantes.* At first they sat on common chairs, but one of the members of rank having assumed an elbow-chair, all the rest followed his example—*C'est toujours quelque chose!* The most valuable fruit of this learned tree, is without doubt the dictionary of

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the French language—*Dictionnaire de l'Académie.* It is justly entitled to the merit of accuracy and purity, but it is not perfect; and in the first edition the word "Academy" is wanting. On the other hand Johnson's English, and Adelung's German Dictionary, are far more perfect.—*Voltaire* was fully sensible of the imperfection of the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, and had conceived the idea of improving it, and rendering it more complete; but death prevented him from carrying into execution this design.* The Academy has also several times employed itself on criticism; but this is very seldom the case at present. For example: through respect towards its founder *Richelieu*, it endeavoured to prove that the *Cid* of *Corneille* is a paltry performance; but the friends of the Parisian Theatre, out of spite, have praised it the more. The Academy would certainly be of greater utility, were it to publish a Critical and Literary Journal; for what might not be accomplished by the combined talents of the best writers? But still it is attended with some advantages. A number of the first writers are indebted for their existence, to the ambition of obtaining a place in this establishment, or have

* The ingenious Rivarol has long promised a new Philosophical Dictionary of the French language, but he is said to be deficient in application.

written

written in order to obtain its approbation. Two prize subjects, in poetry and eloquence, are proposed every year, and the prizes, which consist of gold medals, are adjudged on St. Louis's day. Should it be asked why *Lafontaine*, *Moliere*, *John Baptiste Rousseau*, *Diderot*, *Dorat*, and many other celebrated writers, were not members of the Academy? The answer is easy: passions and envy are inseparable from human nature, and it is often more honourable not to be an academician—true merit never remains unrewarded. There are a public and posterity! and the principal thing is not to obtain, but to deserve reward. blockheads only are vexed that they are not able to procure places. To prevent the mortification of a writer refusing the honour of being a member of the Academy, it is a standing rule, that those only are chosen who offer themselves for the vacant places. The bitterest enemy of this academy was *Piron*. His bon mot—"*Messieurs les "quarante ont de l'esprit comme quatre;*" and his humourous epitaph—"*Ci-git Piron; il ne fut "rien, pas même Academicien,*" are well known.

But what does great honour to the Academy is, that in the hall where the members meet, among the portraits of the most celebrated writers, is found the bust of *Piron*. This may be called magnanimous revenge!

The

The Academy of Sciences, which is indebted for its origin to Louis XIV. is employed chiefly with experimental philosophy, astronomy, mathematics, and chemistry: its principal object is to make new discoveries, or to improve the old ones, and this is announced by its motto: "*Invenit et perficit.*" Every year it publishes a part of its labours, which are useful to the learned, and afford pleasure to those fond of the sciences. These works contain the most authentic history of science, since the time of Louis XIV. Foreigners consider it a great honour to be admitted a member of this academy; the regular number of the foreign members is eight. Nowhere at present are there so able astronomers and chemists as at Paris. The German literati never mention the names of *Lalande*, and of *Lavoisier*, without respect. The former, during forty years, has been exclusively employed in observing the heavens, and has discovered a great number of new stars. He is the *Thales* of the present age, to whom might be applied the elegant epitaph of the Grecian philosopher in Diogenes Laertius:

"When he on earth the stars could view no more,
"Heaven snatch'd him hence, them nearer to explore."

Notwithstanding his great learning, *Lalande* is as lively, cheerful, and pleasant in company,

as

as the most agreeable young Frenchman. His daughter is educated entirely for the service of the heavens; she learns mathematics and astronomy; and he calls her, in joke, his Urania. *Lalande* keeps up an epistolary correspondence with the most celebrated astronomers of Europe, and speaks with great respect of *Bode*, of Berlin.

Lavoisier is the genius of chemistry. He has enriched this branch of science with innumerable discoveries; and, what is of most importance, all truly useful to mankind. As he was a farmer-general before the revolution, it may readily be conceived that he is worth millions; but his riches do not make him indifferent towards the sciences, they rather serve him as the means of extending their boundaries. Chemical experiments are for the most part expensive, but *Lavoisier* spares no expences, however great, provided there be any hope of enriching the sciences with a new discovery. Besides, he makes the poor participate in his superfluity; with the one hand he embraces the unfortunate as his brother, and with the other puts money into his pocket. He may be compared to *Helvetius*, who was also a farmer-general, and a friend to science and the poor. But the philosophy of the latter is nothing, when put in competition with the chemistry

mistry of *Lavoisier*. My travelling companion, *Becker*, can never mention, but in the most animated manner, the name of *Lavoisier*, who received him with great friendship as a pupil of *Klaproth*. My heart always beats high with joy, when I see how the sciences unite men of all countries; how they establish friendship between persons who, in other respects, are entirely unknown to each other. No: let the misosophs say what they will, science has in it something sacred and divine! *Lavoisier's* celebrity has, for some time past, induced several of the Parisian ladies to become amateurs of chemistry; so that they analize the sensibilities of the heart according to chemical rules.

Bailly also is one of the most celebrated members of the Academy of Sciences. He is in particular well versed in history and astronomy. It is a pity that he should have plunged into the torrent of the revolution, in which he may perhaps be swallowed up.*

The Academy of Inscriptions was likewise founded by Louis XIV. It has been employed with great assiduity for a century past, in enriching the historical sciences. The manners, cus-

* Bailly and Lavoisier have unfortunately fallen victims to the Revolution under Robespierre.

toms,

toms, and monuments of antiquity, are the objects of its research; hitherto it has published above forty volumes of memoirs, which may justly be called a gold mine of history; they transport the reader back, as it were, to the periods of the ancient Persians, Greeks, and Romans; they make one live in former times, and be at home in Athens and in Rome. The device in this academy is the historical muse, holding in her right hand an ivy crown, and with her left pointing to a pyramid, in which is seen the following inscription—"*Vetat Mori.*"

I shall mention also the Academies of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, which all hold their sittings in the Louvre, and which are all lasting monuments of the love for science entertained by Louis XIV. or rather by his minister, *Colbert.*

Paris, May.

WHAT do you think I inspected to-day? Nothing less than the streets of Paris; but you may easily conceive that I allude only to those which exhibit any thing worthy of notice. As I had forgot to carry with me my map of Paris, which would have been the best guide, I traversed

versed the city from one end to the other, in one of the wretched hackney-coaches. I set off about ten in the morning, and ordered the coachman, above all things, to drive to the *Fountaine d'Amour*. As he had never read *Saint Foix*, he did not understand me. After he had lost himself in conjectures, without coming to the point, I explained to him the enigma: "*Eh bien* "*dans la rue de la Truanderie.*" '*A la bonne* '*heure,*" replied he, '*vous autres etrangers,* '*vous ne dites le mot propre, qu'a la fin de la* '*phrase;*" and so saying, he proceeded to *la Truanderie*. The following is the history of the Fountain of Love:

Agnes Hellebick, a young beauty in the Court of Philip Augustus, was unfortunate in her love. As the Leucadian rock was at too great a distance from Paris, she threw herself into a well in *la rue Truanderie*, and put an end to the torment which she suffered from her passion. Three hundred years after, a young man, reduced to a state of despair, by the cruelty of the object of his affection, threw himself into the same well, but with more caution, and with better fortune. He fell to the bottom without sustaining the least hurt, and was not drowned. His beloved hastened after him, on the wings of the zephyr, let down a

rope

rope and drew up the adventurous knight, on whom she bestowed both her heart and her hand. The lover, to shew his gratitude, caused the well to be rebuilt, and the following words, in large gothic letters, to be inserted on it:

" L'amour m'a refait,
" En 1525, tout-à-fait."

After this event, which was known throughout all Paris, young people of both sexes repaired hither in crowds; and amidst dancing and tender songs, swore to each other eternal fidelity. The fountain became an altar of love. A celebrated preacher, however, of that period put an end to this indecency. He pointed out to parents with great zeal, what might be the consequences of such pilgrimages; and his sermons produced such an effect, that the pious folks demolished the Fountain of Love. The place is still shewn where it existed. I drank here a glass of the Seine water, besprinkled the earth with the remains of it, and exclaimed, " *à l'Amour!*"

The street now named Pavillon-street, was formerly called Diana-street, in honour of *Diana de Poitiers*, whose character I have learned from *Brantome*, and whose memory I esteem; she possessed in the highest degree every female charm, and by her beauty, which she retained till her

ner latest years, ruled in the heart of King Henry II. A figure like that of Minerva; the dignified look of Juno; a majestic gait; dark brown hair, which reached to the ground; black and sparkling eyes; a delicate complexion, embellished with lilies and roses; the bosom of the Medicean Venus; and, what was better than all, a feeling heart and a cultivated understanding, were the charms by which she was distinguished. The King was desirous that the Parliament would declare her daughter to be legitimate; but Diana replied, "I had a right to your hand, but ob-" tained only your heart, for I love you; but I " will not consent that the Parliament should " publicly declare me to be your mistress."—Henry followed her advice on every occasion, and therefore did nothing but good. She was fond of the sciences and of poetry, and was the muse of the witty *Maro*.

The city of Lyons caused a medal to be struck in honour of her, with the inscription "*omnium* " *victorem vici*." "I saw *Diana*," says *Brantome*, "when in her sixty-fifth year, and could " not sufficiently admire her beauty; every charm " was displayed in her countenance." Which of our modern beauties would not envy the character of this rare female? But to be like her,

they need only imitate her manner of life. She generally rose at six in the morning, washed herself with pure well water, without thinking of paint, pomade, essences, or cosmetics. She often appeared on horseback, and was never idle. This is the best recipe for preserving beauty! As I had no hope of seeing her grave, for she was buried at Anete: I scattered a few flowers over the spot where she resided. In the *rue des Ecrivains*, I saw the house inhabited by *Nicholas Flamel*, and his dear *Pernille*, in the 14th century; and where their images cut in stone surrounded with gothic inscriptions and hieroglyphics are still to be seen. *Nicholas Flamel* was originally a poor man, who supported himself by copying papers; but to the astonishment of all who knew him, he suddenly became the benefactor of the poor; distributed, with a liberal hand, rich donations to widows and orphans, founded hospitals, and built several churches. This gave rise to various reports, some were of opinion that he had found a hidden treasure; others believed that he had discovered the secret of the philosopher's stone, and considered him as a gold-maker; while others suspected that he had intercourse with spirits; some also asserted that the cause of his riches was to be sought for in his connection with the

Jews, who at that time were expelled from France. *Flamel* died without the truth being discovered; several years after, some persons who had the curiosity to dig up the earth in his cellar, found a great quantity of coals, and various vessels and crucibles, filled with a hard earthy mass. The superstition of Alchymists rejoiced on account of this new light which excited their vain hopes; and many, who wished to become rich by following *Flamel's* example, suffered their property to vanish in smoke.

Some centuries after, when *Flamel* and his history were entirely forgotten, *Paul Lucas*, the celebrated traveller, who, by the bye, is a great liar, recalled them to notice by the following fable:—"During my stay in Asia," says he, "I "became acquainted with a dervise, who spoke "all languages, and who appeared to be a young "man, though above a hundred years of age. "This dervise assured me, that *Flamel* was still "alive, and that, through fear of being impri-"soned on account of his knowledge of the phi-"losopher's stone, he had made his escape, and "bribed the physicians to pretend that he was "dead; since that time, continued the dervise, "*Flamel* and his *Pernille* have led a philoso-"phical life, residing sometimes in one place, and

" sometimes in another; he is my bosom friend, " and I met him not long ago." That *Paul Lucas* should relate this fable, does not excite so much surprise, as that Louis XIV. should have sent such a man to travel for the improvement of the sciences. I stayed a few minutes in *Flamel's* house, turned up the earth with my cane, and found indeed stones, but not that of the philosophers.

I would not live in *la rue Ferronerie* for the whole world—what horrid recollection! Here fell, by the hand of an assassin, Henry IV. " *Le* " *seul roi*," says Voltaire, " *de qui le peuple ait* " *gardé la memoire.*" Magnanimous hero! beneficent monarch! thou madest a conquest of no foreign countries, but subdued thy own in order to render it happy! Thy plain but expressive words will never be forgotten: " I will not rest " till each of my subjects is able to have a fowl " in the pot on a Sunday." And the answer which thou gavest to the Spanish Ambassador: " It is not surprising that you should no longer " know Paris: before, the father of the family " was absent, but he has returned and takes care " of his children himself." Henry's mind had been formed amidst his misfortunes, and his own sufferings had taught him to set a value on the

happiness

happiness of others; he was acquainted with that friendship which grows and shoots up amidst storms. Some good Frenchmen, through grief for the loss they had sustained by his death, followed him to the grave; among these, in particular, was the then governor of Paris, *Levique.*

The coachman stopped and called out, "this "is the *rue de la Ferronerie!*" 'No:' returned I, 'go on!' I disdained to tread on the ground which did not open to swallow up the detestable *Ravillac.*

The *rue du Temple* brought to my recollection the unfortunate lot of the Knights Templars, who, as long as their order was poor, continued to be modest, courageous, and magnanimous; but afterwards, when they became rich, their only deities were pride and luxury. Philip the Fair (who was not so in regard to his mind) and Pope Clement V. on the evidence of two profligates, condemned to death the principal Knights of the Order of the Templars: by the most horrid tortures they were compelled to confess themselves guilty of the most heinous crimes, such as denying Jesus Christ, worshipping wooden images, entering into a covenant with the devil, sacrificing children in the cruelest manner, &c. Several knights acknowledged their

enormities on the rack, but others remained stedfast, and exclaimed, amidst the most dreadful torments, "There is a God who knows that we are "innocent!" *Molé*, the Grand Master of the Order, when conducted to the scaffold, was offered a pardon on condition of publicly shewing his repentance, and imploring mercy. A zealous legate previously described, in a long oration, all the pretended crimes of the Knights Templars, and concluded by saying: "Here stands their master; he will now discover the blasphemous "secret of the Order." 'Yes,' replied the unfortunate veteran, 'I will speak the truth;' then stepping forward, and rattling his chains, he continued—'Hear, O Almighty God! my oath. I 'swear that the order is innocent; that it has always discharged its duty to christianity with the 'utmost zeal; that it has always maintained the 'true faith, and taken pleasure in doing good; 'the rack alone extorted from me a contrary 'confession, and I pray to God that he will par'don my weakness; I see the malignant fury of 'our persecutors; I see the sword and the flames 'prepared for us—the will of God be done! I 'am ready to suffer every thing to make atone'ment for calumniating my brethren, for violat'ing truth, and offending against our Holy Faith.'

He was burnt the same day; and even in the midst of the flames he never ceased proclaiming the innocence of his brethren, and imploring heaven to grant him strength to support his torture. The spectators melted into tears, and rushed towards the pile to collect the ashes of the unfortunate martyr, which they carried off as a sacred relic. What times! what monsters among the human race! The rapacious Philip seized on the property of the Order.

By what means could I banish from my mind, the remembrance of their shameful transactions? I could find no better method than by driving to Isle de Notre Dame, where, in the reign of Charles V. the *Chevalier Maquer*, in the sight of all Paris, fought with a dog—but a dog who might have served as a pattern to many men. The spot, which was the scene of this singular rencounter, is still shewn. The following circumstance gave rise to it:—*Aubry Mondidier*, while taking a solitary walk in the neighbourhood of Paris, was murdered and buried under a tree; his dog, which he had left at home, went out at night to search for his master, and discovered his grave in the forest; having remained some days on the spot, till hunger compelled him to return to the city, he hastened to the *Chevalier Ardilliers*, a friend

a friend of the deceased, and by his melancholy howling, gave him to understand that their common friend was no longer in existence. *Ardilliers* offered the dog food, and endeavoured to quiet him by caresses, but the distressed animal continued to howl, licked his feet, and laying hold of his coat, pulled him towards the door. *Ardilliers* at length resolved to followed him; the dog led him from street to street, and conducted him from the city to a large oak in the forest, where he began to howl louder, and to scratch the earth with his feet. Aubry's friend surveyed the spot with melancholy foreboding, and ordered his servant to dig up the earth; in a little time he discovered the body of his friend. Some time after the dog accidentally met the murderer of his master, rushed upon him, barked and attacked him with so much fury, that the spectators could with difficulty extricate him. The same circumstance occurred several times. The faithful animal, which in general was as quiet as a lamb, became like a raging tyger, every time he saw this person who had murdered his master. This circumstance excited great astonishment, and some suspicions having arisen, it was remembered that Maquer, on several occasions, had betrayed symptoms of enmity to Aubry; and various

ous other circumstances being combined, brought the matter almost to a certainty. The King hearing of the affair, was desirous of being convinced with his own eyes, whether the dog was in the right; and the animal, which fawned upon every body else, attacked Maquer with the utmost fury, as soon as he perceived him. At that period it was customary, when the evidence was not decisive, to determine the fate of the accused by single combat. Charles, therefore, appointed the time and place; the Chevalier entered the list, armed with his lance, and the dog was let loose upon him; a most dreadful contest now took place. The Chevalier made a thrust, but the dog springing aside, seized him by the throat and threw him down. The villain now confessed his crime, and Charles, that the remembrance of the faithful animal might be handed down to posterity, caused to be erected to him, in the forest where the murder had been committed, a marble monument, with the following inscription:— "Blush, hard-hearted wretch! An irrational animal knows and loves gratitude; and thou, perpetrator of crimes, in the moment of guilt, be afraid of thine own shadow!" Charles is entitled to the appellation of The Wise. Yes, when the history of mankind, in consequence of the horror

horror excited by the cruel deeds it records, drops from my hands, I will read, by way of consolation, the history of the dog.

'There is one street in Paris called *Rue d'Enfer*; the cause of this appellation was as follows: *Saint Louis*, a mild prince, gave to the followers of Bruno, who had founded the Carthusian Order, a small house with a garden, not far from an old castle, built by King Robert, and which had long stood empty. A report was suddenly spread that this castle was haunted, and in particular that a green monster, half man and half dragon, walked about in the apartments, threw itself at night into the streets, and fell upon the passengers; Louis immediately made a present of the castle to the Carthusians, under condition they would drive away the evil spirit. The green monster thus disappeared, and the monks afterwards remained in quiet possession of their extensive habitation; but the street to this day has retained the name of *Rue d'Enfer*.

I next drove to *Millecoeur*, where Francis I. resided some time, that he might be nearer the beautiful Duchess *d'Estampes*, who had made a conquest of his tender heart. The apartments which he occupied were ornamented with paintings, emblems, and inscriptions, all relating to love.

love. "I have seen," says Saural, "many of "these emblems, but I remember only one of "them: a burning heart between an alpha and "an omega, which, in all probability, alluded to "the constancy of love." At present the bathing-room of the Duchess is employed as a stable; Francis's bed-room serves a hatter as a kitchen, and the *Cabinet de delices* is inhabited by a cobler.

In consequence of an old law, no swine are suffered to run about the streets in France. The cause of this law may be learned in *Rue Maltois*, where a sow formerly occasioned the death of young King Philip, the son of Louis le Gros. Being on horseback a sow suddenly rushed from a house and startled his horse; Philip, by this accident, was thrown, and died the next day.

The street *Quimquempois*, is become celebrated by the financeering schemes of the Scotchman Law. An immense crowd of people hurried to the office, established in this street, in order to exchange Louis d'ors for bank notes. Here the hump-backed presented their humps to the brokers who wrote upon them. The servant purchased the equipage of his master, and the philosopher was hurried from his study by the demon of avarice, in order to join the crowd of the votaries of fortune; but the dream vanished, and

and nothing remained but paper. "The projec-
"tor of this unfortunate system," says Mercier, in his Picture of Paris, "died of hunger, at Ve-
"nice, after having been for some time before
"the most extravagant man in Europe."

My expedition to survey the streets, terminated at length in *rue de la Harpe*, where I saw the ruins of an old Roman edifice, called the *Palais des Thermes*. A large arched hall, above forty feet in height, is still standing. Antiquaries are of opinion that this building was occupied by *Julian*, at the time when he was proclaimed Emperor by the Gallic legions; but the magnificent gardens, aqueducts, and other works of art, mentioned by ancient historians, have been entirely destroyed by the hand of time. This edifice was inhabited by the Frankish Kings of Clovis's race; and the charming daughter of Charlemagne here did penance for the weakness of her tender heart; afterwards it was the rendezvous of lovers in the higher ranks, and at present pigeons are exposed in it for sale. Right! thought I, for are not doves the birds of Venus?

In this street also lived *Mignot*, the celebrated pastry-cook, mentioned by *Boileau* in his satires:

"Mignot, c'est tout dire, et dans le monde entier,
"Jamais empoisonneur ne sut mieux son métier."

The

The pastry-cook was exceedingly angry at these sarcastic lines and sued the poet; but the judges laughed at his complaint, and therefore he tried to be revenged in another manner. He prevailed on the *Abbé Cottin* to write a satire against *Boileau*, caused it to be printed, and distributed it with his cakes all through the town.

AN ACQUAINTANCE AT THE OPERA.

I accompanied *Reinhold*, the German, to the Opera—*entrer dans cette loge, Messieurs!*—we entered, and found two ladies with a Knight of St. Louis. "You had better stay here, gentle-"men," said one of the ladies to us; "you see "that we are not full dressed, and the high fea-"thers of the other ladies would hide from you "the whole theatre." 'You are exceedingly 'polite,' replied I; and we seated ourselves in the back part of the box. The engaging civility of the ladies had prepossessed me in their favour, and I was desirous of having a nearer view of them. *Reinhold*, in the mean time, having addressed me in Russian, the ladies and the Knight of St. Louis, whose curiosity was excited by the unknown sounds, turned their faces towards us, and gave me an opportunity of considering the polite lady a little more closely. She was a

charming young *Blondine*, and her black dress served as a foil to heighten the delicate whiteness of her complexion: a ribbon of a sky-blue colour, was bound round her unpowdered flaxen hair, and a bunch of roses formed a contrast with the lilies of her bosom. "Are you agreeably "seated?" said she to me, with a smile of friendship; I assured her that it was impossible for me to be more so. This was not the case with Reinhold. The Knight of St. Louis, who moved from the one side to the other, without any cause, put him out of all patience. "I would not stay here "for all the world!" exclaimed he; "this d— d "Frenchman is so restless, he will rub the skin "from my knees;" with these words my German quitted the box. The beautiful *Blondine* first looked at the door, then at me, and said, "Your friend, Sir, seems to have been displeased "with our company."

AUTHOR. He wished to go to the opposite side of the theatre,

LA BLONDINE. And you mean to stay with us?

AUTHOR. If you will give me permission.

LA BLOND. You are very polite.

KNIGHT. I observe that you have a nosegay of roses in your bosom—you are fond of roses?

LA

LA BLOND. How can I be otherwise; are not roses an emblem of our sex?

KNIGHT. But they have no smell.

AUTHOR. I beg your pardon, Sir; I smell their perfume though I am farther from the lady.

LA BLOND. Farther? But what hinders you from approaching, since you are so fond of the smell of roses; there is room here by me—you are an Englishman.

AUTHOR. When the Englishmen are so fortunate as to obtain your favour, I shall that moment cease to call myself a Russian.

KNIGHT. You are a Russian! Look ye, Madam, I conjectured as much—*J'ai voyagé dans le Nord; je me connois aux accens. Je vous l'ai dit dans le moment.*

LA BLOND. And I really took you for an Englishman—*Je raffole de cette nation.*

KNIGHT. Those who, like me, have been in all countries, and who understand all languages, can never be mistaken. Is it not true? In Russia the people speak German?

AUTHOR. No: Russian.

KNIGHT. Or Russian—that is all the same.

"Every part of the house is full," said *La Blondine*, interrupting our dialogue, and looking

towards the pit, "and I am glad of it, for I love "mankind."

KNIGHT. You would be ungrateful if you did not.

This is too bad, thought I; he takes the words from my mouth.

KNIGHT. But according to the laws of Moses, you must hate the women.

LA BLOND. Why so?

KNIGHT. Moses says love for love; and hatred for hatred!

LA BLOND, (smiling). I am a Christian; but it is, nevertheless, true: the female sex seldom love each other.

"But how comes that?" said I, innocently.

LA BLOND. How comes it?—She smelt her roses, cast her eyes towards me, and at length asked, how long I had been at Paris, and how long I intended to remain in it.

"When the roses wither on the bush," replied I, in a sorrowful tone, "I shall no longer "be here."

LA BLOND, (looking at her nosegay). Mine blooms also in winter.

AUTHOR. Nothing is impossible to Art! But Nature never loses her right; her roses are more beautiful.

LA BLOND. How can an inhabitant of the North praise nature? Among you is he not melancholy and poor?

AUTHOR. Not always—we have also our spring, our flowers, and our female beauties.

LA BLOND. But are they also worthy of being loved?

AUTHOR. At any rate they are loved.

LA BLOND. That I believe—among you the art of loving is better understood than the art of pleasing. In France the case is reversed; here sensibility is found only in romances.

AUTHOR. And among us it resides in the heart.

KNIGHT. Sensibility is every where nothing but a romance; this I know from my travels.

LA BLOND. O unsufferable Frenchmen! In love you are always Atheists. Suffer him, however, to proceed, he will describe to us the progress of a courtship in Russia.

KNIGHT. A mere romance!

LA BLOND. How tender and attentive the men are!

KNIGHT, (yawning). A mere romance!

LA BLOND. How you look at the ladies without experiencing ennui—without yawning!

KNIGHT, (laughing). A mere romance! a mere romance!

The conversation was here interrupted, for the theatre was at once illuminated, and the spectators clapped their hands as a testimony of their joy.

La Blondine said, with a smile, the men are pleased with the light, and we have an aversion to it; as a proof of it, see how pale that young lady opposite to us has become.

KNIGHT. That happens because she imitates the English women, and does not paint.

AUTHOR. A pale complexion has its charms, and women who paint do wrong.

The *Blondine* turned towards the pit—and lo! she also was painted; how was it possible to make atonement for my rudeness? I was lost—as good fortune would have it the music began, and Gluck's Orpheus enchanted me so much, that I entirely forgot my *Blondine;* I therefore thought of Jean Jacques, who was not fond of Gluck, but became quite charmed when he heard his Orpheus.—When the connoisseurs thronged around him as he was retiring from the theatre, in order to hear his opinion, he began to sing with a low voice, "*J'ai perdu mon Euridice, rien n' égale mon* "*malheur,*" wiped his eyes, and departed without

out saying a word more. Great men always readily acknowledge that they have erred!

When the first scene was ended the *Blondine* exclaimed—"Heavenly music! But I observed "that you did not clap your hands!"

AUTHOR. That shews how much I felt.

LA BLOND. Gluck is far superior to Piccini.

KNIGHT. The disputes on that subject have long since ceased. The one has more harmony, the other more melody. The one always excites admiration, the other is only great now and then. The one never falls, the other easily rises after he has fallen, to soar above the clouds. The one has more character, the other more shades; in regard to this point connoisseurs have long been unanimous.

LA BLOND. I do not understand these learned comparisons—can you, Sir?

AUTHOR. I am entirely of your opinion.

LA BLOND. *Etes vous toujours bien, Monsieur?*

AUTHOR. *Parfaitement bien, Madame, auprès de vous.*

Here the Knight of St. Louis whispered something in her ear; she smiled, looked at her watch, rose up, gave him her arm, and left the box with

with a friendly, *Je vous salue, Monsieur.* I knew not what to think. Not wait the beautiful ballet Calypso and Telemachus! The box now appeared to me too large, too gloomy. I continually cast my eyes towards the door, as if I expected her to return. Who was she? was she worthy of my attention or not? The Parisian ladies of rank are not accustomed to be so familiar with strangers; every rule, however, has its exceptions; she still continued to afford exercise to my imagination, even during the ballet; and it appeared to me that I saw many countenances like hers among the female dancers. I returned home, and could not get her from my mind.

Here the tale is ended, say you, but perhaps not; I shall, perhaps, meet her some where in the *Champs Elysées*, or the *Bois de Boulogne*; deliver her from the hands of robbers, drag her from the waves of the Seine, or save her from a fire—I see you smile—a mere romance! exclaim you, with the Knight of St. Louis, and I sigh over the incredulity of your heart. One truly might lose all desire to travel, and to write an account of what one has seen. Well, well, I shall be silent.

Paris,

Paris, May.

SOLYMAN AGA, the Turkish Ambassador, at the Court of Louis XIV. first introduced the use of coffee into France, in the year 1669; and one *Pascal*, by birth an American, established, about the same time, the first coffee-house at Paris. The novelty of the thing took with the public, and *Pascal* had a great deal of business; after his death the mode of coffee drinking declined so much, that his heirs had scarcely any customers. Some years after a Sicilian, named *Procope*, set up another coffee-house, near the French theatre, decorated it with great taste, and found out the means of attracting the best company. His house was much frequented, in particular by the most celebrated writers. *Fontenelle*, *Jean Baptiste Rousseau*, *Saurin*, *Crebillon*, *Piron*, *Voltaire*, *&c.* met here, read to each other their works, disputed, displayed their wit, and talked over the news of the day; the Parisians repaired hither to hear them. The coffee-house still exists, but it has lost its former reputation.

Nothing can be happier than this invention; you become tired with wandering through this monstrous city, and are desirous to rest yourself, you enter a coffee-house, and at the expence of a few

few *sous*, can refresh yourself with lemonade or ices; you at the same time can read the Gazettes; you hear news of every kind, and opinions on men and works of literature; you talk and declaim as you please. In autumn and winter people in narrow circumstances always find here, by a good fire, an agreeable shelter from the cold, to which they would otherwise be exposed, and at the same time enjoy the pleasure of conversation. *Vive Pascal! vive Procope! vive Soliman Aga!*

At present there are more than 600 coffee-houses in Paris, and each has its orator; but among this number there are about ten distinguished over all the rest, five or six of which are in the Palais Royal alone, namely, *Café de Foi, du Caveau, de Valois, de Chartres, &c.* The first is elegantly furnished, and the second is ornamented with marble busts of the most celebrated of the Parisian composers. Here you find busts of Gluck, Sacchini, Paccini, Gretry, and Phillidor. Here also is a marble tablet, with the following inscription: "*On ouvrit deux souscrip-*
"*tions sur cette table; la premiere le* 28 *Juillet,*
"*pour repeter l'experience d'Annonay; La*
"*deuxième le* 29 *Août* 1783, *pour rendre hom-*
"*mage*

"*nage par une medaille à la decouverte de* " *M. M. Montgolfier.*"

On the wall is seen this medal, which exhibits the busts of the two brothers, *Montgolfier.* The coffee-house *de la Regence*, has been rendered celebrated by *Jean Jacques Rousseau*, for he played chess here every day. Curiosity to see this celebrated writer, drew hither such crowds of spectators, that the lieutenant de police was obliged to place a guard at the door. The zealous followers of Jean Jacques still assemble here to drink a dish of coffee to the memory of Rousseau. The chair on which he usually sat is preserved as a rarity; one of his admirers offered 500 livres for it, but the master of the coffee-house would not part with it for any money.

This day I have been in the Guinguettes, to see how the Parisian populace amuse themselves on Sunday; what a noisy and variegated scene is exhibited by a tavern, where you dine for ten *sous*, and drink the cheapest wine! Large rooms are filled with company of both sexes, who employ their time in shouting, dancing, and singing. Two men of threescore danced a minuet with two females almost as old as themselves, while the young people clapped their hands, and called out

out bravo! Many staggered in consequence of the fumes of the wine, and almost fell down during the dance; they sought for their partners without being able to find them, and expressed their disappointment by a *diable!* or a *peste!* The Russians, therefore, are not the only people fond of their bottle! The French are no enemy to it, but with this difference, that the French, when intoxicated, only talk loud, and make a noise.

Nosegay girls, who seize by the hand every person who enters, and present to him a nosegay, stand at the door of every tavern of this kind. This present you must not only receive, and give in return a piece of six sous, but you must accompany it with something handsome, *un mot de politesse, d'honneteté.* For the Parisian nosegay girls are as formidable as the *Poissardes,* and woe to those who have the misfortune to affront them; they will soon be covered with mud from head to foot. Two of these nosegay girls once stopped me and the Baron W——, on the *Pont Royal,* and demanded—a kiss; we laughed, and wished to proceed, but the wanton Bacchanalians held us fast, and kissed our cheeks, laughing all the while, and calling out, one kiss more! one kiss more!

While walking lately on the banks of the Seine, I observed two Chinese pavillions, and

learned on enquiry that they were bathing houses; I entered one of them, paid my twenty-four sous, and bathed in a small neat cabin; I found every thing here wonderfully clean. The water is conveyed into each cabin by a pipe. People are taught also to swim. I saw three men swim here with great dexterity.

There are at Paris also warm baths, which are often prescribed by the physicians. The best and most expensive are called *Bains Russes, de vapeurs, ou de fumigations simples et composées.* For about the value of two roubles you are bathed, rubbed with sponge, and fumigated with various kinds of herbs, as in the Grusinian baths, at Moscow.

Yesterday I paid a visit to the Hotel—Dieu, where all patients without distinction of religion or nation are received, whatever may be their disease. Their number oft times amounts to 5,000; they are under the care of eight physicians, and a hundred surgeons; and are attended and nursed by 150 nuns, who also provide for their cleanliness. Twenty-four ecclesiastics are continually employed in preparing the dying for death, or in burying the dead; I inspected only two of the wards; it was impossible for me to proceed any farther, I was taken ill, and for a long time after

the groans of the dying, and of those suffering from excruciating pain, still seemed to resound in my ears.

Notwithstanding the good regulations and great care which prevail here, of a 1000 patients, 250 generally die. How could people think of establishing such hospitals in the middle of cities? And how is it possible to drink the water of the Seine, which receives all the impurities of the Hotel Dieu? What a horrid idea! Fortunate are they who leave Paris in good health! I hastened to the theatre to dispel my melancholy ideas, and a slight attack of fever.

The King's library at Paris is the first in the world—so at least the librarian asserted; it consists of six large halls filled with books. The mystical writings alone occupy a space of 200 feet in length, and 20 in breadth; of poetical works there are more than 40,000 volumes; of romances 6,000; and of voyages and travels 7,000. The whole library contains more than 200,000 volumes, and 60,000 manuscripts. The regularity and good order which prevail here are wonderful; you have scarcely asked for a book when it is put into your hands. Being a Russian I was shewn a Sclavonic bible, and the instructions drawn up by the Empress for the new code

of

of laws. Charles V. inherited, from his predecessor King John, twenty books, and as he was fond of reading he increased this number to 900, and was the founder of the library. There is here also a collection of coins, where I saw, with much pleasure, the shields of the two greatest Generals of antiquity—*Hannibal* and *Scipio*. For what agreeable recollections are we indebted to history! During my early days, when I first read the Roman history, I imagined myself to be nothing less than a little Scipio; after that period I always venerated him as my hero. *Hannibal* I hated in the fortunate days of his celebrity; but on the decisive day, under the walls of Carthage, I in my heart wished him to be victorious; and at last, when all the laurels on his forehead had withered, when persecuted by the malignant spirit of the revengeful Romans, he wandered about from one country to another; I was then the warmest friend of the unfortunate, but great *Hannibal*; and the bitterest enemy of the cruel Republicans. There are shewn also in the library, two arrows of the American savages, the points of which are tinged with so strong a poison, that when an animal is wounded by them, it dies in the course of a few minutes. In one of the apartments of the lower

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story, stand two globes of an extraordinary size; the upper part of them passes through the roof into the second story; they were the work of the monk *Coronelli*. The collection of engravings in the library is also worthy of attention.

There are several more public and private libraries in Paris, which are open to every person on certain fixed days. Here you may read and make extracts at pleasure. No: there is not a second Paris in the world, either for men or letters, or the curious in general! Every thing is here collected and ready—only make use of it!

The Royal Observatory is built without iron or wood. The meridian, which traverses all France, from Colioure to Dunkirk, passes through a large hall in the first story, an apartment called *la salle des secrets*, exhibits a very singular phenomenon; when you apply your mouth to a pillar, and speak with a low voice, whatever you say can be heard by another person, who stands at a considerable distance, near an opposite pillar, and the person who stands in the middle between both hears nothing. An explanation of this physical curiosity has been given by *Kircher*. The subterraneous labyrinth of the observatory, which is employed for several meteorological experiments, cannot be visited without guides furnished with

with torches; three hundred and sixty steps conduct you to this abyss, where breathing is almost suspended by a thick damp atmosphere. I have been told that two monks who entered this cavern, with a company of curious travellers, being separated from each other, and their torches going out, sought to return but in vain, and eight days after were found dead.

Louis XIV. erected the most elegant Hospital for Invalids in all Europe, in order to shew his gratitude to the old worn-out warriors; often did he visit it alone, unaccompanied by guards, and confiding in the attachment of his veterans. These invalids afford a melancholy spectacle to the philosopher, and the sight of them must affect every heart; some of them are incapable of walking, others are fed like children. Here some are praying before the altar; there others seated in a circle, under the shade of the trees, are talking of the victories which they purchased with their blood. With what pleasure I pull off my hat before the grey-headed veteran, who bears in his body the indelible marks of courage, and the impression of glory! War is a misfortune; but courage undoubtedly is one of the most exalted of the virtues. "A coward," says Corporal Trim, in

Tristram Shandy, " may be an honest man; but " it is certain that every bad man is a coward."

When *Peter the Great* saw the Hospital of Invalids at Paris, the honourable warriors were seated at table. *Peter* filled to himself a glass of wine, called out, " Your healths, comrades!" and drank it to the last drop.

The architecture and painting of this edifice are excellent.

Paris, May.

ON the 13th of May I went to the village of Surenne, near Paris, where I was told the most virtuous of all the young women of eighteen years of age was to be crowned, amidst great ceremony, with roses; but how unfortunate! This year the *Fête de la Rosière* was not celebrated. The Hotel de Ville had not paid the interest of the capital, left by a person, named Elliot, for the purpose of rewarding rural innocence, though it amounted only to 300 livres. The clergyman of the place was accustomed to announce the names of three of the most virtuous young women, and from these three the old people of the village chose one,

one, who was then decorated with flowers, and led in procession through the village, amidst songs in praise of her virtue. The Parisian ladies used formerly to participate in this festival—innocence so near Paris is indeed a wonder.

I dined in the tavern with the country folks, dressed out in their holiday clothes, who treated me with their red wine, which they assured me was as good and as pure as the virtue of their maidens; one of them, who stroked back his long white ruffles with a look of conscious pride, told me that his three daughters had obtained the prize of virtue, and were then married to men of worth.

I had not for a long time been so charmed with rural simplicity as on that day. Rural simplicity and innocence so near Paris! I thought I should never be tired with the conversation of the honest rustics, and their wives and daughters. The latter are free without being impudent.—"Where are you going with that book under "your arm?" said I to a pretty looking girl. 'To church,' replied she, 'to say my prayers.' "What a pity that I am not of your religion, "my pretty maid," added I—I should like to pray along with you. '*Mais le bon Dieu est de toutes* '*les religions, Monsieur,*' replied she. You must

must allow, my dear friend, that such philosophical ideas in a country girl are not very common. In general all the inhabitants of the villages appeared to me to be intelligent and happy people. The cheerful disposition of my mind at that time, contributed not a little perhaps to make me view every thing in a favourable light.

I spent the evening no less agreeably, in the magnificent garden of the Duke of Infantados, and the Princess Chimer, at Issy. Here there is a matchless alley of chesnut trees, which is not inferior to that even of the Thuilleries, and at the one end of it is a large reservoir. The view from the terrace is also beautiful. The castles of Meudon and Bellevue, the Bois de Boulogne, an immense plain, through which the Seine flows, and Mount Valerien, on the boundary of the horizon, all together produce an excellent effect.

In general the environs of Paris are very pleasant; every where are seen beautiful villages, allées, and gardens; every where some treasure of art presents itself to the sight. Almost every country church can shew some fine paintings, or remarkable monuments; and for some days past I have been wandering about from morning till late at night, through the country adjacent to this capital, for every thing is blooming at present,

sent, and the spring, by an insensible transition, will soon be lost in summer.

Paris, May.

I SELDOM visit my acquaintance, or the circle of their friends in this city. I set great value on my time, and it grieves me to lose it in three or four houses to which I have access. Besides, the cold civility of the Parisians is to me not very inviting. *Madame G——* assures me, that the best writers assemble at her house, but I never saw there one of much importance. The conversation is desultory, every thing relates to some particular affair, and the whole is a jargon unintelligible to a stranger. To be silent and yawn, or to answer trifling questions, such as, How intense is the cold in general at Petersburgh? Whether among us people commonly travel with rein deer? is not very pleasant. And though *Madame G——* keeps a very good table, I would rather dine with any *restaurateur*, where I am astonished at the multitude of the guests, and often listen to their noisy conversation, or think and plan out how I am to spend the remainder of the day. *Madame N——*, another of my female

male acquaintance, is exceedingly amiable; and I have sometimes enjoyed great pleasure in her company. We talked of Switzerland, of Rousseau, of the happiness of a simple country life, and of the attachment to metaphysical disquisitions; but there is something here also which displeases me. Young *Baron D——* visits this lady likewise, and when he enters the door my presence is superfluous; this wounds my vanity a little; and the Baron, though not a German Baron, does not see me with a very civil look. He rolls himself besides the hostess on the sopha, acts the part of an absent person, or a deep thinker; lays his head on the cushion, and exhibits every kind of rudeness. As he is not on such occasions shewn the door, he thinks he has a right to shew the door to others; I therefore take my hat and depart. At present *Madame N——* has resolved to make a tour to Switzerland, and to become an inhabitant of the Mountains of Neufchatel, which *Rousseau* has described in his letters to *d'Alembert*. The Baron laughs at this whim, and calls it an old romantic conceit.

Few Russians reside here at present; besides our Ambassador, his secretary, and interpreter, there are only the families of *Prince G——* and *Prince P——*, I visit them frequently. D——, who lives

lives only on his salary, has, however, a beautiful library, and possesses a great number of curious manuscripts in different languages. He has original letters of Henry IV. Louis XIII. Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; of Cardinal Richelieu, Queen Elizabeth, &c. He is acquainted with all the librarians of Paris, and by their means often obtains these rarities for a trifle, especially during the present turbulent times. On the day when the mob plundered the archives of the Bastile, he purchased, for a louis d'or, a whole chest full of letters, among which were one of Crebillon's, jun. who was sometime confined in the Bastile, to the Lieutenant of Police, and the diary of a prisoner in the time of Louis XIV. D—— is convinced that this diary was kept by the unknown prisoner, called commonly the man with the iron mask, and to whom the public attention was first called by *Voltaire*. The place in *Voltaire*'s works, where this historical problem is introduced, is well known. In the life of the *Duke de Richelieu*, lately published, a solution of it is given; but whether just or not, will perhaps never be ascertained. According to the author of this work, the man with the iron mask was a twin-brother of Louis XIV. and shut up in that manner by Cardinal Richelieu, that he might not contend

contend for the throne. This supposition is as improbable as that the diary, which my countryman values so much, should have been written by the man with the iron mask. The proof which he adduces for its being his, is as follows: In several places the prisoner speaks of chocolate being brought to him in the morning; and in the time of Louis XIV. chocolate was not used but by persons of the first distinction. It is well known that there was no prisoner of consequence in the Bastile, except the man with the iron mask, consequently the diary must have been kept by him; but whoever may have been the author of this diary, it contains nothing worth notice; complaints of languor and of the cruelty of imprisonment, ill written and badly spelt—that is all.

Paris, May.

FOR several days successively I have gone every morning about ten o'clock, to the Convent of the Carmelites, in the *Rue St. Jacques*. You will no doubt ask for what purpose? To see the church of the convent perhaps, which is the oldest in Paris, and formerly surrounded by a wood, where *St. Denis* concealed himself in a deep cavern

cavern from his enemies, and from those of Christianity? Or perhaps to settle the dispute among the antiquaries, whether this church originated from paganism, or was built by King Robert? Or whether the figure over the portal be a Ceres or the Archangel Michael? Or to admire the elegant altar, with its bronzes, its gilding, and its bas-reliefs? No, my good friends, you have not yet guessed the reason. I visit the convent of the Carmelites merely to see, to admire, and to offer up my adoration to the charming *Magdalen of Lebrun*. What a wonder of the most incomparable art! Here you do not find cold colouring and inanimate canvas, but life and angelical beauty in affliction; and tears, tears which fall boiling hot on my breast from celestial eyes! Ah, she was sensible of the vanity of the world, and the misery of the passions! Her heart dead to every thing worldly, pants only after things on high. It is not the pains of hell that she fears; no, she is afraid only of being unworthy of the love of him whom she so ardently loves—the love of her heavenly father—a sensation which pure souls alone can experience. Pardon! exclaims her look. Pardon! repeats her heart. Ah! for what weaknesses would not such sincery and pious repentance obtain pardon; I will not say from God,

who is goodness itself, but from the most hard-hearted of men? I never imagined that a painting could be so eloquent and affecting! The longer I viewed it the more I was sensible of its beauties. The countenance, the attitude, the hands, the hair playing in ringlets over her snowy bosom, and in particular the eyes red with weeping—how beautiful altogether! I have seen and admired several celebrated productions of the pencil, but this painting I wished to have in my possession; I would place it before me in my retired study; I would incessantly survey it, and congratulate myself on my happiness; in a word, I am in love with it.

But shall I disclose to you a secret charm with which it in particular attracts me? Lebrun, under the character of the Magdalen, has given a portrait of the beautiful and tender *Duchess Lavalliere*, the mistress of Louis XIV. who, in him loved not the king but the man, and to him sacrificed every thing—her heart, her innocence, her peace of mind, and the world. I represent to myself the calm moon-light night, on which the amiable *Lavalliere* sauntered about with her female friends in the park of Versailles, and replied, in the following manner, to their friendly raillery; "You talk to me of the handsome men

at

"at court, and you make no mention of the hand-
"somest, our amiable sovereign. Do not believe
"that my eyes are dazzled by the magnificence
"and splendour of the throne: no, in the hum-
"blest cot, were he in the attire of a poor shep-
"herd, I would prefer him to all the men in the
"world." The King, who was in the neigh-bourhood, heard these words, and his heart said to him, "That is she whom you must love!" He had not before known her. The next day he wished to speak to all the ladies of his court, and distinguished *Lavalliere* by her voice. For several years she adored the king, and was adored by him in return. When he deserted her, the unfortunate favourite shut herself up in the convent of the Carmelites, where she lived thirty-six years under the name of the charitable sister Louisa, discharging the duties of her order, to heaven, and to virtue, with the utmost zeal.

Paris, May.

WHICH would be the most interesting description of Paris? An account of the monuments of art, dispersed as it were in every street, of curiosities of every kind, and of objects of

magnificence and taste, is, no doubt, of great value; but I would not give one short sketch of the characters of the most celebrated men at Paris who do not live in palaces; but for the most part in garrets unknown, and in the midst of poverty, this would afford a wide field for the collector of anecdotes! For here poverty often teaches people the most singular means of getting a livelihood; how many are there here who have not a single sous of certain income, and yet daily appear well dressed at the Palais Royal, in the theatres, and public walks; and who, were we to judge from their looks, live as free from care as the fowls of heaven—but how is this done? In many different ways—they have methods, without number, of gaining something which are not known in any place but Paris.

Thus for example; a well-dressed man, of a noble appearance, who, over his dish of *bavaroise*, talks fluently, tells all kinds of pleasant anecdotes, and jokes with great ease and freedom, may be seen every day in the *Caffé de Chartres;* and how does he live? By the sale of bills pasted up, which every night, when all others are asleep, he tears down from the corners of the streets, and carries it to the pastry-cooks, who give him a few sous for his trouble. He then lays

lays himself down quietly on his bundle of straw, in some *grenier*, and sleeps sounder than many a Croesus.

Another who is seen every day at the Thuilleries, and the Palais-Royal, and who, by his dress, might be taken for an ecclesiastic, is a farmer; and what kind of a one do you think? He farms the hair pins which are lost in the Italian theatre. When the curtain drops, and the company are leaving the house, he makes his first appearance in it; and while the lights are extinguishing, he goes from box to box in order to search for the lost pins, not one of them escapes his Lynxean eye, let it lie where it may; and when the last candle is extinguished our farmer picks up his last pin, and with the hope of not dying next morning of hunger, hastens to the broker to sell him his treasure.

When I visited the Mazarine library for the first time, and stood between the bookcases, uncertain to what side I should first direct my eyes, an old man approached and addressed me as follows: "Would you like to see the most remarkable books and manuscripts?" and so saying, he began to point out and explain the rarities in the library. I considered him at first as the librarian, but I was mistaken; he was a stranger

who had obtained permission from the keeper of the library, to serve the amateurs of literature as a living catalogue. Thirty years he has gained his bread in this manner: he is contented with whatever he gets, be it an *écu*, or only a few *sous*.

The Parisian beggars always endeavour to maintain a decent appearance; they receive alms without blushing; but for a harsh word they are ready to assassinate one—for they wear swords.

In this gallery of remarkable persons, a stoic of this city, known under the name of *Quatorze Oignons*, ought not to be forgotten. He is a real Diogenes, who denies himself every thing, even the most urgent necessaries. By profession he is a porter, and his whole property consists of a basket, which he employs during the day to carry any thing for hire, and in the night makes it an alcove, under which he sleeps perfectly sound on the bare ground, or wherever he can. For forty years he has carried his basket, which he patches when necessary, and which is thus, from time to time, renewed, as the human body is according to the physicians. Fourteen onions form his daily nourishment, to this he is not at all constrained by want; on the contrary, he gives to the poor who ask for an alms, and lends money without ever demanding it back. He earns daily from

from three to four livres, and by these means can be a friend and benefactor to many. He speaks little, but with energy. He is acquainted with several literati. L——, the chymist, once asked him if he was happy? "I believe so," replied the philosopher. 'But in what does your 'happiness consist?' "In labour, rest, and want "of care." 'Add also, in beneficence, for I 'know that you do a great deal of good.' "In "what manner?" 'You give to the poor.' "I "give them only my superfluity." 'Do you 'pray also to God?' "I thank him." 'For 'what?' "For myself." 'You are not afraid 'of death?' "Neither of death nor life." 'Do 'you ever read?' "I have not time." 'But 'are you not sometimes dull?' "I am never "idle." 'Do you envy any one?' "I am con-"tented with my own lot." 'You are a real 'philosopher.' "I am a man." 'I wish to have 'your friendship.' "All mankind are my friends." 'But there are bad men?' "I am not acquaint-"ed with them."

To my great regret I did not see this modern Diogenes. He disappeared at the commencement of the revolution, and many are of opinion that he is no longer in existence. This may serve as a proof, that among the lowest classes there may be practical philosophers. *Paris,*

Paris, May.

TO-DAY I have seen two remarkable institutions, the school for persons born deaf and dumb, where these children of misfortune are instructed, by means of signs, in reading, writing, and the sciences; and an establishment for persons born blind, who are also taught reading, music, and other branches of knowledge. The former of these institutions was established by the *Abbé l'Epée*, and is now under the direction of the *Abbé Sicard*, who devotes himself with great zeal to the occupation of raising these imperfect to the rank of perfect beings; and instead of hearing, and a tongue, gives them, as it were, a new organ. A young Swede who accompanied me to see this institution, wrote on a bit of paper the following words: "You, no doubt, regret much "the loss of your former instructor, *l'Epée*," and gave to one of the pupils, born deaf and dumb, who, immediately taking up a pen, wrote under the question the following answer; "Cer- "tainly, he was our benefactor. He awakened "in us reason, gave us ideas, and another in- "structor not inferior in ability and zeal, who, "like him, is our teacher, our friend, and our "father." Many of these deaf and dumb are passionately

passionately fond of reading, so that it is necessary to take their books sometimes from them, lest they should hurt their eyes. They converse also with each other with the greatest rapidity, by means of signs, by which they can express the most abstract ideas. It would appear that they can hardly testify enough of their joy for the new talent of communicating their thoughts.

In the other institution, established by *Huat*, the blind are instructed in reading, arithmetic, music, and geography, by means of elevated letters, notes, and maps, and the help of the sense of feeling. The blind feel with their fingers the letters and notes placed before them, and in this manner read or sing; and by moving their hand over the map, they can find Paris, Moscow, Otaheite, or any other place. The young Swede secretly inverted the map, but the blind pupils immediately perceived it. In a word, the touch, which in persons born blind is exceedingly delicate, supplies to them the place of the eye, and conveys to their minds all those impressions which we receive through the organs of sight. The superintendant of this establishment, in order to gratify us, caused the pupils to sing a hymn, written and set to music for them, which they executed in a masterly manner; both the words

and

and the music were so affecting, that we could not refrain from tears. The subject of the hymn was nearly as follows: "Thou, great ruler of "the universe, and director of all events, allow "us, if only for a moment, to behold the light "of thy Sun, and our benefactors. May our eyes "then be sealed with eternal night; their lovely "image will never be erased from our souls."

Paris, May.

WERE I to describe to you all the paintings, statues, and other works of art, which I have seen, my letters would be swelled to volumes. The churches here appear to be galleries of the fine arts, and no wonder; for since the time of Francis I. the arts seem to have chosen Paris as their favourite place of residence; but I will mention those only which appeared to me most worthy of notice.

In the metropolitan church of *Notre Dame*, an ancient gothic building, are a number of paintings by the best French masters; but I shall pass over the rest in silence, and only say a few words respecting the beautiful monument of conjugal love, erected here by a modern Artemisia. The

Countess

Countess of Harcourt was desirous of establishing a memorial of her fidelity and affection to her deceased husband by this monument, which was the work of the celebrated *Pigalle*. An angel opens with one hand the tomb of the husband, and in the other holds a torch, with which he seems as if desirous to rekindle the vital flame. The husband, animated by the beneficent warmth, raises himself, and stretches out his feeble arms to his spouse, who sinks into his embraces! But inexorable death stands behind him, and points to a sand-glass run out, as a sign that his time is come. The angel extinguishes the torch. It is said that the tender Countess, who incessantly grieved for her beloved husband, saw all this in a dream, and that the artist constructed the monument from her description. It appears to me that *Pigalle* here outdid himself; his heart, no doubt, participated in the work.

Every person who visits the church of the Sorbonne, admires in it the art which the statuary *Girardon* has displayed in the monument of *Cardinal Richelieu*, executed in the antique taste. The Cardinal is represented dying in the arms of Religion, with his left hand placed on his heart, while in his right he holds his spiritual works. Science, in the form of a young female, is weep-

ing at his feet. *Peter the Great*, it is said, when he saw this monument, observed to the *Duke de Richelieu*, the Cardinal's nephew, "I would "have readily given one half of my kingdom to "the great Richelieu, could I have learnt from "him the art of governing the other." But this I do not believe, or our great Emperor was not well acquainted with the Cardinal's character; for though a good minister, he was a man void of feeling, and an implacable enemy, who patronized the arts through vanity, and persecuted great talents in such a manner as shewed littleness of mind. No: I would have represented Richelieu, not in the sacred arms of religion, but in the arms of that monster which *Voltaire* in his Henriade describes in the following manner:

"Fille de l'Jnteret et de l'Ambition,
"Dont naquirent la fraude et la seduction.
"Ce monstre ingenieux en detours si fertile,
"Acéablé de soucis, parait simple et tranquille;
"Ses yeux creux et perçans, enemis du repos,
"Jamais du doux sommeil n'ont senti les pavots;
"Par ses deguisemens à toute heure elle abuse,
"Les regards éblouis de l'Europe confuse
"Le mensonge subtil, qui conduit ses discours,
"De la verité même empruntant le secours,
"Du sceau du Dieu vivant empeint ses impostures,
"Et fait servir le Ciel à venger ses injures."

In

In the church of the Cælestines, is an altar erected by the *Duke of Orleans*, and which brings to mind a very melancholy event. Charles VI. once appeared at a masquerade in the character of a satyr; some of the courtiers, united to him by a chain, were in similar dresses. The Duke of Orleans having approached them with a torch, the thin light stuff of which their dresses consisted unfortunately caught fire, and as the groupe could not be easily disengaged from each other, the flames were communicated to them all, and in a few minutes they were burnt to death. The King only was saved by the Duchess of Berry, who threw her mantle around him, and extinguished the flames. The Duke of Orleans, in order to make atonement for his imprudence, erected this elegant altar in the church of the Cælestines. There are here also other objects worthy of attention: among which is the tomb of the Armenian King Leo, who was driven from his kingdom by the Turks, and died at Paris, in the year 1393. *Froissard*, a cotemporary writer, speaking of this prince, says, "He lost his "throne, but was adorned by every kingly vir- "tue, and his misfortune taught him new ones— "firmness and patience. He lived with his be- "nefactor, Charles VI. as with a friend, and

" never forgot his royal descent. His death was " worthy of his life."

Near the tomb of the unfortunate King, filial piety has erected a monument to maternal affection. A black marble urn stands on a white pedestal, with the following inscription: " She " was the friend of her children, who shed tears " of gratitude over her grave: our extraordinary " love was above her comprehension (what a " trait!) This monument is dedicated to good " feeling minds. Here lies Maria Howard, " Countess de Cossais, who died Sept. 29, 1779."

Not far from this affecting epitaph, may be seen another curious one, on the monument of the *Chevalier Brissac*: " Who am I? one of " the dead or of the living? one of the dead; no, " one of the living. Thou askest why, and I " answer because my name lives throughout the " whole world." In this church also is the beautiful groupe of Pilon, the three Graces—elegant figures, each more beautiful than the other. It is indeed somewhat singular to see Heathen deities in a Christian church. This was a whimsical idea of Catherine of Medicis; she gave orders that her heart, together with that of Henry II. should rest in an urn placed on the head of the Graces.

In the church of St. Stephen, in the singular architecture of which the Grecian and gothic taste are united, the grave of the affecting *Racine*, without any marks of distinction but his name, which reminds us of the master-pieces of the French Melpomene, is the most noble monument.

Here also is interred *Pascal*, known as a philosopher, a theologue, and a witty writer, whose *Letires Provinciales* are still esteemed as models of the best French style.

Tournefort, the celebrated botanist and traveller, and the able physician *Tonnier*, are also interred in this church. The epitaph of the last mentioned is as follows: "Mortals may now fear "death, for *Tonnier* is no more."

Here likewise is the grave of the French painter *Le Sueur*, who has been called the French Raphael, and who was the object of the envy and persecution of *Lebrun*, and of other painters of his time. *Lebrun* could not hear his name mentioned without being agitated by the most violent passion; and when he heard that he was lying at the point of death, he exclaimed, "A stone now drops from my heart!" Another time, when viewing a painting of *Le Sueur*'s, and thought that no one was near him, he exclaimed to himself, "Excellent! wonderful! incomparable!"

It is a melancholy thing to hear of such meanness in great men; and however much I esteem the painter of the Magdalen, I detest the enemy of the ingenious *Le Sueur*.

In the church of St. Eustatius is *Colbert*'s tomb, which is worthy of so great a man. He is kneeling before an angel, who holds in his hand an open book, on a coffin of black marble, while Abundance and Religion, in the form of females, are standing behind. This great minister, who was an honour to France, and to his sovereign, served the King, whose revenue and power he increased; served the people whom he enriched by trade and various useful establishments; and served mankind by favouring the progress of the arts and the sciences. Louis's victorious fleets, the most flourishing manufactories, the canal of Languedoc, the Mediterranean united to the ocean, considerable commercial companies, such as the East-Indian and the American, and almost all the academies, are monuments of his excellent administration. One may boldly affirm, that *Colbert* is the greatest minister the world ever produced; in vain shall we search history for one equal to him in wisdom and good fortune; the consequence of his wisdom, the fame of his administration, has given

celebrity

celebrity to the reign of Louis XIV. He ought to be a pattern to all ministers, and every minister should place his bust in his closet, to remind him of the great duties he has to discharge. But *Colbert*, notwithstanding his great name, had his enemies; one of whom wrote on his tomb the following words: "*Res ridenda nimis, vir in-*" "*exorabilis orat!*" Where is the human being who pleases every body?

In the abbey of St. Geneveve lies the body of the celebrated *Descartes*, which was brought to Paris from Stockholm, seventeen years after his death. In his epitaph he is stiled the first philosopher of his time, and indeed with justice. Before him philosophy was nothing but mere jargon of the schools. *Descartes* changed it into the science of nature and of man, and established a new and ingenious system, which explains every thing—and even what is inexplicable. *Descartes*, indeed, has fallen into many errors; but his errors served to conduct the English and German philosophers to the path of truth. He bewildered himself in a labyrinth; but he left *Ariadne's* thread behind him to *Newton* and *Lebnitz*. He is not every where entitled to belief; but he always excites admiration, is always great; and his metaphysics and morality exalt the dignity of

man, as they establish in an incontestable manner the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and sanctity of virtue.

In the abbey I saw the grave of *Clovis*, the first King of France; also the beautiful bas-relief of Rome, in which all the large streets and principal buildings are distinguished; then the library; and lastly, the curious collection of Egyptian, Etrurian, Greek, and Gallic antiquities.

The new church of St. Geneveve is in the beautiful and sublime style; connoisseurs in architecture admire in particular the front, where the boldness of the gothic architecture is united with the beauty of the Grecian. Without and within there are series of Corinthian pillars, but the interior part is not yet completed.

In the abbey of St. Victor there are several curious manuscripts, among which are a bible of the ninth century, and an alcoran, which the Turkish Ambassador declared to be genuine, and which he read and kissed with great veneration.

In the Royal Abbey, where every thing displays beauty and elegance, the paintings in the inside of the cupola are the most beautiful; they were executed by *Mignard*, in water colours; they are considered by connoisseurs as masterpieces, and *Moliere* wrote a poem in honour of the

the artist; but it is much to be regretted, that the colours soon lost their splendour.

In St. Andrew's church is the monument of the *Abbe Batteux*, the author of a work on the Belles Lettres. This monument pleases by its simplicity. On a column stands an urn, with a medallion of the Abbé, and this beautiful inscription, "*amicus amico!*" I was, however, particularly pleased with an old epitaph on one *Matthias Chartieux*:—"He believed in God, in "religion, in the immortality of the soul, and in "virtue; and despised flattery, superstition, and "vice. He lived fifty years with his spouse, and "he began every new year with a wish, that he "might spend it as he had done the preceding. "On working days he was fond of labour; and, "on holidays he gave a hearty welcome to his "friends. He gave the best instruction to his "children, sometimes by prudent preceptors, but "oftener by his own example. His opinions "and testimony were much respected in the "neighbourhood, and every one said, 'Honest "Matthias Chartieux has said so!' Traveller be "not surprised that his monument does not con-"sist of Parian marble, and is not decorated with "Phrygian ornaments. Costly monuments are "necessary only to those who have not left a

"good

"good reputation behind them, either by their "lives or their actions. The name of honest "Matthias Chartieux will remain his best monu-"ment. 1559."

In the church of the Benedictines is the monument of the unfortunate James II. According to the orders given in his will, he was interred without any pomp, and his tombstone contains only the following words: "*Ci-git Jacques II. "Roi de la Grande Bretagne.*" He was undoubtedly one of the most unfortunate of kings, for no one pitied him in his misfortunes.

The church of the Carmelites is worthy of notice, on account of a magnificent monument erected here by the Messrs Boullenais, to their parents; but the history of the order of the Carmelites, written in Latin, is still more remarkable. According to this book, not only all the celebrated Christians, but several great men among the Pagans, such as *Pythagoras*, *Numa Pompilius*, *Zoroaster*, *the Druids*, &c. were monks of this order, which was founded by the pious hermits of Mount Carmel, in Syria!

The church of St. Germain contains the grave of the French Horace *Malesherbes*, of whom *Boileau* says, that he was the first writer acquainted with the secret art of placing each word in

in its place. His odes are still read with pleasure, and every one is acquainted with the following elegant strophe:

" La mort a des rigeurs à nulles autres pareibles,
" On a beau la prier;
" La cruelle qu'elle est, se bouche les oreilles,
" Et nous laisse crier.
" Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,
" Est sujet à ses loix,
" Et la garde, qui veille aux barrières du Louvre,
" N'en defend point nos Rois."

Here are deposited also the remains of Mr. and Madame *Dacier*, united by love—of the Greek language; who in their wedlock caressed each other in the Grecian manner, and never felt themselves completely happy but when they discovered a new beauty in Homer; and, O barbarity! O ingratitude! they have not been honoured with a Greek epitaph!!

The cenotaph of *Count Caylus*, in a chapel of this church, is constructed of the finest porphyry, which the Count preserved a long time by him for that purpose. A man who employed his property, his life, and his labour, in order to improve the arts, is worthy of such a monument. The following anecdote is a proof of his passionate fondness for the arts and sciences. When at

Smyrna

Smyrna he was desirous to see the ruins of Ephesus, the neighbourhood of which was at that time frequented by a band of robbers, who were a terror to the whole surrounding district, and to all travellers. What did our intrepid Count? He engaged two of the free-booters belonging to this band as guides, but under this condition, that they should not obtain their reward till they brought him safely back to Smyrna. He then dressed himself in the simplest attire, carried nothing with him but some paper and a pencil, and went straight to the den of the robbers, where he disclosed to their chief the motive of his journey. The latter, after commending his curiosity, informed him that there were other remarkable ruins not far distant, and even supplied him with a couple of Arabian horses to convey him thither. The Count accepted this offer with great satisfaction, and rode to the place. Towards night he returned, highly gratified with what he had seen, and thanked the chief of the robbers; who carried his hospitality so far, as to make him stay with him all night. Next day the Count examined the ruins of Ephesus at his ease, and returned safe to Smyrna. *Caylus* is the author of several works, of which his collection of antiquities and his fables are best known.

The

The church of St. Hilary was once prophaned by a duel between two painters, one of whom found fault with the other for having painted Adam and Eve with a navel, though he must have known that neither Adam nor Eve were born, but created of their full size by God, and consequently could not have navels, which are produced by cutting the umbilical cord of children immediately after birth. The other found himself so much hurt by this reflection, that he drew his sword; and it was with great difficulty that these two madmen, who were on the point of murdering each other before the altar, could be separated.

The ashes of the great *Corneille*, as the French call him, are deposited in the church of St. Roch. His grave is distinguished by no monument or epitaph. The tender *Deshoulieres* also rests here, whose name reminds us "of the enamelled banks "of the chrystal streams, and the flocks of inno- "cent lambs guarded by faithful dogs." A shepherd's crook, a garland of wild flowers, culled from the fields, and a shepherd's pipe, would have been the best ornament for her tomb. Here also is seen the burying-place of *Le Notre*, the creator of elegant gardens, in comparison of which the gardens of the Hesperides would only be cabbage

bage gardens. Over the grave stands a bust, in whose feature the noble and serious character of the artist may be evidently observed. When he laid before Louis XIV. the plan of the garden of Versailles, and at the same time explained to him how every thing was to be arranged, and what effect this or the other object would produce, the King, quite in raptures, exclaimed, "Le Notre, "for this I will give you 20,000 livres!" The proud and disinterested artist replied, with emotion, "I see I must hold my tongue, Sire, else I "shall ruin your Majesty."

Behind the last altar of this church, beneath a a low arch, arises a wild rock, on which our Saviour appears on the cross; at his feet sits Mary Magdalen, on his right is the guard asleep, and on the left lies some billets of wood, through which a snake is creeping. Below the rock is an altar of blue marble, like an antique monument, and on which are placed two urns. An obscure light is thrown upon the whole, and produces a very striking effect. On viewing this monument one cannot help feeling a sort of aweful veneration, and the knee seems to bend spontaneously. This master-piece does honour to *Falconet*, the artist by whom it was executed.

In

In the church-yard of St. Severin, the following verses, which exhibit a singular play of words, are seen under the entrance into the burying-ground:

" Passant, penses—tu pas passer par ce passage,
" Ou pensant j'ai passé?
" Si tu n'y penses pas, passant, tu n'es pas sage,
" Car en n'y pensant pas, tu te verras passé."

Paris, June.

MADAME GLO— said to me the day before yesterday: " On the day after to-morrow, " the *Abbé D——* will read at my house, a pro- " duction of his sister's, the *Marchioness L——*. " It is entitled, 'Thoughts on Love.' *C'est plein* " *de profondeur à ce qu'on dit.* The authoress " will be present incognito. If you are desirous " to become acquainted with the ingenuity and " deep-thinking of our ladies, do not fail to come." How could I refuse? I sacrificed the play, and at eight o'clock repaired to the house of *Madame Glo—*. The owner of the mansion sat in a chair, *a la Voltaire*, and half a dozen of cavaliers buzzed around her. On the sopha two Abbés entertained some ladies with their agreeable conversation;

and a few groupes were dispersed here and there in the corners of the apartment. The whole consisted of from twenty-five to thirty persons; about nine o'clock the lady of the house called to her. The Abbé D——, and all surrounded the sopha. The reader pulled from his pocket a rose coloured manuscript, said a few handsome things, and began. I regret much that I am not able to repeat to you, word for word, what I heard; but from the following fragments which have remained in my memory, you will be able to form some opinion of the value of this production:—

"Love is a crisis—the decisive moment of life, "which the heart waits for with palpitation; it "at length appears. It is he—it is she—exclaims "the heart, and loses the personality of its exist- "ence. The die is cast into an urn by a secret "fate—one is fortunate—another unfortunate.

"Every thing in the world may be described "but love; it is the image of heaven, which on "earth is an enigma; before it every man must "bow. Cæsar is a little mind; Regulus a child "in comparison of the real lover, who soars above "the elements, and beyond the sphere of earthly "wishes, where common souls are driven about "like a straw in a whirlwind; it would be too "bold to call him a demi-god—we are are not

"Pagans—

" Pagans—but he is more than a man. Zoroa-
" ster represents the Supreme Being under the
" image of fire; and the fire of virtuous exalted
" love, is worthy of surrounding the throne of
" the Almighty.

" *Montaigne* says, ' I love my friend because
" he is he; and love me because I am I.' *Mon-*
" *taigne* speaks of love, and not of friendship; or
" his words have no meaning."

" Charms are never the foundation of love; it
" arises suddenly by the presence of two tender
" souls, in a look or a word; it is nothing else
" but sympathy, the junction of two halves which
" sighed on account of their separation.

" A substance can burn only once; and in like
" manner the heart can love only once.

" The life of a person of sensibility has three
" epochs: *expectation, forgetfulness, remem-*
" *brance.* Forgetfulness I call the transports of
" love, which cannot be of long duration, be-
" cause we are not deities, and the earth is not an
" Olympus. Love leaves behind it a sweet re-
" membrance, which, indeed, is no longer love;
" but it would appear as if we still loved those
" men whom we once venerated. The place
" where we experienced any pleasure is still
" agreeable to us.

"Those who love fame, or rank, or honours, "are like those who, for want of *Rousseau's New* "*Eloise*, read a romance of *Madame Scudery*. "I say for want, or perhaps through bad taste. "The natural marble of Paros is sometimes pret- "tily veined with green; but is it on that ac- "count to be compared with marble, to which "*Phidias* has given the form of a Venus? This "was its proper destination, as love is the desti- "nation of the heart.

"Some great musician has asserted, that the "happiness of the next life must consist in har- "mony; but feeling souls are convinced that "it must consist in love."

"I do not know whether there be Atheists; "but this I know, that lovers can hardly be "Atheists. The look turns involuntarily from "the beloved object towards heaven. Those who "have been in love will understand me."

At each sentence the auditors exclaimed— "*Bravo! C'est beau! C'est ingenieux, su-* "*blime!*" And I thought with myself—bombas- tic, obscure, and not the language of a lady! My eye sought for the authoress. A brunette, about the age of thirty, who sat at the greatest distance from the reader, continually turned over the leaves of a book, or touched the keys of a harpsichord; and

and therefore it was easy to conjecture that she must be the authoress. The lady of the house exclaimed, "I am unacquainted with the au- "thoress, but I could embrace her?" and so saying, she threw her arms around the Marchioness of L——, in the tenderest manner, amidst the plaudits of the company.

When the reading was finished, two card-tables were introduced, and several of the gentlemen and ladies sat down to cards. The rest, either seated or standing, listened to Abbé D——, who criticised, with great severity, the most celebrated writers. "*Voltaire*," said he, "wrote "only for his own period, and he has taken ad- "vantage better than any other writer of the true "state of the public mind; but this merit must "necessarily cease with the change of circum- "stances, as he aimed at momentary applause; "he was afraid of separating his opinion from "that of the time in which he lived; and he was "cautious of soaring above his cotemporaries, "lest he should become obscure and unintelligi- "ble; for every line he sought an immediate re- "ward, and on that account he always endea- "voured to make choice of the best expressions, "and the most beautiful representation of known "ideas. He borrowed from foreign stones, and

" reduced what he borrowed in to a new form, with-
" out thinking of invention, or of collecting new
" materials. In regard to the mind he was a real
" epicurean; he cared little for posterity; and
" the immortality of a name appeared to him a
" phantom. He planted no cedars, but early
" blooming flowers, many of which have already
" withered before our eyes; and we are yet his
" cotemporaries. What will be the case a hun-
" dred years hence? will his ridicule of superstí-
" tion, and of many philosophical systems, be as
" interesting when no traces of them any longer
" remain?" 'But his tragedies?' said I. " In
" regard to perfection they are certainly inferior
" to those of *Racine*. The style of them is nei-
" ther so pure, nor so easy and flowing, as that
" of the author of Phædra and Andromache; they
" are full of bold ideas, but which are no longer
" bold; abound with the philosophy so called,
" which properly does not belong to the drama;
" and in the last place display great taste, but they
" are destitute of real pathos." 'What! no pa-
'thos in Zara?' " No: and I will undertake to
" prove, that in all Zara there is not a single pa-
" thetic idea which may not be found in the most
" common romances. *Voltaire*'s only merit con-
" sists in expression; but never are the great and
exalted

" exalted effusions of the pathetic, which occur,
" for example, in the Phædra, found in him."

' *Racine*, therefore, according to your opinion,
' is a real tragic writer?'

" He is a great writer and a poet, but not a
" great tragic writer. His feeling mind could
" never assume the real terrible of tragedy. His
" tragedies, therefore, are nothing else than dra-
" matic elegies; but they abound with sensibility,
" the expression is incomparable, and they pro-
" ceed from the heart, and reach to the heart. In
" this point of view *Racine* may be perfect; and
" as long as the world lasts, it will be the greatest
" honour to French poetry, to say of it, that it is
" like that of *Racine*. But though he possesses
" the talent of painting the tender feelings, he is
" totally destitute of the other; that is to say, of
" expressing the terrible and heroic. He has not
" delineated so much as one strong character.
" In his tragedies we hear great names without
" seeing one great man; such, for example, as
" *Corneille* has exhibited. *Corneille*, therefore,
" will obtain the crown—*Corneille* deserved to
" be a Roman. The great and exalted were
" his forte; but his nervous language often sinks,
" he becomes low, and offends against good taste;

" and

" and when he attempts to be pathetic he is al-
" ways unsufferable.

' But what do you say of *Crebillon?*'

" That of all our tragic writers he is the least
" acquainted with the art of exciting fear and
" terror. When *Voltaire* pleases, and *Racine*
" charms; when *Corneille* exalts the mind, *Cre-*
" *billon* frightens the imagination; but his bar-
" barous style is neither worthy of Melpomene
" nor the present day. *Corneille* wrote without
" model, and yet may often serve as a model.
" But *Crebillon* ventured to imitate *Racine* in
" coarse and barbarous verse, and has thereby
" proved, that he had neither an ear, nor was
" susceptible of feeling the beauties of poetry;
" sometimes a good line escapes from him, but it
" is as it were involuntarily, without his know-
" ledge."

What a severe Aristarchus! thought I; it is a good thing that we have not such severe critics in Russia!

About eleven o'clock we sat down to supper. The conversation was lively, but I remember no part of it. A French conversation may be compared to a running fire. The words succeed each other with so much rapidity, that the attention is scarcely

scarcely able to follow the rapid current of the discourse.

Paris, June.

MADAME N—— has just sent me the following note: "My sister, the *Countess D——*, "whom you saw at my house, wishes to obtain "some accurate information respecting your "country. The state of affairs in France at pre- "sent is such, that every one must think of find- "ing an asylum in some foreign country. I re- "quest, therefore, that you will be so good as to "answer the following questions; by doing which "you will confer on me an obligation."

Annexed was a large sheet of paper, on which the questions were written in such a manner as to leave room for the answers. I shall here present you with some of the questions, with the answers, for your amusement.

Q. Can a person of a delicate make, and weak constitution, bear the cold climate of Russia?

A. In Russia people suffer less from the cold than in Provence. In our warm apartments, and clothed in our thick furs, we bid defiance to the severest frost. In December and January, when the

the sky in France is incessantly covered with clouds, and the rain pours down in torrents, our ladies, under the most brilliant sunshine, are conveyed over the glistening snow in sledges, while the most beautiful roses bloom on their lily white cheeks. Never are the Russian ladies more charming than in winter: the cold freshens and animates their complexion, and every one, on entering a room, after being in the open air, is like a Flora.

2. What season of the year is the most beautiful in Russia?

A. The seasons are all agreeable; but the spring is no where so charming as in Russia.—The white covering of winter at length fatigues the eye—the mind longs for a change—and lo! the lark carols in the sky; the heart heaves with pleasure; the snow on the mountains is soon dissolved by the warm rays of the sun. The water rushes over the fields, the streams break their chains, rise majestically over their banks, and the smallest rivulet becomes a river. The bleak meadows nourished by the beneficent moisture, become covered with fresh verdure, enamelled with flowers. The birchen groves begin to be green, and after the dark forests, which resound with the joyful notes of the feathered tribe, shoot forth leaves;

leaves; while the zephyrs diffuse around the perfume of the Moscowtish laurel cherry. In France the spring advances slowly, so that its approach is hardly perceptible; but in Russia it flies suddenly from the heavens, and the eye is scarcely able to follow its rapid effects. Here nature appears to be weak and exhausted; but with us she has all the fire of youth. Scarcely is she awakened from her winter sleep, when she starts up in the full splendour of her beauty; and what requires here several weeks to ripen, comes to maturity with us in a few days. The fields here in summer are yellow; but with us they are green till winter. In the serene days of autumn we enjoy nature like a friend from whom we must soon be a long time separated, and therefore it affords us more pleasure. The winter now approaches, and the inhabitants of the country hasten to town to the amusements of social life.

2. What amusements does social life afford in Russia?

A. All those which it affords in this country: plays, balls, suppers, cards, and, in the last place, the charms of your sex.

2. Do foreigners meet with a good reception, and are they loved in Russia?

A. Hospitality

A. Hospitality is a national virtue in Russia; we are indebted to foreigners for our knowledge, and for a great many ingenious ideas and agreeable sensations which were unknown to our forefathers; and as we load our guests with civility, it gives us pleasure to prove to them in this manner, that the pupils understand almost as well as their masters, the art of living, and of behaving with propriety towards their neighbours.

Q. Are the women respected in Russia?

A. A female with us is seated on the throne. Honour and love, laurels and roses, are the emblems of our knights.

Q. My husband, who is personally fond of the chace, wishes to know whether there be plenty of game in Russia?

To this question I have returned such an answer, that the Count will no doubt make immediate preparations for his journey.

In a word, if these persons do not hasten to take refuge with you at Moscow, it will certainly not be my fault.

On

Paris, June 1790.

I HAD resolved to renounce, for a few days, the pleasures of the metropolis, in order to visit the most remarkable places in the neighbourhood: wherewith shall I begin but with Versailles?

At nine in the morning I went on board a *galliot*, together with the Ambassador's chaplain, and a Russian artist of great talents. We sailed along the *Champs Elisées*, the *Bois de Boulogne*, and a number of the most enchanting country seats and gardens which adorn both the banks of the Seine. On the left is the *Chateau Meudon*, with a magnificent terrace. In the village of Meudon lived, in the sixteenth century, *Francis Rabelais*, the famous author of Gargantua and Pantagruel. His cotemporaries admired his knowledge, and posterity follows their example. *Rabelais* was for some time a monk, and after having obtained a dispensation from the Pope, he became a Doctor of Medicine. He taught at Montpellier, and raised that University to great celebrity.*

* Every Doctor, at his promotion, in Montpellier, is covered with the mantle of Rabelais to this day. This ceremony often reminds people of the fable of the Ass in the Lion's skin.

He went afterwards to Rome in order to laugh at the slipper of his benefactor, and at last was made parish-priest of Meudon, where he attended with great zeal to the spiritual and corporal health of his flock; and at intervals wrote romances, where the candid *Lafontaine* confesses he found more wit than in many celebrated philosophical dissertations. These romances very probably gave to *Sterne* the idea of his TRISTRAM SHANDY. *Rabelais* lived and died laughing: some minutes before his exit, he said, "the curtain "drops, the play is over—*Je vais chercher un* "*grand peut-être.*" His testament consisted of the following words:

"I possess nothing, I owe much—
"What remains is for the poor."

We breakfasted in the village Sevre, which is celebrated for its manufactory of Porcellaine; from thence we walked all the way to Versailles on foot. On both sides of the road we saw beautiful country seats, gardens, and inns; and thus distracted by the various objects that surrounded us, we came imperceptibly to the *avenues de Versailles*, where we discovered the palace.

Louis XIV. wished to produce something extraordinary; he spoke, and in the midst of a wild sandy

sandy desert there arose, in the valleys of Tempe, a palace, to which none in Europe can be compared.

Three allées, with double rows, one from Paris, the other from Seaux, and the third from St. Cloud, meet on the *Place d'Armes*, which is formed by two extensive buildings; these are the King's stables. In front is a well finished railing, and on the sides two groupes, representing France's victories over Spain, and the Germanic empire. On the left are the new buildings for the Royal Gardens, which, though very elegant, spoil the the symmetry of the whole. Behind the *Place d'Armes* you enter into the first or the Minister's court, on the gates of which are represented, in two groupes, Peace and Plenty, objects which certainly deserve the attention of every Minister. We went at first to see the chapel, of which *Voltaire* says, in the description of the Temple of Taste,—

"Il n'a rien des defaults pompeux,
" De la Chapelle de Versailles;
" Ce colifichet fastueux,
" Qui du peuple eblouit les yeux,
" Et dont le connoisseur se raille."

But all connoisseurs do not think so; and notwithstanding the slights of the philosopher of Ferney, several men of taste esteem it, both on

 account

account of the symmetry of the whole, and the elegance of each particular ornament. We found nobody in the chapel but some monks assisting at mass. The statues and painting are excellent; every where splendour and riches joined with taste. Among other elegant pictures, I remarked especially one of *Jouvenet*, representing St. Louis dressing the wounded, after a victory over the Infidels in Egypt. On one of the altars they shewed us a great curiosity, a crucifix of ivory, four feet high; it is a present from Augustus II. King of Poland. Coming from the chapel we entered the hall of Hercules, which is remarkable for its extraordinary size, and the splendour of its ornaments. Twenty Corinthian pillars of marble, with gilded capitals and pedestals, distinguish it; but its chief beauty is the ceiling, painted in oil colours, by *Lemoine*, which represents Hercules enrolled among the Gods; the largest painting imaginable. The arrangement of the figures, and the lively expression, are the strongest proofs of Lemoine's genius. Here are to be seen also, two fine paintings of *Paul Veronese*—our Saviour and a Rebecca. The first of these belonged to the monks, called Servites, in Venice, who would not sell it to Louis XIV. for any price; but when the Senate learnt the King's desire, they

took

took the picture from the monks, and made the King a present of it.

The saloons of Plenty, of Venus, of Diana, and of Mars, are also remarkable for their *plafond*, or ceiling. In the hall of Venus I was pleased with an antique statue of Cincinnatus; and in that of Diana, with a bust of Louis XIV.

In the hall of Mars I admired the family of Darius, by *Lebrun*, which all *Cognoscenti* consider as his best performance. Whilst he painted at Fontainbleau, the King visited him often, and amused himself in observing his art: this had not a little influence on the pencil of the artist.—They tell of a certain Italian Prelate who could never look at this piece out of jealousy, but always shut his eyes when he passed by it. Beside it is the Wanderers of *Paul Veronese*, in which he has represented his whole family.

In the hall of Mercury were formerly two pieces of *Raphael*—the Archangel Michael, and the Holy Family; but to our sorrow they had been taken down. We also saw here a clock made at the beginning of this century, by *Moran*, who had never been taught clock-making no more than our *Kulübin*.*

* Kulubin, a celebrated mechanical genius: his most remarkable work is the model of the bridge of Newa, which is at the Academy of Sciences, in Petersburgh.

When the clock strikes, two cocks crow, and beat with their wings; at the same moment, from a little door, two Cupids of bronze come forward with drums, and beat the quarters with a little hammer; in the middle appears the statue of Louis XIV. above whose head the Goddess of Victory hovers on a cloud, and holds a crown over him; meanwhile the clock plays, and at the end of the tune all vanish at once.

In another hall is seen the throne under a magnificent canopy. "There, gentlemen, you be-"hold the first throne in the world!" said our conductor, "at least it was so of yore; but if "heaven has not abandoned France entirely, the "sun of Louis XIV. shall once more arise in all "its splendor."

Through the saloon of War, where Lebrun's pencil has immortalized the victories of France, we went into a gallery, which is deservedly called the Great Gallery; it is 37 *toises* in length, and 38 feet high. Over against the windows are arcades in mirror, from which are agreeably reflected, the gardens, the fountains, and the statues.

The *Plafond*, a work of Lebrun, represents, in twenty-seven allegorical paintings, the history of the first year of King Louis's reign. Four marble pillars, with eight pilasters, surround the entrance

entrance on both sides of the gallery. Between the pilasters are four antique statues, on marble pedestals; they represent Bacchus, Venus, (this statue was dug out at Arles,) a Vestal, and the Muse Urania; and in the middle are seen, in as many niches, the statues of Germanicus, supposed to be a work of Alkamenes, two statues of Venus, and a Diana.

In the saloon of Peace, France is represented sitting on an azure globe, Fame crowning her, and Louis presenting to Europe the olive branch.

From the saloon of Peace we enter into the Queen's apartment. I thought on the 4th of October, that dreadful night when the beautiful *Marie-Antoinette* heard the threatening yells of the Parisian cannibals, and the clashing of arms at her door, and fled from their tyger fangs, half naked, with dishevelled hair, to the arms of her husband. It was a considerable time before I could recollect myself sufficiently to pay attention to the beauties of the place. All the paintings here have a reference to the praise and triumph of the ladies: Antony ready to fall down at the feet of Cleopatra; Rhodope before the pyramid, erected in honour of her beauty; the immortal Sappho with her heavenly lyre; Aspasia conversing with the Sages of Greece; Penelope undoing

doing her web; innocent maidens sacrificing to Jupiter on Mount Ida; and all the celebrated queens of antiquity.

In the King's apartments we saw the St. John, of Raphael; some paintings of Veronese and Bassano; together with the portraits of Catherine of Valois, Mary of Medicis, and Francis I. by Rubens, Vandyke, and Titian; besides two antique busts, one of Scipio Africanus, of Bronze, with eyes of silver; the other of Alexander the Great, of Porphyry. They shewed us in the last place, a large astronomical clock, which indicates the months, weeks, and days, degrees of heat and cold, and the course of the planets, with so much accuracy, that for centuries there is scarce any perceptible deviation from the astronomical calendars. Louis XIV. slept here on an elevated bed, from which he could discern Paris.

In some lesser rooms, beside the King's cabinet, is the excellent collection of cut-stones, among which Michael Angelo's Seal, as they call it, drew my attention; it has a wine grape engraven on it.

After visiting the theatre, which well deserves the title of royal, we returned to dine at the inn.

Versailles without the court is a body without a soul. It is a desert. Where lately carriages rolled

rolled incessantly, in the courts lately so crowded, we now meet with a solitary individual here and there. A dead silence reigns every where, every one I saw appeared dejected. In the best inns where we stopped, we were obliged to wait two hours for dinner. The hostess said to excuse herself; "what can I do, gentlemen, in these sad and "wretched times, we must all have patience, and "so must you too gentlemen." After we had stilled our hunger a little, we hastened to inspect the garden and the park; which are nearly fifty wersts (seven German miles) in circumference.

Nothing can be compared with the majestic view of the castle from the garden. The front together with the wings is more than three hundred toises in length. Here are exhibited all the beauties and riches of architecture and sculpture. No prince upon earth ever had such a dwelling. One must see it. It cannot be described; for to enumerate the pillars, statues, vases, ornaments of every kind is not giving a description.

The pencil of the most skilful artist cannot do justice to the striking perfect harmony of each part, or to the effect of the whole. Yet let us consider the garden, the creation of *Lenotre*, whose bold genius has every where enthroned art, and trodden under foot modest nature like a poor

poor slave. Here is the empire of sculpture, and of Flora. *Parterres*, flower-pots, ponds, fountains, basons, groves, interspersed with an innumerable quantity of statues, groupes, vases, vying with each other in beauty so that none can fix your attention, but only distract it, and you know not at last which way to look.

This is the very effect which the great king and the great artist intended to produce. For it was impossible for the latter to suppose that people should consider each beauty singly: twelve months would scarcely suffice for that purpose—no, he wished to transport the spectator by the sight of these riches of art, that he might pass through the treasures in a continual rapture of joy and admiration. Thus it fared with me at least. I stepped with a strange feeling of awe from object to object, found every thing perfect, and modestly held my tongue.

Lewis and *Lenotre* engrosed all my faculties, and I found it impossible to imagine any thing greater or more perfect than what I saw. I remembered *Tasso's* excellent description of the gardens of Armida, and the artificer of Versailles gained even by the comparison. How poor and needy is the poet's garden compared with this; the one is at best a print, while the other deserves

serves to be called a painting. How often has it been maintained that poetry exceeds every other art? yes, certainly in inward feeling, but as to impressions on the senses it must yield to other arts. There the poet is merely a blunderer compared to the artist, and he must tremble when he sees his verses in the hands of the latter.

In the year 1775, the gardens of Versailles suffered a sad devastation; the most beautiful trees were cut down, because they were thought to be too old and not fit for a pleasure garden: but the poet in such cases will admit of no excuse and *Delille* bewails the blow in these harmonious lines.

O Versailles, o regrets, o bosquets ravissants
Chefs-d'œuvre d'un grand Ros, de Lenotre, et dutems
La hache est a vos pieds, et votre heure est venue, &c.

But now the young trees are grown up pretty well again, and Venus blushes no more at her own nudity, as *Delille* expresses it. The birds are returned from their exile, to warble their loves again; but ah! there is none to listen to their song, except now and then a stranger whom curiosity invites.

The works of sculpture would take up several pages to enumerate; thirty of the best sculptors have

have bestowed on them their whole art. I shall only mention the colossal statue of Jupiter, supposed to be the work of *Miron*. It is of Parian marble and was found at Samos, by *Mark-Antony*. *Augustus* placed it in the capitol, and *Germanicus*, *Trajan* and *M. Aurelius* sacrificed to it. The Dutches of Comaringia, presented it to *Grenvell* the celebrated minister of Charles V. and he erected it in his garden at Besançon. At length at the command of Lewis, this colossal Jupiter repaired to Versailles. I honour in it, not the god, but venerable antiquity, and the sight of it gave me great pleasure. Time, and his travels have deprived him of his feet. *Drouilly* has replaced them, but to me it looked as if old Zevs did not stand upright on his new feet. In the great park is the *Menagerie*, for foreign beasts. Behind an iron rail you see lions, tygers, panthers, and what I remarked most the rhinoceros; the sight of this enormous animal even in a cage terrifies one, but how should we like to meet with it in the deserts of Africa? The hatred of the brute creation towards man is certainly not unjust; for what must they not suffer from us? The little two footed animal sits on the back of the immense elephant, strikes it with a pointed hammer on the head, and leads it like a lamb wherever

wherever he pleases. He brings the rhinoceros from Ethiopia to Versailles. He cages the majestic lion, and teazes the captive tyger with a rod, making a jest of his fury. The cunning of the fox and of other animals is esteemed, but what are they compared to the art and cunning of man?

However much Lewis loved pomp, he was sometimes tired of it, and then he retired from his magnificent palace to Trianon, a small but elegant box in the park of Versailles. It is only one story high, and is remarkable for nothing but its paintings; before the house are flower-plots, basons, and marble groupes.

We hastened to see the little Trianon of which *Delille* says:

> Semblable à son auguste et jeune Déité
> Trianon joint la grace avec la majesté.

Parterres cut out in the English taste, surround a neat palace which seems devoted by an amiable fair, to the pleasures of an amiable and select society. It was not the Queen but the lovely Marie-Antoinette, that here entertained her guests. Here the amiable hostess gave the soupées, concerts, and balls enlivened by the graces and the loves. The garden surrounding Tria-

non is the triumph of English horticulture. No where do you meet with cold formal symmetry: every where reigns a sweet confusion, a pleasing simplicity and the beauty of nature. The brooks flow limpid and unrestrained, and their banks bestrewed with flowers invite the swains and shepherdesses. On an enchanting isle arises in a dark thicket the temple of love, where the chissel of *Bouchardon* has represented Cupid with all his charms. The tender deity receives with a friendly smile those who enter. In his look there is nothing of the dangerous cunning of which he is accused. The artist thought on innocent and happy love. Farther on you see little hills, cultivated fields, meadows, flocks, huts, and a wild grotto. After the splendid and amazing works of art, here we find again nature, ourselves, our hearts and our own ideas. I breathe easier. The still evening, and the setting sun afford me joy. I could have wished it had stood still high in the heavens, that I might tarry longer in the delights of Trianon, but the approaching night obliged us to think of returning. When I reached Paris, I threw myself fatigued on my bed and exclaimed: never have I beheld any thing more magnificent than Versailles and its park! never any thing more lovely than Trianon with its rural beauties!

Paris

Paris, June, 1790.

TO-DAY I was at the house of the celebrated traveller *Levaillant*, who penetrated so far into Africa. I did not find him at home; but I got acquainted with his wife a very agreeable and entertaining woman. All Paris now reads the almost romantic travels of *Levaillant*, where he appears like another *Theseus* fighting with monsters, and hunting elephants like as many horses. "*Il est vaillant ce monsieur Levaillant*," say the Parisian ladies of him. His spouse told me with pride, that for the last fifteen years only two works worthy of immortality had appeared; *Anacharsis*, and the travels of her husband. "They "are excellent, replied I, only in reading them I "wondered how it was possible for a man to for-"sake his country, friends, family and all the "pleasures of life, to wander about in unknown "deserts beyond seas, that a bird may be describ-"ed more accurately: and now when I see you I "wonder still more." 'How so?' "How is it "possible to leave so amiable a partner?"— 'O sir, curiosity has its martyrs as well as religi-'on; we women are destined to remain on one 'spot; but you men, you are often Calmucks, 'wandering from place to place in order to learn

lord knows what, without caring for our uneasiness." I assured *Madam Vaillant*, that the men in Russia were an exception, and that they left their wives with regret, and I quoted the Russian proverb as a proof. "The Don is good "but it is still better at home." She gave me leave to pay her another visit in order to be acquainted with her husband, who is preparing for a second expedition to Africa.

Oteil, June, 1790.

IN order to see the house where *Boileau* wrote his satyrs, and where *Moliere* saved the lives of the best French Authors, I made an excursion to this place: you know the diverting anecdote; *Boileau*, *Racine*, *Lafontaine*, *Lachapelle*, *Moliere*, began over a bottle of wine, to act the part of *Heraclitus*. They cursed this wretched life, and found at last according to the saying of a Grecian sophist, that the first happiness is not to have been born, and the second to die as soon as possible. *Boileau*, in order to lose no time proposed to throw themselves into the river. The Seine is not far off, and the poets heated with wine started up in order to seek a watery grave. *Moliere* the the only sober man in the company, kept his seat,

and

and said, "my friends, your resolution is good; "but now it is dark night, nobody can witness "our glorious exit; let us await our father "Phœbus, and then let all Paris be witness of "the noble death of its children." This lucky thought pleased every body, and *Lachapelle* exclaimed, "that is true! to-morrow we will drown "ourselves, and to night we will empty the re- "maining bottles."

After *Boileau's* death the physician *Gendron*, occupied the house. One day when *Voltaire* dined with him, he took his pencil and wrote the following verses on the wall.

C'est ici le vrai Parnasse
Des vrais enfans d' Appollon
Sous le nom de Boileau ces lieux virent Horace
Esculape y paroit sons celui de Gendron.

The village Oteil was formerly famed for its good wine; but this reputation it has lost. The wine they have here is none of the best; I could scarce drink one glass of it. But it grows dark, I hasten to return to the city.

ST. DENIS.

"Ye kings, the love or terror of the world,
"In the grave you are but dust."

I have been at St. Denis, where the French monarchs are intered. They all repose together

in peace; the *Merovingian, Carolingian, Capetian, Valesian, and Bourbon* races. I sought in vain for the tomb of the charming Anne, daughter of *Jaroslaws,* and spouse to Henry I. After the king's death, she married *Count Crequi,* and died at Genlis, in a convent founded by herself. Yet some historians maintain that she returned to Russia. Be that as it will, her cenotaph is not to be met with here—imagine to yourself the sensations of a tender maid, torn from the arms of her friends, and carried into a distant country, where she is an utter stranger to every thing, even to the language, there to become the wife of a husband she never saw. Already in those early times state policy had its victims.—Anne was obliged to change her religion, at a period of the keenest contest between the eastern and western churches. Henry, however, deserved to be her husband; he was brave, and possessed all the virtues of a knight and a prince. Anne's second marriage was a love-match; but she did not enjoy her happiness long. Count Crequi was killed in a duel, by a British knight.

I bowed at the shrine of Louis XII. and Henry IV.

The grave of Francis I. the father of arts and sciences, is beautifully adorned by the grateful

arts.

arts. But what appeared to me far more remarkable was, the tomb of *Turenne*, who united the courage of Alexander to the prudence of Fabius. The hero dies in the arms of Immortality, who crowns him with laurels. Fortitude and Prudence stand beside the grave; the former in the attitude of consternation, the latter in the depth of sorrow. A black marble still waits for the inscription. Why do not they give it the following lines of a French writer, whose name I forget?

" Turenne a son tombeau parmi ceux de nos rois,
" Il obtint cet honneur par ses fameux exploits :
" Louis voulut ainsi couronner sa vaillance,
" Afin d'apprendre aux siec les d'avenir ;
" Qu'il ne met point de difference,
" Entre porter le sceptre et le bien soutenir."

I shall not describe to you minutely the strange *bas-reliefs* on the tomb of *Dagobert*, where the devils fight: St. Denis sails in a boat, and the angels hold the candles; they wear the impression of the dark age in which *Dagobert* lived. This king was the founder of the abbey of St. Denis. As little shall I enumerate the treasures of this abbey, the golden crucifixes, the holy nails, hands, feet, hair, and rags, which several kings and devotees have offered here, I must only mention the crown of Charlemagne; the sceptre and imperial

imperial apple of Henry IV.; the sword of St. Louis, wherewith he fought the infidels; the portrait of the Maid of Orleans, the heroine of *Voltaire's Pucelle*; and an antique vase of oriental agate, on which is represented the march of Bacchus.

St. Dionysius, the patron of France, first preached the Christian faith in Gaul, and was put to death by the enraged Heathens, on Montmartre. The Legend relates, that after he was beheaded, he took his head in his hand and walked a league with it. A Parisian lady on hearing this miracle said: "*Cela n'est pas suprenant: il n'y* "*a que le premier pas qui coute.*"

Paris, June, 1790.

ALTHOUGH I have been often in the *bois de Boulogne*, I never saw *Bagatelle*, the famous house of the *Count d'Artois*, till to-day. You remember *Delille*'s fine description of this elegant *chateau:*

"Et toi, d'un Prince amiable o l'asyle fidelle,
"Dont le nom trop modeste est indigne de toi,
"Lieu charmant, &c.

At the end of the wood, near the bank of the Seine, you see a beautiful pavillion, over the entrance

trance is written, in letters of gold: "*Parva sed* "*apta.*" On the staircase stands a nymph in marble carrying a basket on her head, into which, in the evening, they place a crystal lamp to enlighten the entrance.

In the first room you enter, two dolphins throw water into a large bason, bordered with green turf. The mirrors on the walls multiply this object, which has a very fine effect. From thence you enter into a large *rotunda* adorned with mirrors, *bas-reliefs*, *arabesques*, and a variety of allegorical figures. Two cabinets join the rotunda; the one a bathing place, and the other a *boudoir*: every thing breathes voluptuous effeminacy.—Love smiles from the paintings, and rapturous pleasure hovers over the *alcoves*—I durst not look at the bed.

The upper floor seems to be inhabited by Mars: every where appear spears, helmets, trophies, and other signs of war and victories; but the warlike God is no enemy to the God of Love. On the right-hand is a little concealed closet, where are the *insignia* of a combat and victory of a very different nature. There modesty dies and pleasure triumphs. The colour of the sofa, of the chairs, and tapestry, is the softest flesh-colour: the loves alone can die such colours. From the windows

windows there is a most delightful view, the windings of the Seine, the Abbey of *Long-champ*, the bridge of Neuilly, and other objects, form a beautiful landscape.

One must consider this pavillion as an inchanted castle, when one is told that it was finished in no more than five weeks.

From the pavillion two allées lead to a rock of Granite, whence issues a rivulet. Behind the rock is a pleasant grove, dedicated to Venus the Chaste, whose statue is in the midst of it. There begins an English garden, a true picture of rural nature; in some places it looks wild and romantic, in others gaily adorned; a fine meadow especially attracts the attention; it is bordered with wood and little eminences. In the middle is a clear pond, on which a boat floats. On the left a winding foot-path leads to a wilderness surrounded with lofty trees, whose branches are interwoven. A little thatched cot stands in the midst of the wilderness, containing two rooms and a kitchen, lined with moss and leaves. Here for some time lived a hermit, whom several people visited out of curiosity, to hear him rail at the world and its pleasures. He was particularly severe on the women, and on love; but Cupid punished his blasphemies. He shewed him, in the neighbourhood

neighbourhood of his hermitage, a rural beauty, gathering violets on the banks of the Seine; at this sight the hermit forgot his rigid morality and his beard, and was metamorphosed into a Seladon; but his love was not fortunate: the cruel fair rejected his flame, and out of despair he enlisted in the army. Being wounded in an engagement with the English, he was brought to the *Hotel des Invalides*, and the Count d'Artois allowed him a pension of 100 livres. Beside the cottage, is a chapel, a field which the hermit cultivated, and a brook where he quenched his thirst. With a sigh at human frailty I proceeded to a high obelisk, on which many hieroglyphic figures are represented. It was a pity that I had not the key to them, for I was told they contained all the wisdom of the Egyptian priests. Farther on appear blooming meadows, through which paths and streams wind along; here and there are neat bridges and pavillions; one of them stands on a rock, which is difficult to climb; it is called the Temple of Philosophy, to which the road is indeed not very easy. The outside of the temple has no great attraction; it is of a singular gothic structure, to signify that philosophy is only amiable to its friends; but to the profane it appears uncouth. The interior is adorned with the busts

of

of the sages of Greece; and the many coloured windows represent all the objects in a variety of shades, which refer to the various opinions of men.

Beneath the pavillion is a grotto, into which the rays of the sun penetrate through some *fissures*. All the produce of the mineral kingdom are here collected. A roaring cascade falls from another rock, and mixes its foaming stream with the clear waters of a pond which wash the foot of a black marble monument, surrounded with cypress trees: an affecting sight for any one who has loved and lost the object of his love.

Have you a mind, my friends, to descend with me into the regions below? The earth opens before you: you descend on steps of stone, a thick darkness surrounds you; it is too late to think of returning, you must penetrate farther into this region of obscurity in an unknown path. A disturbed imagination hears the murmurs of Styx and Cocytus; soon, soon will Cerberus bark. But, be easy, a sudden ray darts from afar on your eye; some steps farther and you arrive again at the light of day, on the banks of a murmuring brook, in the midst of a delightful landscape. Here, my friends, refresh yourselves with me; sit down on the soft grass and enjoy the sweet evening.

I am

I am tired of descriptions, and so are you perhaps; but never, never would you be weary of admiring the beautiful garden of *Count d'Artois*, in the *Bois de Boulogne*.

Paris, June, 1790.

I HAVE been at Marly, and have seen the Palace of the Sun,* and the twelve pavillions, representing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, Olympus, the valley of Tempe, and the garden of Alcinous; in a word, a second Versailles.

One must know hydraulics in order to conceive a just idea of the water-works of Marly. The inventor of the machine which raises the water from the Seine, and conducts it through pipes to Marly and Trianon, could neither read nor write.

How rich in works of art is not the country round Paris. I often go to the *Mont-Valerien*, and look with amazement on the majestic palaces and gardens with which the city is surrounded. I have not forgotten to visit the *Eremitage*, where *Rousseau* wrote his new *Heloise*, and read

* The sun was the emblem of Louis XIV. and the pavillion of the King, standing amidst twelve other pavillions, was called the Pavillion of the Sun.

it to the simple *Theresa*, who could not indeed count an hundred, but could feel all the beauties of this immortal romance, and could weep. The house is small, and lies on the declivity of a hill, between beautiful fields and vallies.

I have also been at Montmorency, where *Rousseau* wrote Emile; and at Passy, where *Franklin* lived. I have besides visited *Belleviie*, which well deserves its name; and St. Cloud, where is the most famous artificial cascade in Europe.

My servant, *Bieder*, who assures me he knows Paris as he does his own garret-room, had often pressed me to visit the King's *Garde-Méuble*. "It is not right, Sir," said he, "that you have "been three months in Paris without seeing the "greatest curiosity in it. What are you doing? "You run about in the streets, and the environs "of the town, and visit only the theatre. Here "is your hat and cane; you must come and see "the Royal *Garde-Meuble*." I took my hat and staff, and allowed him to conduct me to the *Place Louis-quinze*, where, in a large building, supported by pillars, is the *Garbe-robe* of the King. Here I found indeed a great collection of rare and valuable things, gold and silver vases, precious stones, cups, coats of mail and arms of all kinds. The most remarkable appeared to me;

1st. A round silver shield, more than three feet diameter; it was found at Lyons, in the Rhone, and on it is represented, in *bas-relief*, an engagement of cavalry; it is supposed that this shield was presented by the Spanish nation to Scipio Africanus. 2. The steel armour of Francis I. in which he fought at the battle of Pavia. The figures engraven on it are made from the draughts of Julio Romano; it is so light that one can lift it with one hand. 3. The armour of Henry II. in which he was mortally wounded at the tournament of Count Montgomery. Another belonging to Louis XIV. a present from the Republic of Venice. 4. Two swords of Henry IV. 5. Two cannons with silver carriages, which the Emperor of Siam presented to Louis XIV. to shew that he had artillery likewise; because he understood the King of France did not consider him as a formidable enemy, since he had no cannon. 6. The long gilded spear of Pope Pius V. with which he threatened to overthrow Venice. 7. A little gold basket, set with diamonds and rubies. 8. The golden chapel of Cardinal Richelieu, which is also set with jewels. 9. A magnificent saddle which the Emperor of the Turks presented to Louis XV. And lastly, the tapestry for which Francis I. paid more than 100,000 dollars

lars to the Flemish artists—they are wrought after drawings of *Raphael* and *Julio Romano*—they represent the battles of Scipio, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Fable of Psyché. Here you also find the best tapestry of the Gobelines, wonderful works, which for draught, colour, and shading, do not yield to the finest paintings. My servant was ever repeating to me: "*Eh bien, "Monsieur? eh bien, qu'en dites vous?*"

Now one word or two of this *Bieder*. He is by birth a German, but has forgotton his mother tongue. He lives at the same hotel with me, in a garret-room, and is as poor as Irus, and as honest as Socrates: every thing he buys for me is as cheap as possible, and he always frowns when I pay any thing too dear. One day I dropt, on the stair-case, a paper with five louis d'ors in it, Bieder, who followed me, picked it up, and honestly brought it to me. "Thou art honesty itself, "Bieder," said I to him. '*Il faut bien, Mon-* '*sieur, que je le sois, pour ne pas dementir mon* '*nom,*'* answered he.

Once, I do not remember on what occasion, I spoke to him somewhat harshly. "*Monsieur,*" said he, "*des choses pareilles ne se disent point* "*en bon François. Je suis trop sensible pour*

* Bieder, in German, means upright, honest,

"*le*

"*le souffoir.*" I laughed. "*Riez, Monsieur,*" continued he, "*je rirai avec vous; mais point* "*de grossieretes, je vous prie.*" On another occasion he entered with tears in his eyes, and handed me a newspaper; I took it, and read as follows:

"To-day, 28th of May, at five o'clock in the morning, the servant of Mr. N. in the street of St. Mary, shot himself. On hearing the report of a pistol, the door was broke open, and the unfortunate man was found weltering in his blood; beside him lay the pistol, and on the wall were written these words:

"Quand on n'est rien, et qu'on est sans espoir,
"La vie est un opprobre, et la mor un devoir."

On the door,

"Aujourd hui mon tour, demain le tien."

On the table lay verses, philosophical thoughts, and his testament. By the former, it appeared that this youth had almost learnt by heart, the dangerous writings of the new philosophers. Instead of comfort, every thought was poison to a mind unprepared for the reading of such books; and thus he fell a victim to his philosophical delusion. He was discontented with his lowly station; and indeed he was far above it, with regard to his

mind and his heart. He pored all night over his books, for which purpose he bought candle with his own money, as his strict honesty would not allow him to spend his master's candles for his own use. In his testament he says, that he is a child of love, and describes, in an affecting strain, his affection for his second mother, his good nurse. He bequeaths to her 150 livres; 100 to his country, as a patriotic gift; and 48 to the poor. To debtors in prison 48 livres; one louis d'or to him who buries his body; and three louis d'ors to his friend, the German servant in the *Hotel Britannique*. They have found upwards of 400 livres in his desk." "To me," said Bieder, with emotion, "he has left three louis d'ors. Ah! we "were friends from our childhood. He was an "uncommon young man; instead of spending his "time like most of his companions, in tippling "houses, he passed his hours of leisure in the "*Cabinets de Lecture*, (reading-rooms,) and on "Sundays he went to the play. Often said he to "me, with tears; 'Henry, let us be virtuous, "let us deserve our own esteem.' Oh, I can-"not repeat to you all the fine things my good "*Jacques* said to me. He spoke like a book, "while poor I cannot put two words together "with propriety. For some time back he was "melancholy;

" melancholy; he went about hanging down his " head, and liked to talk about death. For the " space of six days I have not seen him, and yes- " terday I learnt that Jacques is no more, and that " there is one good man less in the world."

Bieder cried as a child, and I myself was deeply affected. Poor Jacques, sad effects of half-learning! " Drink deep or taste not," says Pope.

Epictetus was also a servant, but he did not lay violent hands on himself.

ERMENONVILLE.

Six French leagues from Paris lies Ermenonville; it was here that *Rousseau*, after having been the sport of his passions, and of too lively an imagination, the victim of other people's malice, and of his own suspicions, ended the tempestuous day of life, with a serene and tranquil evening. Here were his last deeds, benefactions, and his last words, a panegyric on nature; and here repose his mortal remains in the peaceful shade of poplar trees, planted by the hand of friendship. Hither resort the travellers of sensibility, to view the place hallowed by his presence, to tread the paths he trod, and to breathe the air he breathed; and to bedew his tomb with the tears of sensibility.

Ermenonville

Ermenonville was formerly a gloomy wood, surrounded with marshes; but an opulent man of taste, transformed its rough wilderness into a beautiful English garden, full of enchanting landscapes, resembling a painting of *Poussin*. The ancient gothic castle remains; there lived of old the fair *Gabrielle*, and Henry the IV. enjoyed her love—a reflection which adorns it more than the most elegant colonnade. On both sides are modern houses, and a clear pond, studded with delightful isles, surrounds it. On one side you see neat groves, on another green valleys; here is a dark grotto, and yonder roars a cascade; every where nature in all its variety. But let us espepecially contemplate the two lofty trees, with interwoven branches, on which *Jean Jacques* has carved with his own hand, "Love unites all." *Rousseau* loved to rest under their shade, on a turf seat, raised by himself. Here are seen the insignia of pastoral life; the pipe, the crook, and the garland; and on a simple monument are read the names of *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Thomson*.

On an eminence appears the Temple of the New Philosophy, the architecture of which reminds one of the ruins of the Temple of the Sibyls, near Tivoli; it is not completed, the materials are at hand, but prejudice hinders it from being finished.

ed. On the pillars are inscribed the names of the architects of this structure, with a note of what each in particular contributed; thus—

J. J. Rousseau—Naturam.
Montesquieu—Justitiam.
W. Penn—Humanitatem.
Voltaire—Ridiculum.
Descartes—Nil in rebus inane.
Newton—Lucem.

Within is an inscription, dedicating this imperfect Temple to Montaigne. Over the entrance is written:

"Discite rerum cognoscere causas."

And on a pillar half-finished,

"Who will complete it?"

Several people have written the answer to this question on the pillars. Some think that the human mind will never produce any thing perfect; others hope that Reason, ripening in the school of Time, will overcome every obstacle, attain its end, and at length place Truth on the throne.

The view from this hill refreshes the eye and the heart: clear ponds, green meadows, dark woods, present the most agreeable variety of light and shade.

Along a melancholy murmuring brook, we pass by a wild grotto to the Altar of Contemplation;

tion; and farther on in the wood, we find a moss-covered stone, with this inscription: "Here lie "the bones of those unfortunate people who were "slain in the times of *Fanaticism*, when citizen "rose against citizen, and brother against bro-"ther, on account of difference of religious opi-"nions."

On the other side of the high road, gloomy fir-trees and pines, rugged rocks and deep sands, form a true Siberian wilderness. Over a hut, covered with branches of pine-tree, appears this inscription: "The King delights in a palace, the "wood-cutter in his hut of twigs; every one is "master of his own home." On an old beech-tree: "Under its shade I learnt that she loved me." Thus good fortune is often found in the wildest desert. In a rock is the grotto of Rousseau, with these words:

"Jean Jacques is immortal."

There you read, among several sentiments of that philosopher, and the titles of all his works, the following excellent idea: "He alone is truly "free, who needs not the assistance of another "to do his will." Farther on the scenery becomes more gay: rocks covered with rushing water-falls, remind one of Switzerland, of *Meillerie*,

lerie, and *Clarens*. One thinks on *Julia*, and finds her name on the trees and rocks.

A clear brook winds through a meadow, and passes by vineyards and peasants' houses. On the other side arises the gothic tower of the fair *Gabrielle*, and a boat stands in readinesss to ferry you over. The structure of this tower, and the ornaments of the interior, recals the memory of those times where taste was little known in architecture, and when only beauty and honour were revered. You fancy the royal hero, after the fatigues of war, coming to rest in the arms of his *Gabrielle*. Here he tasted the sweets of love and tranquillity. Here he composed the tender song:

" Charmante Gabrielle,
" Percé de mille dards;
" Quand la Gloire m' appelle,
" Je vole au champ de Mars.
" Cruelle departie!
" Malheureux jour!
" C'est trop peu d'une vie,
" Pour tant d'amour."*

Into whatever apartment you look, you read every where *Charmante Gabrielle*. The very walls call out *Charmante Gabrielle*. Full of soft

* The two last lines are probably not from Henry; perhaps from Gabrielle herself. The air of this song is very pleasant.

emotion

emotion you leave the tower and enter a little grove, sacred to the Muses and to Peace. Here murmurs a fountain resembling Vaucluse, where the grass, the flowers, the zephyrs, the birds, and *Petrarch* sung of love. Among all the houses dispersed in a picturesque manner over the meadow, that destined for *Rousseau* distinguishes itself; it was not finished till after his death; its appearance is quite rural, but extremely neat.—Beside it lies a little garden, a meadow watered by a rivulet, thickset-trees, a bridge fixed on two beeches, and a little altar with the inscription, "*A l'Amitié, le baume de la vie.*"

Rousseau removed to Ermenonville on the 20th of May, and died on the 2d of July; in the same year; so that he enjoyed the peaceful and charming solitude in which he lived here, but a short time: yet he had already acquired the love of all the inhabitants of Ermenonville, who, to this day, cannot speak of him without tears. With the world, literature, renown, with every thing he was disgusted. Nature alone preserved its rights over his heart to the last. Never did his hand take up the pen at Ermenonville; it was only employed in distributing alms. His greatest pleasure consisted in walking about, conversing with the country people, and in playing innocently

with the children. The day before his death he went to *botanize;* the next morning he felt himself feeble and indisposed. He begged his Theresa to open the window, looked at the meadow—"*Comme la nature est belle,*" said he; and with these words he closed his eyes for ever. An extraordinary man; and as a writer *unique* in his manner, violent in his passions as in his style, persuasive even when he erred, and amiable even in his weaknesses; a child in his heart till his old age, a man-hater, yet full of friendship towards them; unhappy among men by his natural disposition, and yet enviable in his happiness, on account of his tender sensibility in his intercourse with nature and with the divinity, whose glorious works he understood and felt so well. His body reposes on a small island, planted with lofty poplars. Charon, who ferries you over, relates to you how the barber of Ermenonville possesses the staff of *Jean Jacques*, which he would not sell for 100 crowns; how the miller's wife allows none to sit on the chair he sat on; how the schoolmaster preserves two of his pens; how *Rousseau* walked, lost in thought, with irregular steps, and so forth. You listen to him with pleasure, but yet you wish to see the tomb of *Rousseau*, and to read the inscriptions on the banks. Every

grave is a sanctuary to me, the bones of the dead call out to me, "I lived once as thou dost, and "thou shalt die as I have done." But how eloquent must not be the ashes of a man who had such an influence over our hearts, to whom we owe our dearest sentiments, and who has, as it were, poured forth his soul upon ours?

His monument has the form of an antique altar, on one side is written,

"Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la verité."

On the other is represented a mother holding in her hand a volume of Emile, and surrounded with playful children. Above is *Rousseau*'s motto:

"Vitam impendere vero."

On the coffin of lead are these words:

"Hic jacent ossa. J. J. Rousseau."

That *Rousseau* had enemies in his life-time we may conceive; but can we hear without horror, that even his insensible ashes are not allowed to rest in peace, that his tomb has been disgraced with indecent shameful inscriptions, that his monument has been covered with dirt, and broken down, so that the *Marquis de Girardin*, the proprietor of Ermenonville, has been obliged to place a guard on the island. On the other hand, *Rousseau* has, of all new authors, had the warmest

and

and most zealous partizans; the fervour of some went even to distraction. Among other instances, they tell of a young Frenchman who took it into his head to propagate *Rousseau*'s doctrines in the East, and had drawn up a catechism in the Arabian tongue, the first question of which was,

Q. What is truth?

A. God.

Q. Who is his false prophet?

A. Mahomet.

Q. Who is his true prophet?

A. Rousseau.

The French Consul, in Bassora, who saw this enthusiast, in the year 1780, endeavoured in vain to divert him from his purpose. The modest *Rousseau* certainly did not wish for such disciples; neither would the fiery panegyrics of the modern French orators have pleased him. The feeling good-natured *Jean Jacques* would certainly have declared, among the first, against the revolution.

They said that Theresa had married one of the servants of the Marquis de Girardin, but that is false; she is proud of the title of Rousseau's widow, and lives retired in the village of Plessis-Belville.

Whoever has seen the sun set on the grave of *Rousseau*, and has thought on immortality, he

may say—I have had one happy moment in my life.

CHANTILLY.

" Dans sa pompe elegante admirez Chantilly,
" De heros en heros, d'age en age embelli."

You must not expect a very particular description. I saw Chantilly at an unfavourable time, in a bad state, and only in passing, being all the while afraid the diligence might set off without me. The idea that the princely owner of this magnificent country seat is now wandering abroad, like a poor exile, cast a gloom over every object. What must I tell you? I saw a stately palace, elegant statues, a remarkable cabinet of natural curiosities, subterraneous walks, with lofty vaults, a beautiful *Orangerie*, extensive stables, a large park, fine terraces, the island of love, an English garden of great taste, a cottage adorned like a palace, wonderful water-works, and lastly, the armour of the Maid of Orleans. I remembered at the same, the fine spectacle which the Prince of Condé exhibited before our *Comte du Nord*, (Peter the Great,) when night was transformed into day, and the woods and ponds seemed to be all on fire, from the innumerable multitude of lamps. The water-works spouted fire; and amid a sonorous

a sonorous music, the sportsmen appeared in pursuit of the swift-footed stag. Even the monarchs of the East never entertained their guests so splendidly.

Chantilly is surrounded with a thick wood, where the great Condé, the hero and the friend of knowledge, gave many a *fête* to Louis XIV. and his court, on a large opening, where twelve long allées meet. This wood recalls to memory the tragical end of the author *Prevot*, who dropt down without signs of life, in one of the walks; they carried him off for dead, and proceeded to operate on the body. The unskilful surgeon run his instrument into the heart, and the wretched *Prevot* gave a dreadful shriek, and in a few moments expired.

Paris, June, 1790.

I CANNOT but say something about the National Assembly, of which you hear so much in the newspapers. The first time I went to see it was in the afternoon. As I did not know what place to go to, I was entering the hall along with the deputies, but a centinel kept me back; I begged, but the guard was inflexible; disappointed and

vexed I was on my return home, when an ill-looking man, in a dark coat, took me by the hand, and saying, "*Allons, Monsieur, Allons!*" led me into the hall. I immediately looked with curiosity on the objects that surrounded me. The table of the president, two others for the secretaries, on each side: opposite to it the Tribune for the orators, the benches for the representatives, rising like an amphitheatre, and the galleries for the spectators, particularly drew my attention.

The hall was filled by a considerable number of people, for the most part shabbily dressed; many were in a surtout, and with undressed hair. The noise and laughter lasted above an hour. The spectators loudly manifested their impatience; and at last the man who introduced me, (it was *Rabaud de St. Etienne,*) stepped up to the President's table, took the bell, rung, and all hastened to their seats, calling out, "*aux places!*" I remained alone in the midst of the hall; after considering for some time what I should do, I placed myself on the first bench; but a *huissier* came to me and said, "You can't sit here." I rose and went to another place. Meanwhile *André* was reading a report, in the name of the committe of war; they listened to him with considerable

siderable attention; I was very attentive also, but my devotion was soon disturbed by the *huisser*, who came to me again, and said, " Sir, you do " not know, probably, that none but members " can be in the hall." ' But where shall I go?' " Go to the Tribunes. ' But if there be no room ' there?' " Then go home, or whither you " please." So I was obliged to leave the hall.

The second time I was in the Tribunes, and happened to be present at a very stormy sitting. Deputies from the clergy presented a petition, that the Catholic religion should be declared the established *(religion dominante)*. *Mirabeau* opposed it with all his might, and among other things exclaimed: " From this spot I behold the " window from which Charles IX. shot his Pro- " testant subjects." *Abbé Maury* started up, and cried out: ' that is not true, it cannot be seen ' from this place.' Every body laughed. Such indecorum occurs very often.

In general the Assembly, representing the French nation, has very little solemnity or respectability, yet there are excellent orators in it; among whom *Mirabeau* and *Abbé Maury* distinguish themselves, fighting against each other, like Hector and Achilles. The day after this sitting new snuff-boxes were sold *à l'Abbé Maury*: on opening

opening the box an Abbé springs out. Thus are the French people: on every occasion they have a *bon-mot* in readiness; for instance, on the day when it was decreed to issue *assignats*, in the opera given on that day, instead of the usual vaudeville at the end of the second act, were sung verses to the praise of the King and the National Assembly, which concluded with this chorus,

" L'argent caché ressortira,
" Par le moyen des assignats."

The public was transported with joy at this prophecy, and the actor was obliged to repeat, ten times, the words l'Argent, &c. They imagined they saw heaps of gold already lying before them.

Paris, June, 1790.

YOU remember that *Yorick* says of the French, " they are too serious," without explaining what he meant. But methinks we may rather say of them what has been said of the Athenians, that they play with serious things, and treat trifles with gravity. Yet when we remember the disputes about ancient and modern literature, in which the Court and all Paris took a share; when we think of the

the *Gluckists*, and *Piccinists*, and *Mesmerists*, it would seem that *Yoric* were not quite in the wrong. But seriously the French have certainly *character*, notwithstanding the other saying of *Yoric* who compares them with worn coins—'*Qui à force d'être polis n'ont plus d'empreinte*,' and perhaps more than other nations.

I wrote once to Madame N. on this subject, and shall here transcribe a passage from that letter.

"In naming fire and wind I have defined the "character of the French; I know no nation "more full of spirit, more fiery, and more windy, "than the French. The French seemed to have "invented social life, or it has been invented for "them, so pleasant is their intercourse, and so far "have they carried the art of conversing with "mankind. In them it looks like a second nature: "none understand so well to gain affection by a "friendly mien and a polite smile. In vain does "the Englishman, or the German, study this art "before the looking-glass. In them it always "remains unnatural and forced. I wish to live "no where but in my dear country; but besides "Russia, I know no country I should prefer to "France, where the foreigner so easily forgets "his home. It is said that one seldom meets "with real friends here. Alas! they are rare

"every

" every where; and can a traveller seek them
" out who comes and goes like a comet? Friend-
" ship is a necessary of life, and so every one
" seeks for it in an object than can be relied on.
" But every thing that a stranger has a right to
" expect, the Frenchman offers it as a pleasant
" nosegay. The levity and inconstancy he is re-
" proached with, are mingled with other amiable
" qualities, which, in some degree, are insepara-
" ble from these feelings. He is inconstant, and
" therefore not vindictive, nor apt to harbour
" ill-will. Praise and admiration do not last long
" with him, no more than hatred and envy.—
" From levity he rejects the good and chooses
" the bad; but he is the first to laugh at his
" error, or even to weep at it, if necessary. A
" cheerful levity accompanies him through life.
" When the Englishman rejoices at the discovery
" of a new island, the Frenchman is transported
" at a witticism. Full of sensibility he is easily
" set on fire by the love of truth, fame and great
" enterprizes; but his love does not last: yet
" may the moments of his love, of his hatred,
" and of his enthusiasm, have dreadful conse-
" quences—witness the events of the revolution.
" Pity if this violent convulsion of the political

" system

" system were to destroy the spirited, cheerful, " and amiable character of the nation."

This much I wrote to a lady, and that a French lady too, who certainly would have treated me as a Northern barbarian, if I had not allowed the French to be the most witty and amiable people under the sun.

I forsake thee, lovely Paris, with thanks and regret. I lived amidst thy noise in serenity and peace, like a Cosmopolite, without care. With a peaceful mind I beheld the storm raging within thee, as the shepherd from the mountains views the stormy main. Neither thy Jacobins nor thy Aristocrates have done me any harm. I saw the struggle without intermeddling. I entered thy splendid temples to feast my eyes and ears, where the God of Arts shines forth in the finest productions of the mind and of talents; where the Genius of Renown rests majestically on laurels. I have not been able to describe all the pleasant impressions thou hast made on me, I could not enjoy them all; but I do not leave thee with an empty mind. Perhaps I may revisit thee once more, and then compare the present with the past. Perhaps I may then possess more maturity of judgment, but may regret the lost fire of sensibility. Always, however, shall I ascend Mount Valerian with

pleasure,

pleasure, where my eye rested so often on the picturesque country that surrounds thee; and always shall I wonder with pleasure in the shades of the *Bois de Boulogne.*

Farewell, beloved Paris; farewell, beloved W. we are not born, indeed, in the same land—but with kindred hearts. We met, and for three months time were inseparable. How many pleasant evenings have we spent together in the *Hotel St. Germain*, while we read together the poems of thy countryman and school-fellow, *Schiller;* or talked philosophy; or criticized a new play we had seen. Never shall I forget our agreeable repasts, our evening walks, and our common adventures; and always shall I preserve thy friendly letter, written by thee in secret, in my room, an hour before my departure. I love all my countrymen whom I leave behind me at Paris; but it is only with thee and B. that I part with regret. This thought alone comforts me, that we shall meet again, either in your country or mine, perhaps with other sentiments, but still as old friends and acquaintance,*

* Ten years afterwards, during which time I had heard nothing of my friend, I received a letter from Petersburgh, whither he had been sent by his Court on affairs of importance; and learnt, with pleasure, that he still entertained the same affection for me.

And

And you my friends, do not consider me as unfaithful, for having found a friend in a strange country, to whom I could open my heart; I esteem this acquaintance one of the greatest blessings I have received from providence in the forlorn state I am in; for however pleasant it be to see always new and fine things, yet we must find people of a certain kind, like to ourselves in disposition, if every thing is not to become disgustful to us.

I have however had only serene days in Paris, excepting my wonted melancholy moments, and to live four months in this manner is, as an Englishman says, snatching a rich present from hard-hearted fortune. All my countrymen in Paris, together with *Becker* and *Baron W*—— accompanied me to the diligence. We embraced several times before I steped up. And now I am six leagues from Paris, where we stay for the night. My mind is still so full of the past that I do not think on the future at all: I am travelling to England yet my imagination has not thought on that country even for once.

Haut Buisson, 4 o'Clock Afternoon.

IN the isle-de-France, the fruit is already ripe. In Picardy they are still green, about Boulogne the trees are only in blossom. The difference of climate is perceptible from one league to another, and the idea that I am going farther and farther from the fortunate regions of the south, pains my heart. In the north, nature is sensibly poorer. I am sitting under a chesnut tree, not far from the post house. I look over meadows and fields to the blue expanse of the ocean, and to Calais, surrounded with marshes and sand.

A singular sensation. I feel as if I were at the end of the world, yonder the boundless sea, and around cold dead nature! all is silent and sorrowful. The post-house stands lonely in an open field: my fellow travellers are sitting in silence on the grass beside the diligence. The wind whistles mournfully among the branches of the tree over my head. I cannot refrain from tears; but who sees my tears? who shares my grief? to whom can I open my heart? I am all alone—alone! O where are your eyes my friend? where is your hand and your heart? who will comfort a poor mourner?

O sweet

O sweet bond of country, kindred and friendship: I feel thy gentle chain though far remote from all that is dear to me: I feel it and kiss it with affection. Place the savage from the forests of Canada in the finest city of Europe, amid the master-pieces of art; he will admire them, he will be astonished at their riches and splendour; but in a few moments the charm dies away, his heart is cold, and he longs for the wretched hut of twigs, where for the first time his soul felt the heavenly rays of love and friendship.

The carriage is ready—in an hour we are in Calais.

Calais, 1 *o'clock, at Night.*

WE alighted at the post-house which is also an Inn. But I went immediately to *Dessein's,* whose hotel is the best in the town. I was standing before the door and examining it, when a young French officer accosted me, and asked what I was looking for?—"the room" answered I "where Yoric lodged."—'Where he first ate 'French soup,' said he. "A fricasseed chicken" answered I.—"where he praised the Bourbons, "were his cheek glowed with the fire of philan- "thropy.—Where the heaviest of metals appeared

" to him as light as a feather.—Where father Lo-
" renzo, with the mild saintly look, begged for his
" convent; and where he gave him nothing?—
" but where he would have paid twenty pounds
" sterling, for an advocate to justify Yoric in
" Yoric's eyes,"

' The room is on the second floor, right over
' you; but it is occupied: an Englishwoman
' and her daughter lodges in it.' I looked up and saw a flower-pot in the window, and beside it a young lady, standing with a book in her hand. Yoric's travels to be sure, thought I. " I thank
" you sir, said I, to the talkative Frenchman. But
" give me leave to ask something more. Where
" is the *Remise*, where Yoric made acquaintance
" with the charming sister of *Count L*——? and
" where he was reconciled with father *Lorenzo*
" and his own conscience? where Yoric ex-
" changed his tortoise-shell box, with the horn
" one of father *Lorenzo*, which was dearer to
" him than the richest gold snuff-box set with
" brilliants. ' That *remise*, sir, is fifty yards
' from this place, but it is locked up, and the key
' is with *Mr. Dessein*, who is now at vespers.'
The officer laughed, made me a bow and left me.
" *M. Dessein* is at the play," said a person pass-
" ing by.—"*M. Dessein* is on guard, cried ano-
" ther;

" ther; some days ago he was made corporal in " the national guard."—O *Foric!* cried I, how is every thing altered in France. *Dessein* a corporal! *Dessein* upon guard! *grand Dieu!*—— It was dark, and I returned to the post-house.

Calais is not large but very populous; the sixth part of the inhabitants are English. The houses are not high, and there is no luxus but at the inns; all the rest is gloomy and poor. The air is filled with the humid saline exhalations of the sea, which tickles the olfactory nerves in an unpleasant manner; I would not live here for the world.

We had exceeding good fish and crabs for supper; there were about forty people at table; among others seven or eight Englishmen, setting out on the grand tour. An Italian travelled along with them: he was very talkative, and very timid. In bad English and French he related many dangers which had threatened him and his fellow-travellers at sea. The Englishmen laughed and called him Ulysses, terrifying King Alcinous with the account of his pretended adventures; at the same time they called out, " Wine, wine, *du* " *meilleur, du meilleur;*" and the red champagne flowed in large beer-glasses. It sparkled so lively, its colour was so inviting, that your

temperate friend could not help calling for a bottle *du meilleur;* an excellent wine. A German who sat next me, proved, in the most convincing manner, that this was the true nectar which flowed out of the horn of *Amalthea.*

"I have always heard," said an Englishman, "that the Germans were a learned people, and "now I believe it." '*Vraiment, Monsieur,* '*vous etes savant comme tous les diables.*' The German smiled, and was heartily pleased with his eulogy.

I went to my room and threw myself on my bed, where I fell soon asleep; but after a few minutes I was awakened by the uproar which the merry Englishmen were making in the next room. They sung, they hallooed, they stamped with their feet, they jumped and leaped as if they would pull down the house. For half an hour I bore with it; but seeing there was no end, I called to the waiter, and desired him to inform the Britons that there were other strangers in the house who perhaps loved peace and quiet; and after some *God-damns* all was hushed.

Calais,

Calais, ten o'clock, forenoon.

AS I learnt that the packet-boat would not sail before eleven, I walked out before the town, where I found the burial ground planted with lofty trees. I remembered the grave of Father Lorenzo, which Yoric bedewed with his tears, while he held the horn snuff-box in one hand, and with the other plucked up some nettles.—"Father Lorenzo! Friend Yoric!" cried I; "where are you now, I know not; but one day "I wish to be where you are."

I saw some *forget-me-nots** at my feet; I broke off two and put them in my pocket-book to bring them to you.

* The name given by the Germans to the *Auricula Muris*, the creeping Mouse-ear.

On board of the Packet-Boat.

WE have been three hours at sea; the wind blows with vehemence, and most of the passengers are sick. The French coast has vanished from our sight, and the English begins to rise before us in the distant horizon.

Among my fellow passengers there is a young English Lord, with his lady and sister. His lordship is haughty, but his haughtiness is tempered with his politeness; his lady and sister are most amiable women. With what eager impatience are they approaching their native land, their friends and relations, after an absence of six years! and with how much joy do they speak of the pleasures that await them in London! Ah! I envy them from my heart. They seem to have devined the sympathizing emotions of my soul; and perhaps on that account, treat me with more condescension and friendliness than the rest of the passengers. My Lord and his Lady soon became sea-sick, and were conducted into the cabin. The sister remained upon deck; but a death-like paleness soon overspread her beautiful countenance likewise. I brought her a glass of water, but this proved ineffectual to stop the progress of the sickness. The poor young lady thanked me with

with a look expressive of anguish, and said, "*Je* "*suis mal, très mal; ma poitrine se déchire—* "*Dieu, je crois mourir!*" At last, she too was obliged to retire to the other ladies in the cabin. I laid hold of her cold and trembling hand; her bosom visibly heaved with quick palpitations, and tears trickled down her pale cheeks: she became so feeble, that I was obliged almost to carry her into the cabin. What a dreadful sickness this is! The sight of the sufferers in the cabin, and of the disagreeable consequences of the sea-sickness, had such an effect upon me, that I almost fainted. I hastened back to the deck, where the fresh air gradually revived me.

Near me sit two Germans, probably mechanics, who, in the supposition that nobody understands them, are freely conversing about various things. "What shall we now see in England?" said one of them; "the French we already know; "they are no great things." 'And I believe,' answered the other, 'that we shall not be very 'much pleased with England either: in no coun- 'try, indeed, is it so well as in our dear Germany, 'on the banks of our beloved Rhine.' "Particu- "larly in Weindorf," said the other, smiling, "where little Hannah lives." 'Yes,' answered the other, with a sigh, 'where Hannah lives

'and

'and Eliza! she too lives not far from Weindorf,' added he, with an equally arch and significant smile. "Ah, true; not far from Weindorf!" replied the other, likewise with a deep sigh.—'Half a year more!' exclaimed one of them, while he affectionately pressed the hand of his companion. "Half a year more!" replied the other, "and we are again in Germany." 'On 'the banks of our beloved Rhine.' "In Wein-"dorf." 'Where Hannah lives.' "Where "Eliza dwells." God grant it! God grant it! they both exclaimed with one voice, grasping, with much emotion, each other's hand.

We now discover Dover, and the lofty light-houses. The shore is covered with sand-hills. The packet is not far from the harbour; but we are not yet beyond the reach of danger; a storm may drive us out to sea, or our vessel may strike upon some hidden rock, and be swallowed up by the foaming abyss. But, no! we are safely landed: we are in *Dover*, and in England—in the country which, from my earliest youth, I loved with such enthusiastic ardour; and which, with respect to the general diffusion of knowledge, and the character of the people, is certainly one of the first in Europe. I find here every thing different from what I had hitherto

met

met with; different houses, streets, men, and food; in a word, I fancy myself transported into some new world.

The houses in the towns and villages are built of brick, and covered with tiles; they are not painted or white-washed. Every where the smell of the pit-coal proves very disagreeable to the nose of a stranger. The streets are broad and clean. Close to the houses there is a pavement of flag-stones, for the convenience of foot-passengers; and although Dover is but a small place, we meet almost at every step with handsome women, with modesty and good-nature depicted in their countenances. Yes, my friends, England is certainly the land of female beauty; and the stranger, whom—especially if he came from France, where beauty is so rare a phenomenon—the English women do not please, must have a heart of marble. I have been sauntering about the streets of Dover for several hours, merely for the purpose of feasting my eyes with a sight of the charming faces, which one every where meets with in this town. We cannot, indeed, compare the English belles with the rose, for almost all of them are pale; but this paleness, which seems to indicate a certain degree of sensibility, gives an additional charm to their countenances. The poet

calls them lilies, illumined by Aurora; and their melancholy looks seem to say, "I have a heart "susceptible of the softest emotions of love!" Dear, lovely Englishwomen, how dangerous to a tender heart! more dangerous than Calypso and her nymphs! and the country which ye inhabit, is by your charms converted into an enchanted island. Woe to the poor stranger who lands upon its shores! He beholds, with indifference, his ship a prey to the flames; and his ardent looks seek only his beloved Eucharis.* Where will he find a Mentor to save him by precipitating him headlong into the sea?

But make yourselves easy, my friends; in spite of all the charms with which I am surrounded, I am not entirely lost. I have still strength and resolution left to ascend on a high hill, on which stands an ancient castle, and where they shew strangers a well 300 feet deep, and a brass cannon three fathoms in length, which our guide jokingly called Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol.

From the top of this hill we enjoyed a charming prospect: on one side the county of Kent, thickly strewed with towns and villages, and

* It is well known to the readers of Fenelon, that Telemachus, being enamoured of Eucharis, one of Calypso's nymphs, was no wise affected by the burning of his ship.

adorned

adorned with woods and meadows, and cultivated fields; on the other side we beheld the ocean, with ships and sails and flags, and into which the setting sun was just now descending.

The Lord and two ladies, who had been my fellow-passengers, as soon as they stepped on shore, embraced one another. "Paternal land, "I salute thee!" exclaimed his Lordship. Having given me his address in London, they ordered their carriage, and proceeded on their journey to that city.

As I entered the inn where we were to pass the night, six or seven ill-dressed fellows surrounded me, and with gruff voices demanded money of me. One said, "I must have a shilling for help-"ing you to get out of the packet-boat" 'And 'I,' said another, 'deserve a shilling for picking 'up you pocket-handkerchief when you let it fall.' A third demanded two shillings for carrying my portmanteau; and all of them in like manner endeavoured to prove the justice of their claims upon my purse. I threw down a few shillings for them. You will perceive from this, at how high a price the Englishman estimates his trouble, and how fond he is of money.

I must give you here another characteristic trait. When our baggage was brought to the

Custom-house to be examined, I promised the officers a few shillings if they would not search and tumble my portmanteau, and at the same time assured them, upon my honour, that I had no prohibited goods in it; but they paid no attention to what I said, and I was obliged to open the portmanteau and shew them all its contents; and then they demanded half-a-crown from me.— "For what?" exclaimed I, somewhat irritated; "have you complied with my request? or have "you found any contraband articles?" 'No: but 'till you have paid us half-a-crown, you cannot 'receive your baggage again.' I shrugged up my shoulders and gave them the half-crown. So strictly do the English Custom-house officers attend to their duty, and at the same time become rich!

The cleanliness of an English kitchen is truly exemplary; and every thing is kept there in the nicest order. My hostess smiled with much complacency, when I told her, that in a French kitchen one often loses all inclination to eat; but that a sight of her's only rendered the appetite more keen.

Our supper consisted of roast-beef, potatoes, pudding, and cheese. I was going to call for wine, but I recollected myself, and called for porter.— Adieu, it is midnight.

At

At six in the morning we stepped into a stage-coach, containing four passengers, and drawn by excellent horses; and rapidly rolled along the beautiful smooth road towards London.

What charming prospects! how delightful a country! Every where rich meadows, where numerous herds of cattle are grazing; every where the most beautiful villages, where young maidens, dressed in clean white corsets, with flowing hair, and open bosoms, who presented to us flowers for sale, in neat little baskets; every where delightful country seats, surrounded with parks and artificial lakes; every where a number of coaches, chaises, and horsemen, coming from or going towards London; every where spacious inns, at the doors of which saddle-horses and cabriolets are standing. In a word, the road from Dover to London resembles a large street in a populous city.

And what then should I have said, if I had come directly from Russia to England? if I had not previously viewed the banks of the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Seine. For in that case the first view of England would certainly have made a much stronger impression upon my mind, and every thing would have appeared newer and stranger to me.

What multitudes of people! what amazing activity and order! every thing wears here the appearance of competency, and even of abundance; and on the road from Dover to London I met with nothing to put me in mind of poverty and misery.

Every twelve miles the horses are changed; and the coachmen besides stop twice or thrice at alehouses, and none of the passengers dares to utter a word of disapprobation to them on that account.

At Canterbury, the capital of the county of Kent, we drank tea in the English fashion, namely, very strong, almost without milk, and accompanied with buttered rolls. At Rochester we dined, likewise in the English style, for we had nothing but beef and cheese. I called for some sallad; and they brought me some kind of herbage, with vinegar poured over it. The English in general do not much care about sallad, and garden herbs. Roast beef and beef-steaks are their usual food; and hence their blood becomes thick, and themselves phlegmatic, melancholy, and not unfrequently self-murderers. To this predisposing cause of the spleen we may add the following: viz. the mists continually rising out of the sea, and the smoke of the pit-coal which

hangs

hangs like a dense cloud over the towns and villages.

Thus at a great distance we saw London, enveloped as it were in a thick fog. The cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral rose with gigantic majesty, far above all the other buildings. Close to St. Paul's, so it at least seemed to me afar off—stood a high and slender column, which was erected in memory of a dreadful conflagration, which laid a great part of the city in ashes. Soon after we likewise discerned Westminster Abbey, and the other steeples and churches, as likewise the parks and groves which surround the capital of Great Britain. As we were descending a hill, I alighted from the carriage, and the view of the majestic city, and of the circumjacent country so occupied my thoughts, that I forgot every thing else; and had not my fellow-travellers drawn me along I should have remained alone upon the hill, and must have wandered to London on foot.

On the right the majestic Thames flowed between verdant banks, and out of the river rose a forest of masts. London is the centre of the commerce of the world.

London, July, 1790.

PARIS and London, the two principal cities of Europe, were the two pharos of my peregrination when I first sketched out the plan of it.—At length I am arrived in the second.

If the magnificence of a city consist in large edifices, which like immense masses of granite proudly ascend into the clouds; London cannot be reckoned among the magnificent cities. I have passed through more than twenty streets, without seeing a single large palace. But the streets are broad and well paved.—The paths for pedestrians are paved with square flag-stones.

Many of the house doors are made of mahogany, and shine like mirrors. On each side is a row of lamps. The squares, several of which are adorned with statues, are very beautiful. Among the houses are richly-adorned shops, through the glass doors and windows of which, one sees from the street a variety of all kinds of merchandize. Every where there prevails a cleanliness, which is rarely to be met with in other cities; and people of the lowest rank are well drest, and a certain degree of order, and regularity pervades every thing, and makes a very pleasing impression on the mind of a stranger, so that

he can hardly refrain from exclaiming: London is indeed a beautiful city!—what a contrast to Paris! There magnificence by the side of squalid misery; here simplicity and admirable cleanliness; there profusion and poverty; here a general appearance of ease, among all ranks: there palaces, out of which crawl forth skeletons covered with rags; here neat brick houses, out of which step health and content with a mien expressive of happiness and tranquillity.—There a powdered fine dressed beau drives about in a wretched *fiacre*; here even the country farmer sits in a good coach, drawn by two superb horses. There dirt and darkness in the narrow streets; here the way every where dry and clean, and no crowding, notwithstanding the great number of passengers.

I knew not where to lay my head in this immense city, and yet I entered it careless and chearful—the usual consequence of travelling. One becomes accustomed to be strange and unknown. "There are men here, and I shall find a "habitation, acquaintances and the conveniences of life." This thought converts the traveller into a careless citizen of the world.

When the stage coach stopt, my fellow travellers quickly vanished, and then I too began to recollect

recollect that I must look out for a lodging for myself and portmanteau. I had one day found on the stairs of my hotel, in Paris, a card, on which was written: "Mr. Romelli, No. 108, "Pall-Mall, London, has apartments to let for "strangers." This now occurred to me, and I ordered a hackney-coachman to drive me to Mr. Romelli's. It is said, that a Frenchman being at the point of death, sent for his confessor in ordinary, and it was discovered that the Reverend Father had been dead above twenty years. Thus it now happened to me: Mr. Romelli had died fifteen years before; I was therefore obliged to go in search of another lodging, and at last came to a French Hotel, where I was shewn into a small chamber. "It is not large," said the landlord, "and is already occupied by a young emi-"grant; but he is a good-natured gentleman, and "will willingly share it with you." My fellow-lodger was not at home; in the chamber I saw nothing but a bed, a guitar, cards and *a black pair of silk breeches*, which you will recollect, formed likewise a part of Yorick's baggage, when he set out on his tour through France. I sent for a barber, and they brought me a thick phlegmatic Englishman, who, having first unmercifully flayed my face, plaistered my head with flour and tallow.

tallow. "Alas, I am no longer in Paris," I said to myself, with a sigh, "where the powder-puff "of the ingenious lively Rulet played like a gen- "tle zephyr around my head, and strewed it with "a resplendent-white aromatic rime." To my complaints that he was flaying me, that his pomatum stunk, and that his hair-powder was only coarse flour, the unpolished English barber sullenly answered, "I don't understand you, Sir!"

I put on my Parisian frock, bethought me of dear France with a sigh, and walked out in a very melancholy mood. But the cloud that darkened my soul soon vanished at the sight of the beautiful illumination, which presented itself to my wondering eyes. Though the sun was scarcely set, all the lamps in the streets were lighted up. There are thousands of them, and whichever way I turn I behold a fiery string, as it were, extended through the air; I had never before seen any thing similar to it, and I no longer wondered at the mistake of a German Prince, who, on making his entry into London, imagined that it was an illumination provided on purpose to welcome him with peculiar marks of honour. The English are fond of light, and they spend millions to supply, by artificial, the want of the solar rays—an indubitable proof of the national wealth.

The French Government granted pensions on the moonshine.* The Briton laughs at this, chinks his guineas, and orders the lamps to be lighted in broad day-light.

I am fond of large and populous cities, in which one may live more retired and solitary than in the smallest village. I like to look at the innumerable unknown faces which, like Chinese shadows, pass in rapid succession before me, and leave but slight and scarcely perceptible impressions upon my mind. I willingly lose myself in the manifold variety and difference of the fleeting objects that rush by me, and then suddenly return from my reverie to self-recollection. My philosophy is invigorated by the sight of the madness and vanity of others; while, on the other hand, in the shades of solitude, I often surprize my thoughts, wandering to the most insignificant trifles in the world. The moral world, as well as the heavenly bodies, has two quite opposite powers; by the one it attracts, by the other it repels our hearts. The former of these powers is most active in solitude; but the latter, on the contrary, exerts its influence more effectually in the society of men.

* In moon-light nights the lamps were not lighted; and the money thus saved was applied towards the payment of some pensions.

But I am beginning to philosophise: you must pardon me, my friends; it is merely the effect of the English air, for here lived Newton, Locke, and Hobbes.

Perhaps I may be mistaken, but it appears to me, that the first view of a city gives the best and most lively idea of it; and that one is then more able to pass a correct judgment upon it, than after a long residence, when, by minute attention to separate parts, the impression of the whole is lost. A fresh curiosity seizes the most important and distinguishing traits of cities and of men, or that which is called their character; while, on the contrary, by long and repeated observation, the eye of the observer becomes blunted and obscured. I therefore venture to give you a short sketch of the impression which London made upon me the first day I saw it.

Whoever calls London *noisy* must either never have seen it, or must have no correct idea of what a noisy city is. London is populous it is true; but, compared with Paris, and even with Moscow, it is extraordinarily quiet. The inhabitants of London seem to be either half asleep, or overcome with lassitude from their excessive activity and exertion. If the rattling of the carriages did not, from time to time, shake the auditory nerve, a stranger

stranger might frequently suppose he had become deaf, while passing along some of the most populous and most frequented streets. I stepped into several coffee-houses, where I found from twenty to thirty persons reading the newspapers, and drinking their Port; while the profoundest silence reigned in the room, except that perhaps every quarter of an hour, one hears a solitary "*Your* "*health, gentlemen!*" Can it then excite wonder, that the English are such deep thinkers, and that their parliamentary orators know not when to leave off, when once they have begun to speak: it would seem as if they were tired of, and willing to make amends for their usual taciturnity.

But if my ears thus enjoy rest and quiet, my eyes are the more busily engaged. In London, too, the women are very handsome, and they dress with tasteful simplicity; they are all without either powder or paint, and wear hats, which seem to have been invented by the Graces themselves; they seem rather to fly than to walk; their neat little feet, which peep out from under their snow-white muslin robe, scarcely touch the pavement. Over their white corset an Indian shawl is spread, on which their fair hair descends in charming ringlets: for to me, at least, it seems that the greater part of the Englishwomen have fair hair:

the

the most beautiful of them, however, are brunettes. The physiognomies of the men may be arranged under three classes; they are either surly, good-natured, or brutish. I can safely swear, that in no other country have I seen so many brutish faces as here; and I am now convinced that Hogarth drew from nature. Such physiognomies are, it is true, only to be met with among the populace; but then there is so much variety, so much characteristic expression in them, that ten Lavaters would scarcely be able to point out the bad qualities and propensities which they indicate. I find the tribe of fops much more numerous here than in Paris: they are distinguished by a hat shaped like a sugar-loaf; their locks copiously besmeared with pomatum, and hanging down to their shoulders; a large thick neckcloth, which conceals all the lower part of the face; a wide gaping mouth, both hands in their pockets, and a very unbecoming gait. I doubt whether such fellows could ever become good members of Parliament. Surely Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt, did not strut about in their youthful days like these jackanapes!

Tell our friend P. to order immediately a dozen of dark-blue frocks; for dark-blue is the favourite colour of the English, whom he is so fond of imi-

tating. Of fifty persons whom one meets in the streets of London, at least twenty are dressed in dark-blue coats. I shall close my letter with this important advice, reserving my other observations for my next. Only this I must still mention, that I with difficulty found my tavern again; for the streets of London are very like one another. I was obliged to enquire the way, and as I do not pronounce the language well, I frequently found great difficulty to make myself understood; and it was eleven o'clock before I returned to my dear—portmanteau.

London, July, 1790.

I HAVE not yet visited any person in London: I have not even called at my banker's, and yet I have heard *Handel's Messiah* performed in Westminster Abbey, and gave my last guinea for the ticket. The numerous orchestra, the presence of the most celebrated male and female singers, an immense number of auditors, who observed a most profound silence; and lastly, the divine music of *Handel*, had a most powerful effect upon my mind. I have heard compositions of *Pergolesi*, *Jomelli*, and *Haydn*; but nothing ever

ever affected me so much as *Handel's Messiah.* The box where I sat was likewise occupied by a merchant and his family, who shewed me every civility, but did not enter into conversation with me; only when the Royal Family entered their box, one of them rose up, gave me a severe slap on the shoulder, and said, "That is good George "our King, and his amiable children; I shall "stoop down that you may have better view of "them." With this I was well pleased; but I should have been still better pleased, if he had not slapped me so severely on the shoulder. The following occurrence is likewise characteristic of these good folks: A woman came into the box and put into my hand a printed bill, for which she asked a few pence. The oldest of the family immediately jumped up, tore the bill out of my hand, and threw it at the woman, with these words: "He does not want it, it would be pick-"ing the gentleman's pocket. For shame! he "is a foreigner, and cannot speak for him-"self." All this is very well; but, Mr. John Bull, why tear the bill with such rudeness out my of hand?

In the mean time I viewed the Royal Family with attention: they have all countenances expressive of good-nature; but rather of a German

than an English cast. The King seems to be in good health, and not the least trace is discoverable of the malady with which he was lately afflicted. The Princesses resemble their mother, and, without the slightest pretensions to beauty, are certainly very lovely women. The Prince of Wales is a handsome man, but rather too corpulent.

Here I likewise saw the best and most interesting part of the London public; but no one so much attracted my attention, as a young man in a plain grey frock; who, under a common exterior, conceals an extraordinary genius; who, in the bloom of youth, lives only for glory, and for his country—the worthy son of an illustrious father, whom all true Britons love and venerate—in a word, *William Pitt*. He has a genuine English, tranquil, and almost phlegmatic countenance, on which, however, a noble pride and keen penetration were imprinted in very legible characters. He listened very attentively to the music, and from time to time conversed with his neighbours; but seemed more frequently immersed in deep thought. I had heard the music of Handel, I had seen William Pitt; surely you will allow, that my last guinea was not spent in vain.

From Westminster Abbey I went to St. James's Park; in which celebrated place, however, I saw nothing

nothing but some handsome rows of linden-trees, and a large meadow, upon which cows were grazing.

London, July, 1790.

BY the friendly assistance of my dear countrymen, I have found an agreeble lodging; consisting of three neat rooms, in Oxford-street, near Cavendish-square, for which I pay half-a-guinea a week; they compose the second floor of a house, which belongs to two sisters, who, besides myself and a female servant, are its only inhabitants. One man only in a house with three women! How dangerous, and how pleasant!—neither of the two. My landladies are adorned with virtue and with—grey hairs; and their maid, who has already revealed to me the secret history of her heart, is in love with a German mechanic, who intends in a short time to marry her. When she brings me my tea in a morning, she converses with me about *Fielding's* and *Richardson's* novels; to her Lovelace appears incomparably more amiable than Grandison. She loves Clementina, and laughs at Miss Biron; and as for Clarissa—she calls her a virtuous fool.

In every city the city itself seems to me to be what is most worthy of observation. I have already strolled through London in every direction; it is about twenty-five English miles in circumference, and as it daily increases, it will soon swallow up the circumjacent villages.

Westminster and the City are the two principal divisions of London; the former is chiefly inhabited by people of rank and fortune; the latter by merchants, artizans, and mariners. Here flows the Thames, with most magnificent bridges over it; and here is likewise the Exchange. The streets are narrower than in the other parts of London, and the number of people greater: nor did I here observe the singular cleanliness which reigns in Westminster. The beautiful and majestic Thames does not contribute much to the embellishment of the city, as the grand quays are here wanting which adorn the banks of the Neva, at Petersburgh; and of the Rhone, at Lyons. Both sides are covered with wretched houses, occupied by the poorest class of inhabitants. At one place only is there a terrace on the bank of the river, called the Adelphi; but unluckily it is built where a great number of coal-lighters, with which the river is continually covered, prevent one from seeing it. In this less shewy part of London we, however,

however, find the richest shops and warehouses, where the most valuable productions of India and America are deposited, to supply the wants of all Europe. Such a spectacle is well calculated to elevate the mind, as it leads us to reflect upon the daring genius of man, the moral connection of distant nations, and the general diffusion of illumination. Let the rich, when surrounded with the productions of every climate, fondly ween in the pride of their hearts, that all the bustle of trade and commerce is for no other end but to minister to their luxury, and satisfy their extravagant wishes!—No: commerce answers nobler purposes, by encouraging active industry, by furnishing employment to innumerable hands, and by transporting, from one quarter of the globe to the other, new ideas, new inventions, and new means of rendering life more agreeable.

No city in the world is so convenient as London for pedestrians. On each side of the street is a broad foot-pavement, which is cleaned every morning, so that even in the dirtiest weather or season of the year, one can walk dry-shod along it. One thing, however, I must find fault with respecting the foot-pavement in many of the streets; namely, the holes which one so frequently meets with, and which are generally open in the

the day-time; if the passenger be not continually on his guard, he will be in danger of tumbling into one of these traps. These openings are either the vents of subterraneous kitchens and taverns, or the windows of the coal-cellar. For most part of the houses in London have a sunk-story, usually comprehending the kitchen, cellars, and servants' apartments. Mendicants, and other poor people, are likewise for the most part lodged in these subterranean dwelling-places. In Paris it is quite otherwise: there the poor people live near the clouds, in the sixth story: there they have poverty over head, and here they tread it under foot.

Almost all the houses in London are small, narrow, built with bricks, and not white-washed, that the effects of the pit-coal smoak may be the less perceptible; and in passing along the streets, one soon becomes tired with the uniformity of their appearance. But then the internal arrangement is so much the more agreeable. Here every thing is simple, neat, and almost rural. The stairs and floors of the rooms are covered with beautiful carpets, most of the furniture is made of mahogany, and no where is a single particle of dust to be seen. There are not, indeed, any large halls; but the apartments are commodious.—

Strangers

Strangers who wish to speak to the master or mistress of the house, are shewn into a room on the ground floor, which is called the parlour; and only relations and friends are admitted into the inner apartments, which are inhabited by the family.

But if in addition to the broad streets, and immense number of rich shops, the exterior of the houses were built in as beautiful a style as those of Paris—then indeed imagination could not possibly conceive any thing more grand, and majestic. A stranger with difficulty reconciles himself to the mode of living here, especially the late dinner-hours, which indeed might more properly be called supper; for it is customary not to sit down to table till 7 o'clock in the evening. This custom may very well suit those who lie in bed till 11 o'clock, but I usually rise at 8.—I then stroll through the streets, look at the wares of every description which are here, as in a continual fair, exposed to view; or gaze at the carricatures, in the windows of the picture-shops, wondering at the strange taste and fancies of the English.

As a Frenchman makes a *chanson* on every occurrence, so the Englishman redicules in these humorous satirical prints the events and follies of the

the passing day. I then breakfast at a pastry-cook's, where I am sure to find excellent ham, fresh butter, and delicious cakes, and where I am charmed with the cleanliness, regularity, and neatness that reigns in every thing around me. Such breakfasts are indeed rather expensive, costing, when ones appetite is good, little less than two roubles; and I likewise pay as much at a coffee house for dinner, consisting of roast beef, pudding and cheese: but then one is treated with the greatest attention; on entering, the waiter opens the door, and the friendly hostess enquires with an engaging voice and mien the gentleman's commands.——I generally dine with *Count Wronzoff*, our ambassador, an intelligent, estimable and polite nobleman, who lives entirely in the English style; he loves the English, and is beloved by them. The company usually consists of five or six persons, mostly foreign ministers; the Count is a true patriot; he is intimately acquainted with Russian history, and literature, and knows by heart the most striking passages of *Lamonossoff's* odes. Such an ambassador reflects honour on his court, and no wonder that he is so highly esteemed by Pitt and Grenville.

The conferences of ministers, are held here without any ceremony or parade. At the appointed

pointed hour, one minister goes to the other's house on foot, and dressed only in a plain frock; the host receives them in his surtout, orders tea, and, after dismissing the servants, enters upon the discussion of the most important political affairs. No one here cares about useless display of magnificence; 'tis genius and intelligence only that command respect. Our ambassador generally wears a blue frock, and a small hair-bag, which distinguishes him from every other inhabitant of London. He passes the summer at his villa in Richmond, where I have several times visited him.

Yesterday the rich *Mr. Baxter*, our consul, invited me to dine with him at his house near Hyde Park. Till six o'clock in the evening, his usual dinner hour, I took a walk in the park, where I saw several English ladies on horseback, and was charmed with the boldness and graceful ease with which they trotted along the promenade. It was a fine day; suddenly, however, it began to rain, and the amazons hastened to take shelter under the spreading branches of the trees. I ventured to address one of them in French; she answered me twice with an *oui*, and twice with a *non*, but not a single syllable besides could I get from her. All the English gentlemen and ladies, who

who have had a good education, understand French, but they are not fond of conversing in that language; and on that account I very much lament my inability to speak the English with more fluency. How different in this respect is it in Russia, where a person unacquainted with the French tongue, must remain quite dumb, in what are called polite companies; and where every one, though hardly able to stammer out a *Comment vous portez-vous?* murders the French language, merely to avoid conversing with Russians in the Russian language. Is not this a disgrace to us? Why should we be ashamed of our mother tongue, and become mere apes and parrots? Our language is as well adapted as any other for social converse: but then our fashionable gentlemen and ladies must make themselves perfectly masters of it, so as to be able to express their ideas in it with correctness and elegance.—Nothing, however, seems to me so rediculous as to see our wits and literati striving to attain distinction as French authors. Poor devils! how happy they are, if a Frenchman deign to say, *Pour un étranger, Monsieur n'écrit pas mal!*

Pardon me my friends, if my patriot zeal made me almost forget *Baxter* and his dinner. Except a dish of French soup, it was entirely in the Eng-

style;—roast beef, potatoes, pudding, and one glass of claret and madeira after the other; while the gentlemen are drinking, the ladies keep up a whispering conversation with each other, and immediately after dinner, withdraw into another apartment; the cloth is then removed, bottles are placed on the table, and the toast-drinking commences. Every one gives a toast, mine was, "Everlasting peace, and a flourishing commerce." About 9 o'clock we rose from table, our faces glowing with a deep rose colour; we now went to drink tea with the ladies, in the drawing-room, after which the company dispersed. This is what they here call *being merry*; I however, thought otherwise, but perhaps the English drink such large quantities of wine, because it is very dear in England, for they are fond of making an ostentatious display of their wealth; or does their cold blood require such an excitement to make it flow briskly?

London, July, 1790.

THIS day I have spent like the philanthropic *Howard*. I have been visiting the prisons, and admiring the humane regulations, and precautions of the English government.

It certainly were better if prisons were every wher unnecessary; but as long as folly, and vice prevail among men, and require to be restrained by the fear of punishment, it is at least to be wished, that all prisons resembled the English, to which the French proverb, "*Il n'y a point de belles prisons!*" does not seem to apply.

I went first to see Newgate, with which the perusal of the English novels had made me acquainted from my earliest years.

Newgate is a large stately building. When we entered the court-yard, the prisoners flocked round us, to ask alms. The greater part of the prisoners in Newgate are malefactors; and as I knew from experience, that even in the streets of London, one must have an eye to his watch and purse, I immediately, on finding myself in the midst of such notorious thieves, clapped my hand on my pocket. The turnkey who observed the motion, said to me with some degree of ill humour, "Sir, you may throw your guineas into "the court, and no one will dare to touch them; "I shall be answerable for that, here *I* keep "every thing in proper order." I replied, "ah, "why dont they place you at the head of the po-"lice of London?" and to shew that I believed him, put both my hands into my waistcoat pock

ets.

ets. We now walked through the passages, which are kept very clean, and well ventilated, so that the air is infected with nothing but the poisonous breath of vice. The jailor presented the prisoners in the cells to us, in the following manner: "this gentleman Sir, is a thief! this gentleman is a murderer! this lady is a coiner. &c." You cannot imagine what horrid countenances I here saw:—how dreadfully does vice disfigure the human face divine. I must own that I walked behind the jailor with a heavy heart, and several times asked him, "have we "not yet seen all?"—but he wished to display the whole extent of his dominions. In one of the cells we found a young man, who was writing at a table: on hearing us enter he looked up, and saluted us with a friendly mien; as in his mild and melancholy countenance I could not discover any traces of hardened villainy, I was accordingly the more struck with the account the jailor gave us of him. "He had made an attempt "on the life of his mistress, by whom he had "been beloved; but she became faithless, and the "young valet having surprised her in a tête-a-tête "with another, wounded her in the arm with a "dagger." I should like to know what will be the verdict of the jury.

One part of Newgate is used as a prison for poor debtors. They are separated from the felons by a wall. Dreadful neighbourhood! for the best of men become insolvent, and here they must breathe the same air with the most abandoned malefactors, and from the windows of their prison, witness the punishment inflicted upon them. Of late it has been customary to transport a great number of the condemned felons, to the new colony of Botany-bay; but it is not uncommon for many of the prisoners to prefer being hanged with honour in old England, rather than consent to be transported beyond the seas. "We love our native country, (they say) and "detest bad company."

I have read *Archenholz's*, description of the king's-bench prison; and this description makes it a most delightful abode. That celebrated panegirist of every thing that is English; tells us of its fine situation, of its gardens, its magnificent halls, concerts, balls, and diversions of every kind. The enchanted castle of Armida was scarcely a more charming place; but, if I must speak the truth, I found very little resemblance between the place itself, and his flattering portrait. Figure to yourself, a large area, surrounded with a high brick wall, in which are some small

small houses of a mean appearance, and where one sees a number of ill-dressed people, some of them walking about with a melancholy air, others playing at cards, or yawning over the newspapers.—Figure to yourself, all this, and you have a true picture of the king's-bench. I saw nothing that resembled a garden; I only observed some shops, where the prisoners sell various kinds of wares; there are likewise coffee houses, the landlords of which are themselves confined for debt. That indeed is singular. Taylors, shoemakers, and even harlots, carry on their business here. But no married women are to be found in the king's-bench; for, according to the law of England, the husband only is liable to be arrested for his wife's debts: marriage is therefore the last refuge of young girls, and widows, who are unable to satisfy the claims of their creditors.

From the king's-bench prison I went to Bedlam. This is a large stately building, resembling a chateau; at the gate are two statues, one of them representing melancholy, and the other raving madness; they are both well executed. The overseer himself was so obliging as to be my conductor. A very long gallery is divided into two parts, by means of an iron grating. On one side are the women, and on the other the men;

several of the former surrounded us, and viewed us with great attention, then they began to converse with one-another in whispers, which, however, became louder and louder, till at last they made such a deafening shrill noise, that we were obliged to shut our ears. One of them laid hold of my hand, another seized me by the hair, a third blew the powder from my head, and others played other tricks; but in the mean, others sat quite still and melancholy. Our conductor told us, "these are the unfortunate victims of love; "they are always quiet, even in madness, then the "most powerful of the human passions continues "to occupy the whole soul, and render it careless "about every thing, except the beloved object." I went up to a young woman, with a pale sickly countenance: our conductor related to me her history. "She is a Frenchwoman by birth, but "left her country, and her parents, out of love to a young English gentleman. Soon after her arrival in London, her lover died; and her grief threw her into a violent fever, which deprived her of her reason. I spoke to her in her native language; but she gave me no answer.—Another woman was sitting on the floor, with her eyes fixed on the ground. This unfortunate maniac imagines, that she is condemned to be burnt;

burnt; and at the close of every day, she exclaims; "to-morrow I shall be burnt alive!"—on the contrary we could not refrain from laughing at the behaviour of some of the men: one of them, for instance fancies that he is a cannon, the report of which he is continually imitating with his month: another growls like a bear, and creeps on all fours.—The raving maniacs are kept separate from those who are inoffensive. Many of them are chained to the wall. One of these laughs unceasingly, and invites those who are passing by, to come to him, assuring them that he is happy, and wishes to make them also happy. But if any one incautiously approaches within his reach, he flies at him, and bites him. The order and cleanliness that prevail here, and the attention paid to the unhappy sufferers under their care, does honour to the superintendants of the hospital. Near the apartments, are cold and hot baths, for the use of the patients, for whom the physicians prescribe that remedy. Many are cured, and on their dismissal from the hospital, they are furnished gratis, with corroborating medicines. At last we were conducted into the garden, where several of the quietest of the lunatics were walking. One of them was reading newspapers; observing they were of an old

old date, I mentioned it to him. He smiled, looked extremely wise, and, taking off his hat, politely replied to me: "Sir, we live here in an-"other world; that which among you is quite "stale, is still new among us."

How happens it, my friends, that the number of persons afflicted with insanity is so much greater in our times than formerly. It appears to me, that it is chiefly owing to the more unrestrained influence of the passions. I shall say nothing of physical causes, which are in general much seldomer productive of insanity than moral ones. Were there, for instance, ever at any former period, so many whom love has driven to madness, and the commission of suicide? The boisterous lover shoots himself, and the more tender-hearted inamorata loses her reason. Our ancestors were unacquainted with novels; the knights of middle ages were constant and faithful in love; but the active and enterprising life which they led, served to keep up an equilibrium in their minds, and to prevent the fatal effects of this unruly passion. But in our soft and refined mode of life—in the world, where the desire to please is ever uppermost in the hearts of both old and young—on the stage, where Love always acts the principal part —in books, which are bestrewed with its choicest flowers—

flowers—the soul is filled with inflammable materials. The girl of twelve years of age, who has been once or twice at the play, begins to be thoughtful; and the antiquated dame of fifty still languishes and dissolves with tenderness. The former loses by anticipation; and the latter is warmed by the recollection of former days. In truth, I am nowise astonished, when a decennary or a sexagenary Sappho is pointed out to me: nor is the case very different with respect to the men, for never were there so many old and young Seladons and Alcibiades's as at present. And as for ambition, I maintain that this passion is now much more powerful than formerly. I shall not dispute the truth of the mighty deeds ascribed to the ancient heroes; I willingly admit, that Codrus and Decius sacrificed their lives for their country, and that Curtius precipitated himself into the pestilential abyss; but certainly religious fanaticism had as great a share in these heroic actions, as the love of glory; and the same may be said of the knights of the middle ages. In ancient times the wars were *national* wars; every soldier fought for his native country, for his *Athens*, or his *Rome*; but the case is quite different at present; when we see Frenchmen and Spaniards serving as volunteers in the Russian army, merely for the

sake

sake of honour, and without any other motive but the love of glory, courageously braving all the dangers of battle.

The soul, which is endued with a high degree of sensibility, feels with equal force the sweets and the bitterness of the passions; in it Paradise borders upon hell. Rapture is but too frequently succeeded by despair and melancholy, which at last conducts the wretched victim to the madhouse.

London, July, 1790.

ALL religions are tolerated in England, and there is scarcely a sect of Christians in Europe that is not to be found here. Puritans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Socinians, Unitarians, Moravians, in a word, religionists of every denomination, enjoy the liberty of publicly worshipping God according to their own fancy. All those who do not belong to the episcopal church are called Dissenters.

Being desirous of seeing the rites and ceremonies, &c. of several of these sects, to-day I began my pilgrimage to their chapels, and paid my first visit to the meeting-house of the Quakers; it is entirely destitute of decorations, the walls are quite

quite bare, and nothing is to be seen but the benches and a pulpit. The Quakers affect great simplicity in their dress. The women are not only without powder or paint; they do not even wear ribbons. The men wear cloaths of a dark colour, and without buttons. They entered the meeting-house with a tranquil devout mien, without looking at or saluting any one, and appeared to be absorbed in a holy reverie. They have no public teachers or ministers; but whoever feels himself moved by the Spirit ascends the pulpit, and speaks out of the fullness of his heart. I was curious to hear such a sermon, and attentively considered one face after the other, eager to espy the first traces of inspiration; but hour after hour passed away: the whole congregation sat in profound silence, which was only now and then interrupted by hawking and coughing; every countenance remained tranquil, and no one moved. Several fell asleep, and I among the rest: I awoke and looked at my watch—three o'clock, and all yet quiet. I remain in my place patiently waiting for the working of the Spirit; begin at last to yawn, and again fall asleep—and on waking I find that it is already five o'clock; I now lost all patience and went away. No, no, my honest Friends, ye shall not again deceive me!

The

The Exchange and the Royal Society.

The Englishman reigns in Parliament, and on the Exchange; there he gives laws to himself, and here to the whole commercial world. The Royal Exchange of London is a large square building, with a high tower, colonnades, porticos, and magnificent arcades over the entrance. On entering the interior area, the first object that meets the eye, is a statue of Charles the Second, on the marble pedestal of which, the following gross flattery and lie is engraven: "To the father of his "country, the best of Kings, &c." The cupids which surround the pedestal are more appropriate, for Charles the Second, as is well known, was a great votary of Love.

From this statue, which is in the centre, one sees on every side galleries and arcades, where the merchants daily assemble to transact business, from the hours of twelve to four. Here no one speaks a word, or holds out his hand in vain. No one converses about any thing but business; and if they shake hands, the bargain is struck, and the ship departs for New-York, or the Cape of Good Hope. Notwithstanding the great number of persons here assembled, a surprising stillness prevails; conversation is carried on in low

whispers, and it is rarely that a loud word is heard.

On the walls and pillars advertisements and notices are affixed, relative to the ships that have arrived, or are ready to sail. You may embark for whatever part you please—for the coast of Malabar, or China, or Nootka Sound. The captains attend here, you make an agreement with them, and—a good voyage to you!

Here likewise is Lloyd's Coffee-house, where the underwriters meet, and where intelligence flows in from every quarter of the globe; and is recorded in a large book, which lies open for the inspection of the curious, and from which the daily newspapers draw a part of their information.

Near the Royal Exchange there are a number of Coffee-houses, where the merchants breakfast and write. Mr. S. conducted me into one of these coffee-houses, and you may guess how much I was astonished, when all the persons present addressed me in the Russian language; it seemed to me as if some magician had touched me with his wand, and instantaneously transported me into my native country. On enquiry, I was informed that this coffee-house is frequented by merchants who trade to Russia. All of them had resided some time in Petersburgh, and there learned our language.

To-day I was likewise at a meeting of the Royal Society, being introduced by Mr. P. who is one of the fellows. We were accompanied by a young Swedish Baron, a gentleman of considerable talents, and a very pleasing companion. As we entered the hall where the society meets, he held out his hand to me, and said with a smile, "Here, Sir, we are friends;* the Temple of the "Muses is the Temple of Peace." I smiled, and we embraced one another like brothers. Mr. P. exclaimed, 'Bravo! bravo!' but the other Englishmen looked at us with astonishment; for it is not usual in England for men to embrace—Ah! they understood us not—they did not suspect that we were giving a good example to two nations, which, through the mysterious working of sympathy, will perhaps soon be followed by them.

In the hall, where the Royal Society meets, stands a large table covered with books and manuscripts; behind this table sat Mr. Banks, the President, with his hat on; before him lay a golden sceptre, indicating that Science is the Queen of the world. The secretaries read the letters that had been received since last meeting: the most of them were from French literati. At the end of each letter the President took off his hat, and

* Sweden was then at war with Russia.

said,

said, "We thank Mr. N. for the present he has "been pleased to send us." He then passed his judgment on several works, but with great candour and moderation. At last several papers were read, of which, however, I understood but little. After sitting two hours the meeting was adjourned. Mr. P. presented me to the President, who understands the French language, but does not pronounce it correctly. Sir Joseph Banks is a placid, modest, unassuming man; and more polite than Englishmen generally are.

London, July, 1790.

IN London there is not, indeed, so much to attract the attention of the stranger as in Paris; still, however, there are many things to be seen, and I spend a few hours every day in visiting the most remarkable buildings, the public institutions, and different kinds of collections.

This morning I went to Mr. Townley's, who possesses a rare collection of antiques, Egyptian statues, and ancient basso-relievos, among which he lives, like a miser among his treasures.

England, which may justly boast of her philosophers and eminent writers in every branch of

literature, has produced very few *distinguished artists*. There are at present however, some good painters, whose works are exhibited in the Shakespear Gallery. *Mr. Boydell* was the first planner of this grand undertaking; and in the execution of it he has been aided and supported by the artists and the public, with a truly patriotic zeal. The most interesting scenes in the dramatic works of Shakespear, are depicted in a manner equally honourable to the poet, and to the present English School of Painting. The liberal subscriptions of the patrons of the arts supplying a sufficient fund, more than twenty painters are at present employed to enrich the gallery. I have visited it several times with great pleasure; and as I know almost the whole of Shakespear by heart, I easily conjecture the subject of the pictures, without requiring any explanation. I am particularly well pleased with the works of *Mr. Fuseli*, a native of Switzerland, and an old friend of Lavater's.* He particularly excels in painting the fantastical, or enchanted scenes of

* In their youth they both became enamoured of the same woman; and Lavater generously sacrificed his love in favour of his friend. Fuseli afterwards went to Italy, and devoted himself to the Art of Painting; and there he seems to have forgotten his friend; but Lavater always spoke of him with the warmth of affection.

Shakespear,

Shakespear, and gives to his ideal aërial beings with admirable force, and extraordinary richness of imagination, life, name, and habitation.

The pictures of a Hamilton, an Angelica Kaufmann, and a Weston, are likewise excellent, and full of expression. Here, too, I saw the drawings taken from the pictures belonging to the Oxford collection, which has been purchased by our Sovereign.

St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, is almost as famous as the church of St. Peter, in Rome; and, undoubtedly, with respect to exterior magnificence, it deservedly ranks next to that celebrated structure: you have seen drawings of them both. Without troubling you, then, with any farther description, I shall only notice the beautiful allegory on the pediment, which particularly pleased me, viz. a Phœnix flying out of the flames, with this Latin inscription *Resurgo;* alluding to the old cathedral having been consumed by fire, and this more beautiful edifice rising out of its ashes. The Balustrade round St. Paul's church is considered the most beautiful in the whole world. What a pity that this noble structure is so closely surrounded with houses, and does not stand in a wide open place, where it might be viewed to greater advantage. What a pity, too,

that the London smoak has blackened it from top to bottom.

On entering the church my conductor advised me to place myself in the centre, exactly under the cupola, and here I remained a considerable time viewing this superb work; but my reflections and sensation were very different from what you probably would imagine. "What," thought I, "are all our cupolas, when compared with "the grand cupola of the heavens! And how "much labour and talents are required to produce "such insignificant things as the most magnifi-"cent structure reared by the hand of man! "What is art but the puny ape of nature, when "she vainly strives to emulate her majestic subli-"mity and grandeur." In the meantime my *Cicerone* who was shewing me the arcades, and other ornaments, directed my attention to the paintings in the cupola, pointed to the organ, and the columns of the gallery, wondering that no sound of admiration escaped my lips. In the choir there is a throne for the Bishop of London, and a seat for the Lord-Mayor. Suddenly such heavenly music began, that I no longer thought of seeing, but instantly became all ear. The singers were beautiful boys in white; to me they seemed angels, and their sacred strains penetrated my whole soul.

There

There is nothing more charming than the harmony of human voices: that is the immediate organ of divine souls. *Descartes*, who called all animals, except man, mere machines, could not listen with patience to the song of the nightingale. The affecting tender *Philomel* seemed to reproach him with the absurdity of his system; and it is well known, that nothing is so dear to a philosopher as his system. But how must the materialist feel affected, when he hears the music of the human voice? He must either be insensible to harmony, or uncommonly obstinate, if he does not renounce his system.

When the service was finished my guide proposed to me to ascend to the upper gallery, in company with a French Marquis and his lady. The Marquis was soon tired, and remained in the lower gallery; but the lively French woman proceeded farther. The stairs became difficult, dark, and narrow; but she would not be deterred, and continually called out to me, "*Montez toujours!*" Neither the ascending to the top of the steeple of the cathedral of Strasburgh, nor the climbing of the highest Alps, had fatigued me nearly so much; and had I not been ashamed to betray my want of resolution and perseverance before this lady, I should very willingly have renounced the honour of having

ing visited the highest spot in London. We were not far from the cross, and here was our *ne plus ultra*, but the superb prospect before us soon made us forget our fatigue. The whole of the immense city, and the surrounding country, lay exposed to our view—London like a heap of shining tiles, the innumerable masts on the Thames resembled rushes in a small rivulet, and the trees in the parks, and groves, seemed no larger than nettles. We stopped here above an hour, and my companion did not neglect this opportunity to give me a specimen of her wit, her philosophy, and spirit of observation. "In England," said she, "one must only *see*; it is not worth one's "while to *hear*. The Englishmen have indeed "handsome persons, but they are insufferably "dull and tedious in conversation. The English-"women are very beautiful; but then that is all "that can be said in their praise; they only know "how to pour out tea, and to nurse children. "The parliamentary orators resemble turkey-"cocks; and Shakespear's tragedies are nothing "farther than low buffoonery and funerals. The "actors excel in nothing but in falling! Is not "that intolerable?" I was afraid to irritate her by contradiction, and therefore, as a sign of my approbation, gave her my hand; we then began to

to descend amicably, participating the danger, and incessantly chattering with each other. *Craignez de faire un faux pas, Madame.* "*Ah, les femmes en font si souvent.*"—*C'est, que les chûtes des femmes sont quelquefois très-aimables. Oui, parceque les hommes en profitent. Elles s' en relevent avec grace.* "*Mais* "*non pas sans en ressentir la douleur le reste* "*de leurs jours.*" *La douleur d' une belle femme est une grace de plus.* "*Et tout cela n'* "*est que pour servir sa majesté, l' homme,*" *Ce roi est souvent detroné, Madame.* "*Com-* "*me notre bon et pauvre Louis XVI. n'est ce* "*pas?*"—*A peu près, Madame!*

In the lower gallery we rejoined the Marquis, who communicated to us his remarks upon the paintings in the cupola. Here we amused ourselves with a singular property in the transmission of sound. A person standing at a certain part of the gallery, destinctly hears whatever is said, in whispers, by another at a part exactly opposite, though the distance be pretty considerable. This put me in mind of the *salle du secret* in Paris. We then viewed the library, where we saw a model of a church, upon which *Sir Christopher Wren*, very much prided himself; but which was not adopted, because it was pretended that

that it looked more like a heathen temple than a christian church; the architect in vain contended against this prejudice; he was obliged to submit, and drew another plan of the intended edifice.

The Tower was formerly the palace, where the kings of England resided; but at last was converted into a state prison. It contains the royal mint, an armory, and a *menagerie* of wild beasts. The crown jewels are likewise kept here.

I had a short time before been reading Hume's history, and on entering the Tower, the long series of princes, who had either languished here in confinement, or suffered a cruel death; arose before me. The English history abounds with deeds of shame and horror. I may safely venture to assert, that more victims have been sacrificed to civil discord in England than in any other country of Europe. Protestants and catholics alternately murdered each other; the republicans rose in arms against the royalists, and the royalists against the republicans; and each party and sect in their turn massacred their opponents. How many virtuous patriots, how many wise statesmen and ministers have fallen under the axe of the executioner! With what bitterness of heart, with what extravagance of opinions, is almost

every

every page of the British annals disgraced! The book drops out of the reader's hand, and it is impossible to love the English while one is perusing their history. What parliaments! the Roman Senate under *Caligula*, was scarcely so corrupt. *Cromwell* owed his greatness not so much to his talents, as to his low and treacherous cunning, and to the fanaticism of the age, in which he lived. The speeches which he pronounced in parliament, are replete with nonsense and absurdity: he loses himself in a multitude of unmeaning words, for the purpose of saying nothing. It is only men of little souls, who have recourse to such contemptible subterfuges; but if the speeches, and writings of *Cromwell*, are all empty, and void of sense; it must be allowed, that the opposite qualities eminently distinguish the writings of his Secretary, the celebrated Milton, whom his divine poem, his reputation, and the general esteem of all ranks saved from the gallows, when Charles the second was restored to the throne of his father.

They first shewed us the wild beasts, and then a large room, containing the trophies of the victory of the English fleet, over the invincible Spanish armada. The sight of these various kinds of flags and weapons, is a very interesting one to me. I thought of Philip, and of Elizabeth

of

—of the proud humility of the former, and of the modest greatness of the latter. I thought of the interesting moment, when the duke of Sidonia prostrated himself before his sovereign, and informed him of the destruction of his fleet; and the latter graciously held out his hand to him, with these words, "it was the will of God!" I thought of the enthusiasm of the citizens of London, and the soldiers, when Elizabeth came among them like a propitious divinity, and said to them, "friends do not forsake me, and your "country." To which they unanimously replied; "we are determined to die for thee, and "to save our country!" Like the Spanish armada, all the great armaments in ancient and modern times, have ended in shame and destruction. God works mighty wonders by the hands of the weak. There a small band of Greeks, defeats the innumerable host of the Persians; here the Dutch fishermen, and the shepherds of the Alps, annihilate well appointed armies.—Here Venice, and Prussia, contend alone against all Europe, and force their enemies to agree to honourable terms of pacification.

We then went into the armory; a beautiful and yet a terrific sight. The walls, and pillars, are covered with resplendent weapons of war: a hundred

dred thousand men may be armed here in a moment.

In the room where the jewels are kept, we saw besides other precious articles, the crown which the kings of England wear, when they appear in parliament. It is richly ornamented with jewels;—here they likewise shew the axe, with which lady *Jane Grey* was beheaded.

Last of all we were conducted into the royal mint; but that is the *secret expedition* of the English, and we continually heard the following caution repeated; "you must not go in there "sir,—you must not look at this—no stranger is "admitted into this place:" a large heap of guineas lay upon the table; the overseer however accepted the shillings which we offered him for his trouble.

The palace of St. James's, is the least magnificent in Europe. Here the king usually gives public audience; at other times he resides in the queen's palace, or Buckingham-house, which is furnished and ornamented with great taste, partly by the hand of the queen herself: and where the celebrated cartoons of *Raphael*, seven of which are placed here, attract the attention of the connoisseur.——Of Whitehall, formerly the palace of the kings of England, which was much dam-

aged by fire, there remain only a few unconnected parts, among which, a large hall, particularly deserves to be mentioned, the cieling being painted by *Rubens*. Here likewise we were shewn the window, whence the unfortunate Charles I. came out upon the scaffold. In the place where he lost his life, stands a marble statue of James II. with his finger pointing to the spot where his father was executed.

The admiralty, the Mansion House, or palace of the lord mayor, and the Bank, must likewise be reckoned among the largest and most magnificent buildings in London; Somerset house, however, surpasses them all in stateliness, and extent; for though it be not yet finished, it resembles a small town. It is built in a grand and beautiful style of architecture, and contains many of the public offices. The most distinguished among the houses, belonging to individuals, are those of the dukes of Bedford, and Devonshire, and of the Earl of Chesterfield, and Carlton house, the palace of the prince of Wales, which however, does not give us a very exalted idea of the taste of the owner, or rather of the architect who built it. The other houses of London, are almost without exception, small, and nowise remarkable with respect to external appearance.

I shall

I shall close this account of the most remarkable buildings with an observation, which I could not help making while visiting them; it relates to the excessive curiosity of the English. Wherever I went, in every public place, where any thing remarkable is to be seen, I always met with a crowd of curious spectators, especially ladies. I suppose this may in part be owing to the late dinner hour of the Londoners. Those who have nothing to do, are eager to find out some amusing mode of passing their time till six o'clock in the evening.

Windsor.

SEVERAL of my countrymen wished to see the celebrated horse-races near Windsor, where a swift steed frequently brings in as much to its owner, as a ship laden with the the rich productions of Hindostan. I was easily persuaded to accompany them; and about nine in the morning we set out full speed, in a coach for Windsor. We incessantly urged the coachman to drive faster, and in a few minutes we arrived at the first stage. "Horses, horses!" 'There are none to 'be had.' "But here are some!" 'They are al-'ready engaged.' We might storm as much as we

 pleased,

pleased, we could not obtain fresh horses; and at last were obliged to proceed on foot, in spite of the scorching rays of the sun. What a sudden change—how humiliating to our pride—those whom a little before we had left behind in our rapid career, now passed us one after the other, and looked down with a malicious sneer on the poor pedestrians. "Ye intolerable unpolished "Britons!" I exclaimed; "if you cover us with "dust, at least do not make our mischance the "subject of your mockery." But remonstrance was in vain; some of them called to us—'a good 'journey to you, gentlemen; I suppose you are 'making a pilgrimage.' But Russians are not easily disheartened: we began to join in the laugh, pulled off our coats, and proceeded merrily on our way, singing some French songs. Having dined at an inn, about five o'clock in the afternoon we turned off the highway, and soon after arrived at the boundary of Windsor-Park:

"Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
"At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats!" POPE.

We took off our hats as we entered the park, which, as the poet tells us, is inhabited by the Gods:

"—Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
"Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground;
"Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
"And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand."

The

The poet's description is grand and magnificent, but it is true.

" Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
" Here earth and water seem to strive again;
" Not Chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
" But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd.
" Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
" And part admit, and part exclude the day:
" There interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
" Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
" Here in full light the russet plains extend;
" There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
" Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
" And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise;
" That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
" Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn."

How merrily did we skip about with the deer! of which there is a great number in this park; and how agreeably did we then repose under the shade of the spreading trees, listening to the chirping of the birds in the thick foliage. We afterwards hastened towards the race-ground. How joyfully did we anticipate the spectacle that awaited us. How delightful will it be to see the jockies, light as zephyrs, on their beautiful horses —to see how they raise themselves in their stirrups, and holding their breath with palpitating hearts, waiting the signal for starting—and then

eagerly rushing by one another, fly, with the rapidity of lightning, towards the goal, seize the flag, and fall senseless to the ground. How charming to see the winged coursers, which, like Pegasus, scarcely touch the ground with their hoofs! And then to contemplate the faces of the spectators and participants, where hope and fear—and then again hope and rapture, or despair, are alternately so strongly depicted. But while we were thus amusing ourselves, while in fancy we were already joining the innumerable crowd in applauding the victor, judge how great was our disappointment, when we found that we had arrived too late, and that all was over. We laughed at one another, and went to see Windsor Palace: it stands upon an eminence which rises gradually, and almost imperceptibly; but there is a most extensive and charming prospect from the castle; on one side we see a plain, where the majestic Thames winds his course through groves and thickets; and on the other, a mountain covered with wood. The Princesses were walking on the terrace, in a simple white dress and straw hats, and with sticks in their hands; so that they looked more like shepherdesses than the daughters of a king. Some of them were playing and running about, and one calling out to the other,

"Sister!

"Sister! sister!" My eyes sought for Elizabeth, who was particularly interesting to me, on account of many traits and anecdotes which I had heard, or read of her. She is not a beauty but there is something pleasing in her soft and tranquil mien.

Windsor castle was built by William the Conqueror, and afterwards improved and embellished by other kings. It is however, celebrated more on account of its beautiful situation, than its magnificence. We saw however, some excellent paintings by *Michael Angelo, Poussin, Correggio, and Vandyk.* From the royal bedchamber we passed into the *hall of beauty*, the walls of which are hung with the portraits of the most celebrated beauties, who graced the court of Charles II. If the painters have not flattered them, they must certainly have been distinguished by a rare and admirable beauty, even in England, which abounds so much with handsome women; some of the cielings are adorned with excellent paintings, and sculpture. I stopt a considerable time to contemplate the portrait of Peter the Great, which was painted by *Kneller*, during the Emperor's stay in London,;—he was then a young man, and he looked like the god of war in the Preobrashensky uniform. The hall

hall of St. George, and of the Knights of the garter, is large, and built in a beautiful style of architecture; in the oval of the cieling, there is a picture of Charles II. in the robes of the order, and behind him allegorical female figures, representing the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, over which Abundance and Religion hold a crown; Monarchy is likewise personified here, and Learning, Religion, and Eternity:—Justice, Valour, Moderation, and Deliberation, are driving away Treason, and Rebellion. In an octagon at the side of the throne, under the cross of St. George, which is incircled with Cupids, and the garter, stands the motto *Hony soit, qui mal y pense!* As at Versailles every thing reminds the spectator of Louis XIV. so every thing here reminds me of Charles II. a monarch however, whose memory is not very dear to the English patriots.

In Windsor Park.

UNDER the shade of the high oaks of Windsor park, lulled by the song of the birds, the murmuring of the Thames, and the gentle susurrations of the wind among the branches; I passed several

ral hours in sweet forgetfulness:—I did not sleep but I dreamt—rapturous and melancholy dreams.

Delightful visions, and hopes of the youthful heart, will ye ever be realized? is the vivacity with which I now feel them, perhaps a pledge that my fond wishes will one day be fulfilled?—or shall I, with all my claims to happiness, shall I know it only in dreams? shall I see only afar off, like the distant lightning piercing through the dark clouds, and at the close of my life exclaim "alas I have not lived!"

I am in a melancholy mood, but how pleasing is this pensive sadness! youth is indeed the most charming period of our existence; our creative imagination then paints futurity in the gayest colours. Every thing seems possible, and nothing at a distance. *Love* and *glory*, the two idols of a heart of sensibility, stand near us, behind a thin transparent veil of gauze, and hold out their hands to heap their choicest gifts upon us. The heart beats high with ardent expectation, and loses itself in wishes, enjoying the ideal happiness of futurity, more than even reality itself.

But alas! too soon the bloom of youth fades away; experience dries up the heart, and teaches how difficult it is to reach the bowers of happiness,

though

though on first commencing our career, it appeared so very easy; we see that fancy gave a false lustre to the pleasures of life, threw a veil over its pains and defects. The season of youth hath passed away. *Love*, like the sun has vanished beneath the horizon, leaving nothing in the heart but pleasing melancholy recollections:—a tender longing, not unlike the sensation we feel on parting with our dearest friends, when we do not expect to see them again on this side the grave, succeeds to the passion of love. And as for *glory*, which is said to be the last consolation of a heart dilacerated by love, it too like the rose of love, has its thorns, its delusions, and its pangs; how few have been rendered happy by it. The first gleam of success awakens the hydras of envy and malignity, which pursue you with their hisses to the grave, and even spit their venom upon your bier. Our life may be distinguished into two epochs; the one of hope, the other remembrance: till he arrive at a certain age, man in the pride of his hope, looks only into futurity, fondly flattering himself there, there a lot worthy of my heart, awaits me. Present losses affect him but little; while through the dim mist of futurity he fancies he can espy an inexhaustible fund of enjoyment, which will amply indemnify him;

him; but when the fire of youth burns less fiercely, when his self love a hundred times thwarted and offended, involuntarily subsides into sober discretion; when after having been a hundred times deceived, he at length begins to listen with less implicit faith, to the flattering whispers of hope and ambition; then he indignantly turns from the visions of futurity, to the days that are gone by, and endeavours to supply the happiness of deceived expectations, by a few pleasing recollections, and consoles himself with this thought: Ali then truly lived in Arcadia!—and now properly, appreciates present enjoyments; a fine day, an agreeable walk, an interesting book, the conversation of a friend, and even the caresses of his faithful dog, who has not deserted him like his fluttering mistress draw tears of joy and gratitude from his eye;—and how the death of a favourite bird fills his heart with the bitterness of grief.

Where these two epochs nearly border upon one another, the eye cannot see, and the heart cannot feel. When I was in Switzerland, I one day walked forth into the fields at sun rise, several people who met me, saluted me with a "*good morning sir!*" I insensibly lost myself in reveries, and what farther happened to me, I know not; but suddenly a friendly *good evening sir,*

sir, restored me to a state of self-recollection;—I looked up, and was astonished to find that the sun had already set:—even so is it with the life of man,—first it is said of us, "how young he "is!" and then all at once, "how old he is!"

London, July, 1790.

THIS morning I set out with two of my countrymen, on an expedition to Greenwich. We hired a boat, the day was fine, and our hearts were void of care. We passed under the majestic bridge, and between the innumerable ships moored on each side of the Thames, the various views of which are highly entertaining to the eye of a stranger;—we conversed about various subjects, and among others about the invention of money, which works so many miracles, and contributes so much to render life useful, and agreeable. A piece of gold, or what is still more wonderful, a bit of paper, which is sent from Moscow to London, gives me as it were the talisman of some powerful wizard; power over men and things; I wish, and instantly my wishes are gratified, I say do this, and it is done. Every thing seems to wait my commands. I take a fancy to visit

Greenwich; and at the sight of the shining pieces of metal, the haughty English forget their pride, and gladly obey my orders. The Thames foams under their oars, and I have the pleasure of viewing the manifold scenes of nature, and of human industry. Thus passed the time, imperceptibly away, till we arrived at Greenwich.

The first thing that attracted our attention was the object of our excursion, the Royal Hospital of Greenwich, where grateful England bestrews with flowers the old age of her naval heroes, the supports of her power and glory. Few kings have so beautiful a habitation as these brave veterans. This magnificent structure consists of two palaces, separated in front by an open place, but joined at the back by a colonnade and the governor's house; behind which there is an extensive park. The brave old invalids may see, from their terrace, the ships sailing by on the Thames. What pleasing recollections must not this awaken in their minds! Thus they formerly ploughed the waves with an Anson, or a Cook. And on the other hand, the seamen on board of the ships, who see these veterans enjoying tranquillity and ease in their old age, will feel their hands and hearts invigorated by the consolatory thought, when they reflect: "There a safe port is prepared

" for my declining years: our country is grate-
" ful, and will not forget us after we have devoted
" the days of our strength to her service."

The interior decorations of the Hospital have almost all a reference to navigation. At the door stand two globes; and there is a mariner's compass in the cupola of the great hall. Here *Eurus* descends from the East, and drives away the morning-star; there *Auster*, surrounded with dark clouds and lightning, pours down torrents of rain. *Zephyr* bestrews the earth with vernal flowers; and *Boreas*, with his dragon-wings, scatters hail and snow around; here are seen the English flag adorned with trophies, and the principal rivers of Britain loaded with treasures; there are the portraits of the most celebrated astronomers, whose labours have improved the art of navigation.

The names of the worthy patriots who contributed towards the fund for building the hospital, are recorded on the walls in letters of gold, and among them is the picture of William the Third, whose memory is still so dear to the English nation. He is represented as treading Arbitrary Power and Tyranny under foot. Under several paintings, mostly allegorical, we read the following inscriptions: *Anglorum spes magna—Salus publica—Securitas publica.*

Each of us was obliged to pay a few shillings for permission to look about us here; but we gave it with pleasure, as they were to be applied to the use of so excellent an establishment.

You probably recollect the happy reply which our Peter the Great made to William the Third, when the latter asked him what pleased him most in England. "To find," said the Czar, "the "hospital for invalid seamen resemble a pa-"lace, and your Majesty's palace a hospital."

In England there is much that deserves commendation; but above all, the public institutions, which are so many speaking proofs of the beneficent wisdom of the government. *Salus publica* seems indeed to be their motto, and it is not without reason that the English love their country.

Greenwich is a handsome town; Queen Elizabeth was born here. Having dined at a coffee-house, we took a walk in the park, and then returned by water to London, where we arrived at ten o'clock in the evening, and entered—the habitation of a Fairy or a Sorcerer.

Imagine to yourself long alleys—and whole groves superbly illuminated—galleries, colonnades, pavillions, niches, most beautifully painted, and adorned with the busts of eminent men: in the midst of the green bushes, illuminated triumphal

phal arches, under which music resounded—on every side an innumerable multitude of persons of both sexes—every where tables spread for a feast. My eyes, overcome with the splendour of the scene before me, sought a place of darkness to repose on; I accordingly stepped into a narrow covered walk, and I was informed that they called this the *Walk of the Druids*. I proceeded farther, and discovered by the light of the moon, and the reflection of the distant lamps, a wilderness, and a number of small hillocks, which they call the *Roman Camp:* here is a grove of cedars and cypresses. On an eminence stands a marble statue of Milton; and farther on there is an obelisk and a Chinese garden—but I returned to the orchestra.

You will guess that I am speaking of Vauxhall; an English invention which is worthy of an enlightened and wealthy people, and which they have in vain endeavoured to imitate and rival in other countries.

The orchestra generally plays favourite airs of the English; and some of the best actors and actresses of the London theatres sing here; and the auditors frequently throw money to them, as a sign of their approbation.

Suddenly

Suddenly I heard the sound of a bell, and saw every body flocking towards one spot; I likewise hastened thither without knowing why. A curtain was drawn up and we saw the following words, displayed in letters of fire: "*Take care "of your pockets;*" for on such occasions the pick-pockets are most busily employed. We then saw a transparent painting, representing a rural scene—it is pretty enough, but certainly not worth the trouble of being almost squeezed to death to get a sight of it.

Vauxhall is frequented by people of every rank and condition, lords and footmen, ladies, and girls of easy virtue. Some are actors, and others merely spectators.

The subjects of the paintings in the galleries are taken chiefly from Shakespear, and the English history. In the large rotunda, to which the orchestra is transferred in rainy weather, all the walls are covered with mirrors, so that one sees his image reflected on every side.

About eleven o'clock many parties began to sup in the pavilions. Never before had I seen so many persons at table—it was, assuredly the greatest feast at which I had ever been present.

Vauxhall is two English miles distant from London, and is open every evening during the

summer season. Towards morning I returned to my lodging, highly satisfied with the entertainment of the preceding day.

During summer the little theatre, in the Haymarket, only is open; but here many of the best actors, belonging to the Drury-lane and Covent-garden company, are engaged; the house is usually quite full. I saw here Shakespear's Hamlet; but I should rather wish that I had not seen it: these players merely speak, but do not act—their dress is generally improper, and the scenic decorations are indifferent. Hamlet wore a black coat in the French fashion, with his hair tied in a thick club, and a blue ribbon. The queen wore a hoop petticoat, and the king a Spanish cloak. Livery-servants came upon the stage during the acting, to shift the scenery, &c. How much better they manage these things at the theatres in Paris! My anger was kindled against the actors, but more on Shakespear's account than my own; and I wondered at the patience of the audience, whose devout attention nothing could disturb. There was not much clapping; but the scene which met with the greatest approbation was—the grave-diggers! Indeed nothing engaged my attention except Ophelia, represented by a beautiful and well-dressed actress, who performed her part in a very

fecting

affecting manner, especially in the scenes where she appears in a state of madness. She put me in mind of Dugazon, in Nina. I likewise saw the opera of Inkle and Yarico, which was acted incomparably better than Hamlet; and a few comedies which were productive of a good deal of laughter. The tragic powers of Mrs. Siddons are highly spoken of, but at present she is not in London.

I was infinitely better pleased with the Italian Opera; I heard a Marchesi and a Mara sing in Andromache. What a heavenly music! The affecting duet, "*Quando mai, astri tiranni, &c.* still thrills in my ears.

London, July, 1790.

THIS morning I met, not far from Cavendish-square, an old blind beggar, who was led about by—a dog. The animal stopped, and fawningly licked my feet; at the same time the old man said to me, in a low weak voice, "Good Sir, I am "poor and blind." I gave him a trifle; he thanked me, pulled the string to which the dog was fastened, and this faithful guide immediately proceeded forward. I followed them, and was pleased

ed to observe with what sagacity and care the dog conducted his blind master in the middle of the pavement, as far as possible from all holes and obstruction. He frequently halted, and fawned and wagged his tail at those passing by—but with a certain degree of discrimination, as if he understood something of physiognomy; and he was seldom mistaken, for most of these to whom he addressed himself, gave something to the beggar. I followed them through several streets, and at last the dog stopped near a woman, who was indeed no longer young, but looked tolerably well for her years. She was dressed in a very wretched garb, and sang a ballad in a plaintive voice, accompanying herself on a lute. A pretty little boy, who was likewise very badly dressed, stood at her side, holding some printed papers in his hand. As soon as he saw the beggar he ran up to him, and saluted him. The old man thanked him, and immediately inquired after his mother; "How charmingly she sings! I always listen to "her with pleasure." The boy then began to play with the dog, and the beggar in the mean time entered into conversation with the woman. She repeated her song, and in passing I threw a few halfpence into her lap: on observing this the boy came up to me with grateful mien, and gave me one

one of his papers; it was the ballad sung by his mother, and contained nothing but a pious appeal to Christians; but, my friends, if you had heard the woman sing it, you would, like me, have shed tears in reading it.

London, July, 1790.

LAST night I slept in a coach.—At eight in the evening I set out with a party of my countrymen to Ranelagh. We were on foot, and that we might not arrive too late—Ranelagh being two English miles distant from my lodging in Oxford-street—we rather ran than walked. About ten o'clock we entered a large round hall, very beautifully illuminated, in which loud music resounded. In the summer season the fashionable world assemble at Ranelagh. Round the hall there are two rows of boxes, where one may drink tea, and view the multitude of people in the rotunda, going round, and round in a circle. After tea we went into the garden, in which splendid fireworks were exhibited. We were much pleased with this spectacle; we were much incommoded, however, by the sparks which covered us from head to foot. When we returned to the rotunda, I sat down in one of the boxes,

boxes, by the side of an old gentleman, who whistled like uncle Toby, but did not otherwise interrupt my reflections on the multitude continually passing before my eyes. Perhaps the great number of candles might dazzle my eyes: but it seemed to me that I had never before seen so many handsome women and men, assembled together, as in this place: such a sight is certainly very interesting. Unluckily I had a violent head-ach, and was obliged to leave my companions. With much difficulty I found a hackney coach, and having directed the coachman to drive to my lodgings, I soon fell asleep; when I awoke the coach was standing before the door of the house, and in looking at my watch, I was astonished to find it already 5 o'clock in the morning, I asked the coachman the cause of this delay, and was informed by him, that he had been obliged to stop at one place, his coach being entirely hemmed in by the great multitude of carriages which blocked up the road.

London, July, 1790.

THIS morning I visited the British Museum, where among other curiosities, I saw the original of the celebrated *Magna Charta*. This contract of

of the people with their king, was made in the 13th century; the barons having forced king John to sign it, and it has continued to the present time, the ground work of the British constitution. At that period, when the rest of Europe was still immersed in the grossest barbarism, the kings of England already had secured their subjects from the abuse of arbitrary power. Security of property, and the protection of the law are the two great advantages which were confirmed to the English in the Magna Charta.

From the British Museum, I went to the East-India house, and reviewed with astonishment their immense warehouses. A company of merchants possesses rich, and extensive tracts of country, and even whole kingdoms, appoints governors, and other commanders, maintains large armies, wages war, and makes treaties of peace; truly that is singular!—the affairs of the East-India company are under the management of 24 directors, one of whom acts as president. The goods imported by them are all sold by public auction, and although they supply almost all Europe, with East-India merchandize, and receive millions in return, yet so exorbitant are their expences, that they are burthened with a debt to a very considerable amount. There is then, more

honour

honour than profit in this undertaking; but then it must be owned, that the wholesale English merchant need not envy any person in Europe, whatever be his rank.

London, August, 1790.

THE banks of the Thames are very beautiful, they might be called flower-beds; for in spite of the eternal mists which hang over England, *Flora* reigns here in all her splendour. How pleasant are the small cottages, covered to the very roof with foliage and flowers, or embowered in the shade of high and spreading trees, through which scarcely a ray of sunshine can penetrate!

But 'tis the picture of uncorrupted manners, and of domestic happiness, which one sees in these villages, that particularly delights me. Many of the wealthy citizens of London, pass the summer in the country, and every Sunday I go to a neighbouring village, where I attend divine service, and hear a good moral sermon, in Yorick's popular manner. It gives me much pleasure to contemplate the contented faces of fathers and husbands, who seem to be addressing their ardent prayers to heaven, only for the preservation of what they already possess. The mothers

mothers are surrounded by their children;—never did I see such fine children, with complexions like milk and blood—all little *Emilius's* and *Sophias.* From church every family returns to their garden, which with a slight sketch of imagination, one might easily fancy to be recesses in Milton's Paradise; only that luckily no seducing serpent is to be found in them. The affectionate wife walks hand in hand with her beloved partner; and no volatile airy fop, or cicisbeo flutters around her. In a word an old batchelor could not possibly refrain from a sigh, at the sight of the beautiful sprightly children, and the chaste discreet mother. Yes my dear friends, in this country the women are chaste and modest; and of course their husbands must be happy. Here the happy couple live only for one another, and not for the world. Though this be more particularly the case with respect to the middling classes of society; yet it is true, likewise, that an English Lord, and Duke, knows nothing of the incessant dissipation, which seems to be the very element of our fashionable world. A ball or concert is here so rare a phenomenon, that even the newspapers speak of them; but among us it is an inviolable custom, to be either continually out a visiting or to receive company at home. The

Englishman on the contrary looks for happiness at home, and rarely wishes to have witnesses of his domestic felicity. And what are the consequences of this continual gadding about? Fashionable ladies, who are always upon the public stage, are anxious only to acquire theatrical virtues; to dress with taste, to walk with an enchanting step, to ogle and smile with a winning grace, is the only merit, the attainment of which is thought worth aiming at by such ladies as are always in company, and only sleep and dress at home. To-day there is a supper, to-morrow a ball;—the dancing continues till morning; can it then be expected, that domestic duties should on the following day engage their attention? Not so the English ladies; educated for a domestic life, they early acquire the inclinations and habits which render even solitude agreeable, and of course become good wives, and good mothers. If I step into a house here, in the morning, I am sure to find the mistress of it, engaged in some occupation; either sewing or knitting, or reading some instructive book, playing on the pianoforte, or drawing, or instructing her children, fondly looking forward to the hour, when her consort returns from the counting-house, and the exchange, or comes out of his study, and smiling exclaims

exclaims, "now I am thine, now I am yours "again!"

I have always considered it a sign of a people's being truly enlightened, when they are fond of a domestic life; 'tis only vacuity of mind that drives us into the whirlpool of dissipation; and true philosophy cannot be more beneficially employed than in bringing mankind back to the pure joys of nature.

Voltaire says at the end of his Candide; "come "my friends! let us work in the garden!"—a word that always occurs to me, when I am reflecting upon fate and happiness; I then frequently add; "come my friends, into the circle of "domestic life, let us love one another, and "leave the rest to providence."

And even if I had not seen St. Paul's cathedral, and the Thames with its magnificent bridges, and its ships, displaying the flags of all nations; even if I had not been in the warehouses of the East-India Company, and at a meeting of the Royal Society; I should not hesitate to call the English, a *highly enlightened* people, because they know the value of domestic happiness.

London, August, 1790.

IN the Literature of the English, as well as in their character, there are many particulars, which in several instances render it inimitable. Britain is the native country of *descriptive poetry*, in which the Germans, and the French, are merely the imitators of the English, who in their pictures of nature, know how to embellish the minutest traits. Thomson's Seasons are yet *unique* in their kind. They are indeed a true mirror of nature; *Saint Lambert* it is true, pleases the French better, but to me seems like a Parisian *Elegant*, who makes an excursion from town to his villa, where he views nature from his window, and then writes fine verses upon it:— *Thomson* on the contrary, is like a Scotch hunter who with his gun on his shoulder, passes his whole life in the fields and woods, and occasionally reposing upon some hill or rock, draws with a light hand and a clear-sighted eye, a sketch of the surrounding scenery. *Saint Lambert* is an agreeable guest of nature; but *Thomson* is her domestic friend, and kinsman. The English poets are distinguished by a certain simplicity, not unlike that which pleases so much in *Homer*. In their poems reigns a soft melancholy, which flows

flows rather from the heart, than the
gination, and they are distinguished by a sing
but pleasing wildness and extravagance, wh
as in an English garden, delights to bring a th
sand unexpected objects before our eyes.
ton's description of Adam and Eve, and Dryd
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, are undoubtedly
most beautiful flowers of English poetry.
ton's Sublime Poem, however, as is well kno
was for a long time neglected or held in
estimation; till Addison's criticism in the S
tator, held it up to general admiration.

In dramatic poetry the English do not po
any thing of note, except the works of *one*
ter; but then this writer is the immortal *Sh*
spear, and the English are rich in this dep
ment of literature.

It requires not the genius and wit of Volt
to direct the shafts of ridicule against the v
parts of Shakespear: a very common portio
understanding is sufficient for this purpose.
such as are incapable of feeling the great bea
with which Shakespear abounds, are too desp
ble antagonists to enter the lists with. In
most of the critics of Shakespear may be c
pared to wanton boys, who in the streets surr

a man in a foreign garb, and make sport of his strange appearance.

Every author bears the stamp of the age he lived in. Shakespear courted the approbation of his contemporaries, and therefore gave way to their prevailing taste. That which then seemed replete with wit and humour, is now tedious and repugnant to our feelings; this is the natural consequence of the progress of taste and refinement, which not even the greatest genius can foresee or calculate upon. But every man of first-rate talents, though obliged in some respects to humour the prejudices of the times, builds, nevertheless, for posterity. Local and conventional beauties vanish; but whatever is founded upon the human heart, and the immutable nature of things remains, and retains its force in Homer as well as in Shakespeare. The greatness and truth of character, an interesting development of events, the deep insight into the recesses of the human heart, and the sublime ideas which we meet with in the works of the British Dramatist, will ever act with irresistible force upon persons of sensibility. I do not know any other poet who possesses such an all-comprehensive, fertile, and inexhaustible imagination, as Shakespear. Every species of poetry is

is to be found in his works. He is the darling son of the Goddess Fancy, who seems to have surrendered to him her magic wand, the wonder-working power of which he displays every step he takes in her wild enchanted garden.

The modern English tragedians aim at strength of expression; but in fact, the contrary quality distinguishes their works, in which we indeed meet with Shakespearian bombast, but look in vain for Shakespear's genius. In their representations of the passions, they almost always overstep the bounds of nature and truth; but perhaps this may be owing to the drowsy phlegmatic Englishmen's being but little affected by what is common and true, so that it requires something uncommon, marvellous, and terrific, to make an impression upon their sluggish minds. At least it would seem, that without thunder and lightning, murders and funerals, crimes and phrenzy, it is impossible to fix their attention. Delicate touches even by the pencil of a master remain unnoticed; and the soft noiseless tones, sighed forth from a tender impassioned heart, produce no effect upon a London audience.

Addison's celebrated tragedy is good only in the scenes where Cato speaks and acts; the other scenes, and especially the love scenes, are intolerable.

lerable. The present favourite tragedies of the English, such as the Grecian Daughter, the Fair Penitent, Jane Shore, &c. are more remarkable for the plot, and a few beautiful descriptions, than for sentiment and poetical merit. In fine, their comedies contain nothing but indecent intrigues and gross caricatures. Here is a little genuine wit, but more buffoonery; and the English Thalia, instead of a gentle smile, greets us with a loud horse-laugh.

It is remarkable that the same country has produced the best novel-writers and historians. Richardson and Fielding taught the French and Germans to write novels in a probable and natural manner, so that they resemble biographical memoirs; and Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon, gave to history, all the charms of interesting novel; and after Thucydides and Tacitus, there is nothing in this department of literature, that can be compared with the productions of these three British historians.

The most recent literature of the English is hardly worthy of notice, they write nothing but middling novels; and the country cannot boast of any poet of eminence. *Young* and *Sterne* seem to have closed the scenes of English writers, whose works ensure their immortal fame.

London,

London, August, 1790.

THIS evening, when I rung the bell of my little study, there appeared, instead of Jenny, who is not remarkable for personal attractions, a beautiful young girl about seventeen years of age. I was at a loss what to think of it, and looked at her without saying a word. At last she asked me, with a curtsey, and her cheeks suffused with a deep blush, what I pleased to want. She likewise informed me, that, this being Sunday, Jenny had been permitted to take a walk out of town, and had requested her to supply her place at home for a few hours. I asked her name? "Sophia." Her rank in life? "Servant at a lodging-house." Her avocations and amusements? "Work and a "good book." Her hopes and expectations? "To save a few guineas and then return to her "poor father, at her native place in Kent." Sophia brought me tea, and poured it out; after much entreaty on my part, she drank a cup herself, but I could not prevail upon her to sit down; and she blushed at every word, however much I was on my guard to say nothing in the least improper. I was astonished to find how fluently I conversed with her; the proper words and expressions spontaneously occurring to me without any effort, so that

that I am confident, if I conversed every day with the charming Sophia, I should, in the course of a month, learn to speak English as well as the most eloquent of the parliamentary orators. I own it, my dear friends, that the Englishwomen, even those of inferior rank, are very lovely.

The Sunday is here a day of peculiar holiness and solemnity: even the poorest day-labourer abstains from work; all shops and warehouses are shut, the Exchange is empty; none of the theatres is open, and nowhere is the ear cheered with the sound of music. Every body goes to church; and many, whom business detains in town all the week, hasten into the country. The public walks swarm with well-dressed persons; even the poorest mechanic making on this day as decent an appearance as his circumstances will permit.

What the *guinguettes* are at Paris, the tea-gardens are at London; the landlords provide punch, tea, butter, and cheese, for their customers. Here the young chambermaids appear in all their finery, to look out for lovers and husbands, or to see their friends and acquaintances: here they treat one another, and collect anecdotes, and make observations, sufficient to furnish a fund of conversation for all the ensuing week. Besides male and female servants, one also meets here

with

with mechanics, merchants'-clerks, journeymen apothecaries—in a word, such people as enjoy life with some degree of taste. The decency and stillness that reign in these gardens, make a pleasing impression upon the mind of a stranger, and give him a favourable idea of the English character. But how diametrically opposite will his sentiments be, if he chance in the evening to peep down into the subterraneous tap-rooms and gin-shops, where the refuse of the English populace are exhibiting a disgusting scene of outrageous drunkenness, and gross debauchery. Thus it is every where in civil society: the good is at top and in the middle; but at the bottom—here we turn aside from the nauseous sight; for the lees of good and of bad wine are equally disgusting.

On this occasion I cannot help remarking, that in the evening I have met with more indications of dissolute morals in the streets of London than even in Paris. Without entering into any farther remarks on this disagreeable subject, of which the less is said, the better; it may suffice to mention, that one frequently sees among the unfortunate victims of libertinism, girls not more than twelve years of age; and there are abandoned mothers who scruple not to sell their daughters to the procuresses.

I began

I began this letter with innocence, and I close it with objects of horror and disgust. Will you forgive me, my lovely Sophia?

London, August, 1790.

YESTERDAY I was at the tavern where the partizans of Fox gave a treat to the electors of Westminster; for there happens now to be an election of the Members of Parliament. Westminster sends two representatives to the House of Commons: one of the candidates, Admiral Hood, is supported by the King's Ministers; and the other, Mr. Fox, by the Opposition party. As I entered the tavern, I was obliged to drink a glass of wine to Mr. Fox's health. The persons present made a great noise and uproar, vociferating, "Long live Fox! Fox for ever! Our wise and "honest Fox! A fox only in name! but in fact "a true patriot, and the firm friend of the people "of Westminster!"

Early this morning I set out with a party of my countrymen to Covent-garden, where the election is held; with difficulty I forced my way through the crowd to the hustings, or a temporary wooden booth, where the electors give their votes.

votes. The candidates had not yet arrived; but their friends were busily employed in furthering their interests; some of them made speeches to the people, waved their hats, and bawled out, "*Fox* "*for ever! Hood for ever!*" Here we saw men with stars, and the insignia of knighthood, familiarly shaking hands with taylors and coblers! But all at once a little man negligently dress, and whose external appearance indicated nothing extraordinary, came upon the hustings, and taking off his hat, made a sign that he intended to speak. Silence immediately ensued, upon which the orator, after taking a few pinches of snuff, with which his waistcoat was copiously bestrewed, thus began:—"Fellow-citizens! True English "freedom has been long out of fashion; but I "am an admirer of the principles of our ances- "tors, and love my country in the good old way! "They tell you that the present day is the tri- "umph of your civil rights and liberties; but can "it with propriety be said, that you are actually "in the possession or exercise of these rights, "when they propose to you to choose two Mem- "bers of Parliament out of only two candidates! "They are already elected! The Ministry has "coalesced with the Opposition, and both parties "make sport of you." Here he again took a

few pinches of snuff; and the people exclaimed, 'That is true—they are only humbugging us!' The orator then proceeded: "Fellow-citizens! "For the purpose of preserving your rights, "which are dear to my heart, I propose my- "self a candidate to represent you in Parliament. "I foresee that I shall not be elected; but at "least you will have had an opportunity of "choosing out of a greater number of candidates. "I am Horne Tooke: my name may probably "not be new to many of you, and it is well "known that the Ministers bear no very great "affection towards me!" 'Bravo, bravo!' exclaimed several of the electors; 'we will give 'him our votes.'

An old decrepid grey-headed man, who walked upon crutches, then went up to Mr. Tooke—and I heard the name of *Wilkes* repeated by several of those around me.

You are acquainted with the history of this man, who some time ago acted so conspicuous a part in this country, boldly withstanding the ministry, and even the Parliament, and thus became the idol of the people. But notwithstanding his pretensions to patriotism, he seems to have been chiefly influenced by self-interest; and he shewed himself such a formidable antagonist of the government,

ment; merely that he might force himself into a lucrative place; and when he had succeeded, he retired from the tumultuous stage of party strife. He now addressed Mr. Tooke, to the following purport: "My friend; with a trembling hand I "inscribe your name in the list; and I shall die "contented, if you be chosen the representative "of this city!" Horne Tooke embraced him without any mark of emotion—and took a pinch of snuff!

Mr. Horne Tooke was, in the time of the American war, parson of Brentford; and having written some bitter invectives against the Court, was thrown into prison. But this has not tamed him; and he still considers it an honour to stand forward as the determined enemy of the ministry. He is a good nervous speaker, and writes still better than he speaks. By several of the literati he is supposed to be the author of the celebrated Letters of Junius.

We now heard several people vociferating—"Make room for the candidates! Make room for "the candidates!" and immediately there appeared a procession, preceded by flags bearing the names of Fox and Hood, and the following inscription: "For our Country, for the People, "and the Constitution!" After the flags follow-

ed the friends of the candidates with cockades in their hats, and last of all the candidates themselves: Fox, a short thick man, about forty-five years of age, with black hair and bushy eye-brows, and a ruddy fresh complexion, dressed in a blue frock; Hood, a tall meagre man, about fifty years of age, and dressed in the uniform of an Admiral. They mounted the hustings, and each of them made a speech to the people. The election then commenced: the citizens went up to the hustings to give their votes; this lasted several hours. In the meantime a boy about thirteen years of age, climbed up to the top of the building, and called out, over the heads of the candidates, "Fox for ever! and the devil take "Hood!" And in a moment afterwards, "Hood "for ever! and the devil take Fox!" No one reproved him, and even the candidates seemed as if they did not hear him.

At last the names of the new-elected members were proclaimed. Hood and Fox had a majority of votes: Horne Tooke only 200, but he, nevertheless, returned thanks to the people as well as the successful candidates. "I should not have "believed," said he, "that Westminster con-"tained 200 patriots; but I am convinced of it, and I rejoice at it from my heart."

They

They now seated Fox in a chair, ornamented with laurel, and carried him home in triumph. Flags waved over his head, martial music resounded, and a thousand voices exclaimed, "Huzza, "and Fox for ever!" This is the fifth time that Fox has been chosen Member of Parliament for Westminster: no wonder, then, that he seemed so much at his ease in his triumphal chair; sometimes smiling, and then again contracting his thick black eye-brows. Hood's party likewise proposed to chair him, but he declined that honour; and one of his friends remarked—"Our "Admiral loves only naval triumph!"

I am now going to relate to you, my friends, an occurrence of a very different kind. Mr. N. lately came to England, as courier from Petersburgh. He is rather advanced in years, yet, notwithstanding his prominent belly, is continually flying from one country to the other, that he may save a few ducats out of his travelling allowance, to maintain his wife and family; you will not blame him, then, when I inform you that he is of a very economical turn, and would not purchase here a new coat, but walked about the streets of London in his short blue uniform, a long red waitcoast, and a skipper's hat of black velvet. But the populace in this city is not remarkable

for politeness; the boys ran after him, called him a scare crow, vexed, and plagued him in a thousand ways. We his countrymen, endeavoured to persuade him to dress himself like other people, and at last gained a victory over his parsimony. Mr. N—— ordered a taylor to make him a fashionable new frock, bought a fine hat, and gave us his word, that he would put on his fine cloaths on the day of the Westminster election—we called upon him in the morning, but were astonished at the appearance he made. Over his new coat he had put on a thick blue coat, and his hat was covered with a wax cloth, to defend it from dust and rain; we tore off both these safe-guards, assuring him that the sky was serene, and that he need not be under any apprehension of rain,—and then set out towards Covent garden. Poor man, how much he is to be pitied! the weather continued fine till about 5 o'clock, when we were returning home. Suddenly the sky was overcast, and it began to rain. Our friend N—— immediately hastened to take shelter under a gateway, furiously venting his imprecations against us; we likewise stopped, and in a short time found ourselves surrounded by a great number of people; a few moments afterwards we observed our friend, who had entered into

into an animated conversation with one of the bye-standers, all at once he turned pale and remained immoveably fixed to the spot, as if he had been changed into a statue.—Some pick-pocket had stolen his purse, which he had been holding with his hand in his pocket; but in the heat of conversation with his unknown neighbour, he had inadvertently pulled his hand out of his pocket in order to enforce his argument by an expressive gesture, and in two seconds his purse was gone. Are you not astonished at the expertness of the London thieves? We had advised Mr. N— to leave his money at home, but unluckily he did not attend to our salutary counsel.

No where are the thieves so publicly tolerated as in London. They have their clubs, their taverns, and are divided into several classes, such as highwaymen, footpads, house-breakers, and pick-pockets. The English are not fond of a strict police, and would rather be robbed, than watched. But then they are generally very much upon their guard; they carry little money with them, and do not willingly go out at night, especially in the city. We Russians once took it into our heads, to drive to Vauxhall, about eleven o'clock; when we got out of town, we observed five ill-looking fellows behind the coach; we ordered

ordered the coachman to stop, and drive them away, but considered it most prudent to return to town: the villains would undoubtedly have watched a fit opportunity to attack and rob us. Another time I and my friend D.——put two thieves to flight. Walking one evening near Richmond, we had lost our way, and wandered to a wild spot near the Thames. It was near midnight, and the weather stormy; all at once we espied two men sitting under a tree. What could they be doing there in the open fields, and in the rain? It was natural for us to suspect them of some evil design; but how should we act in this emergency; at last we determined to save ourselves by a shew of boldness, *payer d' audace* as the French say, and walked with a quick and firm step towards them.—They jumped up and ran away.

In England they never put a person in prison because he is suspected to be a thief; he must be caught in the fact, and his guilt proved by witnesses. Badly would it fare with any one who should bring an accusation of theft without sufficient legal evidence.

London,

London, August, 1790.

WHEN a stranger sees how quiet and domestic a life the English Lords lead in the capital, he is at a loss to guess in what manner they dispose of their income; but when he visits their country seats, he will soon be convinced that even the largest revenue, may be insufficient to defray the expences of many of them: large palaces, extensive gardens, horses, hounds, rural seats, these are the objects upon which they profusely squander their money. The Russian nobility, ruin themselves in the capital, and by travelling; and the Englishman at his country-house. A Lord who comes to London, considers himself nearly as a a traveller, and therefore thinks that it is unnecessary to invite guests, or give entertainments. He is not ashamed to go in an old coat, and on foot to dine with the Prince of Wales, or to ride upon a common hack: and if a particular acquaintance or intimate friend happen to dine with him, the entertainment consists at most of only five dishes.

For many years past, the English have been in the habit of visiting Italy, of buying up the rarest and best productions of the arts, in ancient and modern times. The grandson adds to the collection

tion of his grand-father, and works of art, which were formerly the delight of the artists and connoisseurs in Italy, are now buried in his rural palace, where he guards them like the *Golden fleece*, and the curious artist frequently wanders about like another *Jason* in the labyrinths of the park, looking in vain for the object of his research.

The following are the most beautiful of the country-houses in the neighbourhood of London, which I had an opportunity of seeing.

The Belvedere of *Lord Thurlow*, where there is a magnificient prospect of the surrounding country, and of the Thames covered with innumerable ships. The house of the *Earl* of *Mansfield*, where there is a beautiful hall, which is thought to surpass every thing of the kind in England. The country seat of the *Duke* of *Devonshire*, which is perhaps the most considerable building in England. It is situated between dark rows of cedars. The chateau of the *Duke* of *Dorset*, in the midst of a wild park, where there is a very beautiful hermitage in the gothic style, and some well executed artificial ruins: That of the *Earl* of *Buckinghamshire*, with very pleasant groves of chesnut trees, and a beautiful grotto surrounded with odoriferous shrubs. Sion house belonging to the *Duke* of *Northumberland*,

land, noted for its large gardens, through which the river Thames flows. Lastly the country-seat of *Lord Walpole*, in the gothic style of architecture; and of the *Earl* of *Tilney*, from the terrace of which we had a beautiful view of a river, canals, alleys, an uncultivated common, and woods; of *Alderman Thomas*, called *naked beauty*; of Messrs. *Byng* and *Carew*, where we saw orange-trees an hundred years old, which are a great rarity in England.

All these country houses contain rich collections of pictures, and other productions of the fine arts; likewise green-houses and hot-houses, in which exotic plants from every quarter of the globe are preserved; and extensive ranges of stabling, where the horses are better lodged than many of the poorer classes of human beings. You have read *Gulliver's* Travels, and will probably recollect that he came into a strange land, where men were servants to the horses, who could not be persuaded to believe that there was any country where the noble equine race were subject to the contemptible animal, called man. It was not till I came hither, that I fully understood this satire of *Swift*. His ridicule is aimed against his countrymen, who treat their horses like beloved friends. The swift footed race hor-

ses in England, are not indeed members of parliament, but in other respects, they may without flattery be considered as the lords of the men.

The architecture of the country places, and houses is in good style; taste seems to have been scared sway from the capital, and to have taken up her abode in the villages.

The country round London, is beautiful in every direction, but there are no good prospects except at the top of high steeples, and eminences, for every thing, even fields and meadows, are here inclosed, and which ever way we look we see hedges, walls, and other fences.

The most delightful places are situated on the banks of the Thames, and the finest prospects are to be seen from Windsor and Richmond.—Richmond, in ancient times the residence of the English kings, is now undoubtedly the most beautiful village in the world, and is justly called the British *Frascati*; the palace and gardens are inconsiderable, but the prospect from the hill, on which Richmond rises in the form of an amphitheatre, is extraordinarily charming. The eye follows the course of the Thames, as it winds for many miles through fruitful plains, meadows, woods and gardens: indeed the whole of the adjacent country resembles a garden; what a glo-

rious

rious spectacle at sunrise! between Richmond and Kingston there is a large park, which cannot indeed be compared with that at Windsor, but which is however, considered to be one of the best in the kingdom. From a hill in this park, we likewise enjoyed an extensive, and delightful prospect; we were told that twelve counties might be seen from its summit.

The gardens at Kew, which has been greatly improved, and embellished, by the present king, certainly does not deserve to have so much pains bestowed upon them. The situation is low, so as to afford no prospect:—the Chinese, Arabian, Turkish, Roman, and Greek styles of architecture, are here found intermixt; one now sees a Chinese pleasure house, and on proceeding a little farther, a Turkish mosque; and in another part of the gardens, Greek or Roman temples.

From Richmond, I one day took a walk to Twickenham, a neat pleasant village, where Pope used to reside. This village contains a great number of handsome houses, but I thought none of them worthy my attention, except that which was formerly inhabited by Pope, and now belongs to Lord Stanhope. I saw his study, his arm-chair, the tree incircled spot where he translated Homer, a grotto in which stands a mar-

ble bust of him; and whence the Thames is seen flowing by, and lastly a willow a hundred years old; under the shadow of which, the poet was fond of sitting. I broke off a twig, and shall carefully preserve it for his sake. In Twickenham church stands the monument erected to the memory of *Pope*, by his friend *Dr. Warburton*. It consists of a bust, with the following epitaph under it, written by Pope himself.

> Heroes and Kings! your distance keep,
> In peace let one poor poet sleep,
> Who never flattered folks like you;—
> Let Horace blush and Virgil too!

Is that strictly true, Mr Pope?

In the same church, lie the remains of the immortal *Thomson*, but without monument or epitaph.

I likewise visited the ground near Barnet, where on an Easter-day, in the year 1471, a bloody battle was fought, which decided the fate of the house of York and Lancaster. A stone pillar has been erected on the spot.

At a village called Bromley, I saw the ruins of *Cromwell's* house.

The village of Charlton is remarkable, partly on account of its beautiful situation, and partly

partly on account of the *Horn Fair*, which is annually held there. All the inhabitants there *wear horns on their heads.* It is said, that king John being one day fatigued with the chace, came to Charlton, and alighted at the house of a peasant; the hostess a handsome young woman, happened to please him, and he so plainly discovered his inclinations before the husband, that the latter in a fit of jealous rage, threatened to kill him: but when John made himself known, the peasant became more civil; and the king to indemnify him for the uneasiness he had occasioned him, gave the village of Charlton, on condition, that every one should wear horns at the annual Fair: I leave it to you to make your own comments on this ridiculous custom.

Hampton-court, which was built by *Cardinal Wolsey*, was formerly so magnificent a palace, that *Grotius* calls it a fit habitation for the Gods, two hundred and eighty gilded beds with silk curtains, were constantly kept ready for the accommodation of the guests; the table utensils were of silver, and the drinking cups of gold. The English *Richelieu* and *Dubois*—for *Wolsey* in many respects resembled both these French ministers, at last began to be apprehensive of the rapacious jealousy of Henry the VIII. and made

a present of Hampton-court to that monarch. Here the prudent and virtuous queen Mary, daughter of James II. afterwards resided. It is built partly in the gothic style of architecture, but the whole is distinguished by an air of grandeur, and magnificence. Some of the apartments are adorned with a number of beautiful pictures, the best of which are a Susannah by *Paul Veronese* and the Deluge by *Bassano*. The cabinet of Queen Mary is ornamented with the works of her own hand. The gardens of Hampton-court are in the old taste.

No where are the natural beauties of the country so much heightened by taste and cultivation as in England; and no where is a serene summer day enjoyed with such a relish as here. The gloomy phlegmatical Englishman devours with a sort of canine appetite the rays of the sun, which are the most effectual medicine for his spleen. Give the English the serene sky of Languedoc, and they will dance and sing like Frenchmen.

London,

London, September, 1790.

THERE was a time, when, without having hardly seen a single Englishman, I loved the English nation with enthusiasm, and considered England to be the most delightful country in the world. With what rapture did I in my early youth, read of their victories during the American war. The names of *Rodney* and *Howe*, were ever on my lips; I celebrated their triumphs, and gave treats to my school-fellows in honour of these naval heroes. To be endowed with courage, magnanimity, and every generous and manly virtue, was, in my idea, the same thing as being an Englishman. I now no longer view them at a distance; still, however, I praise them—but then my praise is as cold as they are themselves.

I should not like to live in England; in the first place, on account of the gloomy, humid, unsettled climate. I know, indeed, that when our hearts are tranquil and content, we may be happy even in the wilds of Siberia; but it is no less certain, that a serene climate greatly contributes to produce a corresponding serenity of mind, and that gloomy weather increases our cares and ill-humour. Woods, parks, verdant fields, and gardens, are all excellent in England; but then every

thing is covered with fogs, and with the smoke and exhalations of pit-coal. Seldom, very seldom do the bright rays of the sun penetrate through the dense atmosphere: and what is life without sunshine? An Italian once wrote from London to his friend in Naples: "Give my compliments to the sun; for it is a long time since "I had the pleasure of seeing him."

The English winters are not, indeed, so cold as ours; but then we have in Russia, during the winter season, the finest clearest days, such as are seldom seen here even in summer. Is it to be wondered at, then, if the English bear some resemblance to September?

In the second place, the *coldness of the English channel* does not suit me. I have, indeed, heard a French emigrant say: "That it is a vol-"cano covered with snow and ice;" but I stand in eager expectation—no flame, however, bursts forth, and in the mean time I perish with cold. My Russian heart delights in the spontaneous effusious of a free and lively conversation; it loves the play of the eyes, rapid changes of mien, and expressive motions and gesticulations. The Englishman is for the most part silent; and even when he speaks, he speaks with the same indifference as if he were reading a book, and betrays

none

none of those quick internal emotions which, like the electric spark, penetrate and give a shock to our whole frame. He is considered to be a *profound thinker*; perhaps for no other reason but because he *seems to be so;* for the examples of *Bacon, Newton, Locke, Hobbes*, and others, prove nothing, as men of superior talents are born in every country. The whole world is the native country of genius; and *Descartes* and *Leibnitz* are as profound thinkers as *Locke* and *Newton*.

I very willingly allow, however, that the English are an enlightened and intelligent people. Here the mechanic reads Hume's History of England; the servant maid is acquainted with Yorick's Sermons and Clarissa; the shopkeeper reasons with judgment about the commercial relations and interests of his country; and even the labourer converses about Sheridan's speeches.—Newspapers and journals are in the hands of every one, in the smallest villages as well as in the capital.

Fielding maintains that no other language possesses a word equivalent to the English word *humour*, which, according to his definition of it, signifies a combination of chearfulness, mirth, and wit; and thence he concludes that his countrymen possess these qualities in a more eminent degree

degree than other nations. But in what is the wit of the English displayed? Is it, perhaps, in their caricatures—and their mirth? Is it, perhaps, in the gross farces that are exhibited at their theatres? Chearfulness, in fine, I no where meet with; for even the most ludicrous caricatures cannot make them laugh. If, however, at any time they do happen to laugh, you would believe that they were in a fit of the hysterics. No, no, ye haughty lords of the main, who are as gloomy as the mists which hang over the element of your glory, leave to your rivals, the French, the playfulness of wit. Boast of the solidity of your understanding as much as you please; but give me leave to say, that you are deficient in the delicacy of fancy, the sprightly agreeableness of imagination, and that lively flow of ideas, which alone can give a zest to conversation. Ye may be men of understanding, but ye are very dull and tedious companions. Far be it from me, however, to say the same thing of the Englishwomen: these are rendered lovely by their beauty, by the sensibility and tenderness in their eyes; but on this subject I have already explained my opinion in my former letters. Here I have been speaking only of the men.

Generosity

Generosity and benevolence are virtues which the English are supposed to delight in; and it is certain that they succour the unfortunate, when they are convinced of their being really deserving objects. When the contrary is the case, they are inexorable, so sensibly does an attempt to impose upon them hurt their self-love. They are, however, much more charitable in foreign countries than their own; as they take it for granted that in England, where diligence always meets with its reward, an honest industrious man cannot sink into a state of mendicity. Hence a proverb, which is frequently in their mouths—"He who "is poor, is not deserving of a better fate." What a shocking idea which brands poverty as a crime! and how false! Here the poor man must languish unpitied, and conceal his indigence. In the midst of abundance, and surrounded with heaps of guineas, he is doomed to feel all the tortures of a Tantalus. It ought to be remembered, that disease and old age may reduce the most industrious and honest man to beggary.

But the English are honest and brave; they are a moral people; they are fond of a domestic life; they pay respect to the claims of friendship, and to the ties of consanguinity. How enviable

their

their lot in this point of view! Their word may be depended upon, and their politeness and conversation is sincere. Perhaps this is owing to the spirit of commerce, which teaches them to value and preserve the good opinion and confidence of others. But with the strictest integrity, they are refined, artful, egotists in commerce, in politics, and in their private connections. Every thing is weighed well, and calculated before hand; and personal advantage is commonly the result. Men of a cold phlegmatical character are indeed commonly the greatest egotists, for they follow the dictates of the understanding rather than the heart; but the understanding as invariably inclines towards self-interest, as the magnetical needle points towards the North Pole. "To do good without "knowing why;" that is the act of our poor simple hearts. Mr. P——, my London acquaintance, for instance, calls upon me every morning, and offers his services to be my guide to whatever place I may wish to visit; but this kindness is not altogether disinterested, for Mr. P. is fond of strolling about in the morning, and a companion is very acceptable; and besides my simple questions and observations occasionally divert him. Perhaps, too, he may be pleased with my sincere

expressions

expressions of gratitude, for his politeness and attention to a stranger. In this manner the English are very willing to oblige others.

The English are likewise *proud;* and most of all, they pride themselves upon their political constitution. During my stay I have read *De Lolme* with great attention. The laws are good; and to render the nation really happy, nothing is wanting but that they be properly executed. An English Minister needs only to observe a few formalities prescribed by the constitution, and then he may do whatever he pleases. With guineas and lucrative places, he easily gains over a majority of the Members of Parliament; and the few who oppose him make only an useless empty clamour, which generally ends in nothing. This, however, is an important circumstance, that the Minister must always be a man of eminent talents, so that he may be able to reply immediately, with clearness and energy, to the arguments advanced by his adversaries in Parliament. But of still greater importance is it, that he cannot, without great danger, make a bad use of his power. The English are so well acquainted with their real interest, that if ever a Pitt should venture to pursue measures diametrically opposite to the general good, he would certainly soon lose the majority

jority of votes in Parliament—and then he would be a conjuror without his magic wand. It is not so much the Constitution, then, as the enlightened state of the public mind, that is the true palladium of the English. Every civil constitution must, however, necessarily be modified according to the character of the people for whom it is destined; and that which is good in England, may perhaps be unsuitable in other countries.

The English, in fine, are reproached with rudeness towards strangers. This accusation is not, however, so well founded as formerly. The polite title of *French Dog*, with which the London populace honoured all foreigners, has for some time past been rather out of fashion. I one day happened to be travelling in the stage-coach with an English farmer: when he heard that I was a foreigner, he turned towards me with a serious mien, and said to me, "It is well to be an Eng-"lishman; but it is still better to be a good man: "Frenchman or German, if he be a good man, "he is my brother." But all the English farmers have not such liberal sentiments. In general the lower class of Englishmen look upon foreigners as pitible half-savages. "Let him alone, he "is a foreigner!" is an exclamation one frequently hears in the streets of London, pronounced

nounced with a tone that seems to say, "He is a "poor contemptible creature!"

Those who believe that happiness consists in riches and abundance, would be tempted soon to alter their opinion, if they saw the wealthy nabobs, who, surrounded with every thing that can minister to enjoyment, have no relish for any thing, and die long before their death. This is the English spleen; a moral disease, which is, however, known likewise in other countries, by the names of *ennui* and *tædium vitæ*. It is, however, more frequent in England than elsewhere; the principal causes of which are probably the moist foggy air, the heavy food, and want of sufficient exercise. What a singular being is man! He complains of the cares and sorrows with which he is oppressed; and when he has every thing he wished for, when he is free from all care, he yawns from listlessness and wearisomeness. The rich Englishman travels, becomes a virtuoso, a man of taste and a collector; launches out into every species of extravagance, marries a wife, and at last shoots himself—and all this merely from *ennui*. He is unhappy from a superabundance of good fortune. This, however, is principally the case with the idle Cresus's, whose fathers, or grandfathers, amassed princely for-

tunes in India. Those, on the contrary, who are of an active disposition, and engaged in the bustle of commerce, are rarely attacked by the spleen.

Is not the spleen perhaps likewise the source of those numberless oddities, which would elsewhere be considered as so many symptoms of insanity, but which are here merely called whim? Those who have lost all relish for the rational pleasures of life, begin to hunt after false and fantastical enjoyments, and endeavour to excite at least astonishment by something uncommon, when they no longer find it possible to dazzle the eyes of others, by a display of their splendid happiness. I could relate to you a great number of these whims, with accounts of which the English newspapers and journals are filled, but we will leave to Britons the privilege of boasting of their follies, to our comfort however we may say, if in England it is allowed to indulge in foolish whims, there is not among us any prohibition against being over wise, and the one is frequently as ridiculous as the other.

The unbounded liberty to live according to one's one fancy, and to do on every occasion whatever one pleases, provided it does not militate against the welfare of others, produces in England a great

a great number of original characters, and is a rich source for the writers of novels. The other countries of Europe resemble regular gardens, where one tree is of the same size as the other, where the walks are all in a straight line, and where every thing is laid out with the greatest uniformity. An Englishman on the contrary, grows up like the oaks of the forest, which though all of the same genus or family, are distinguished by numberless dissimilitudes; and it appears to me that *Fielding* was not under the necessity of inventing the characters of the personages in his novels, but only drew faithful copies from nature.

If I were desired to define the national character of the English with a single word, I should call them sullen, just as the French are called volatile, and the Italians cunning. It is pleasant enough to see England. The manners and customs of the inhabitants, the progress of cultivation, and the improvements of arts and sciences, are objects worthy the attention of the traveller; but to live in England, for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures of social intercourse—that would be like searching for flowers in a sandy desert: this opinion agrees with that of all the foreigners, with whom I have formed an ac-

quaintance here. I should very willingly take a second voyage to England, but I now leave it without regret.

On board of ship, September, 1790.

YOUR friend is already at sea, hastening back to his dear native land; when I went on board of the ship, the captain conducted me into the cabin, and shewed me my bed, which rather resembles a coffin. For my comfort he told me, that a beautiful young lady who sailed with him as a passenger, from New York, to England, had died in it, of an inflammatory fever:—and perhaps thought I, it may serve me likewise for a death bed—and then laid myself down in peace, and soon fell asleep.

A loud noise awakened me, they were heaving the anchor. I went upon deck; the sun was just risen, the ship was already in motion, and flew with full sails through the tiers of ships moored in the Thames. As we passed, the sailors hailed us, and waving their hats, wished us a good voyage. I viewed with pleasure, the beautiful banks of the Thames, which with the parks, meadows and villas, seemed rapidly to pass us, and we soon came into the open sea, where

where I amused myself with the sight of the boundless expanse, with the foaming of the waves, with the whistling of the storm; ruminating upon the adventurous boldness of man. The English coast began to disappear in the dimness of the distant horizon; and I chearfully bid it a last farewell.

But soon my eyes too were overspread with dimness, and my head began to turn round; how dreadful the sea-sickness is; it seemed as if my heart would leap out of my body, tears flowed in streams down my cheeks, and I felt an insupportable oppression. The captain advised me to eat which he assured me, was the best remedy for the sea-sickness. I threw myself an hundred times upon my bed, but an hundred times got up again, and sat down upon the deck, where I am bedashed with the spray of the waves: do not suppose this to be merely a rhetorical figure;—no the sea actually rose so high that the waves rolled over the deck, and one of them had nearly washed me into the place where the anchors are laid. My sickness lasted three days; at last I had the good fortune to fall asleep, and when I awoke, I found myself free from even the slightest indisposition, I could scarcely believe my own sensations. I jumped up with alacrity, and while I was dress-

ing myself, the captain came into the cabin with a sorrowful mien, and said to me: there is a dead calm, and the ship makes no way. I hastened upon deck—and what a magnificent spectacle presented itself to my view, the ocean resembled a mirror, with the sun shining upon it. The sails were hanging down loose and motionless, and the seamen sitting in a mournful posture; every one on board seemed to be displeased but myself: I rejoiced like a child at my recovery, and was delighted with the beautiful prospect of the tranquil face of the ocean. On every side a smooth boundless plain, and every where the dazzling picture of the reflected sun. In about an hour a light breeze sprung up, which began to curl the surface of the sea, and to fill our sails. We now met some Norwegian boats; our captain made a signal to them, and in a few minutes the deck was covered with fish; you may easily imagine how well pleased I was at such a sight, as I had not eaten any thing during the three preceding days, and did not much relish the salt beef or pork, and pease-pudding,: the fare which the English captains usually provide for their passengers. Two dishes of fish are now placed upon the table, and you must therefore give me leave to lay down my pen.

The

The wind blows fresh again, but it is favourable. I am quite free from sickness, and in good spirits. The thought that I am rapidly approaching my beloved country, gladdens my heart.—With my favourite Ossian in my hand I hear the roaring of the waves, see how the swift vessel cuts with her black prow the opposing billows. Last night was very stormy: the Captain sat at the helm, being afraid of the rocks on the coast of Norway. I placed myself at his side, trembling indeed with cold, but delighted with the sublime imagery of Ossian, who, at that moment, filled my whole soul. The grey clouds flew rapidly over us, and the moon penetrating through them, shed a silvery light on the the swelling billows. I in vain strained my eyes to discern the wild coast of Norway, near which we were now sailing; but it was hidden in the obscurity of the night. Suddenly we heard the report of cannon; I asked the Captain what it could be, and he answered, "Perhaps signals of distress; for this is "a very dangerous sea." Poor unfortunate sufferers; who will assist them in such a dark and stormy night? The Captain was alarmed lest he should lose the right track, and looked incessantly at the compass. The sailors were asleep, except one upon watch, who bawled out upon observing the

the slightest change of the wind—and in an instant the others jumped up, mounted the shrouds, and shifted or lowered the sails; for our ship, though of considerable bulk, is manned with no more than nine sailors. About three in the morning I went to bed; and now for the first time the rolling of the ship seemed to me an agreeable motion, composing me to sleep like the rocking of a cradle.

Maria W*** was born in England; her father, one of the most zealous partizans of the Opposition party, became at last so tired with his unavailing contest with corruption, and so disgusted with England, where he was obliged daily to witness the triumphs of his antagonists, that he left his native country and emigrated to New-York. His daughter Maria, the victim of her father's political principles, left behind her in London her heart and happiness. She loved an amiable worthy youth, and was beloved by him with equal ardour and constancy. After a residence of five years in America her father died. She shed sincere tears of filial affection upon his bier, and then hastened to return to England. Animated with love and hope, she embarked on board of a ship bound to Europe; but on the very

very first day of the voyage, she was attacked by a severe fit of illness. The Captain advised her to return—" No, no!" answered Maria, " I am " determined to proceed without delay to Eng- " land; delay is even worse than death!" Her fever increased, and she became delirious. She then fancied that she was sitting at the side of her beloved, and told him what she had suffered on account of their long separation. But now, added she, I am happy! Now I die contented in thy arms. But, alas! her beloved was far away, and Maria died in the arms of her maid. The lifeless body of the lovely girl was consigned to a watery grave! and now I occupy her bed! I asked the Captain: " And would you, then, " throw me likewise into the sea, if I happened to " die on board of your ship?" ' What else could ' we do?' answered he, shrugging up his shoulders. " No, no!" exclaimed I; " dear Mother " Earth, I hope thou wilt allot me some tranquil " spot, where my bones may repose in peace!"

To-day we narrowly escaped shipwreck. The man at the helm had drank a few glasses too much, and did not observe a flag which was fixed upon a rock, in order to warn the mariners of their danger. Fortunately the Captain discovered it

it in the very moment when it was yet possible to save us. We were only a few fathoms from the rocks: the Captain called out to the sailors, they flew up the shrouds, the sails were shifted, and the ship tacked about. Admirable celerity and expertness; the sea, it must be owned, is the proper element of the English. The Captain was greatly enraged at the steersman: he threatened to strike him, and to throw him overboard. Tears trickled down the cheeks of the culprit. "I own it, Captain," said he, "that I am in "fault; but rather throw me overboard than "strike me. Disgrace is more terrible to an "Englishman than even death itself."

I have, in the course of eight days, become so accustomed to a sea-life, that I should not be afraid to undertake a voyage round the world. The storm rages incessantly; the ship is continually so inclined to one side, that it is impossible to walk a single step upon deck without laying hold of a rope. In the cabin, where all the furniture and utensils are fastened with nails, every thing, nevertheless, is frequently thrown into confusion by the violent shocks. I am already acquainted with the colours of every nation, and when we meet a ship, I take up the speaking-trumpet, and hail it with a "from whence come "you?" Yesterday

Yesterday evening we were exactly opposite to Copenhagen; I was very desirous to see this city, but the hard-hearted Captain would not accommodate me with a boat.

Cronstadt, Sept. 1790.

LAND! land! I salute thee, dear country of my fathers! I am in Russia, and in a few days I shall embrace my friends again. I stop every person I meet, and enter into conversation with, him merely that I may enjoy the pleasure of hearing and speaking the Russian language. You know that there are few more wretched holes than Cronstadt; but to me it seems a most charming town. The inn where I lodged is only fit receptacle for beggars; but I feel myself quite comfortable in it.

With how much pleasure do I pack up the treasures I have collected—the billets, accounts, books, stones, herbs, and bracelets, which remind me of the Perte du Rhone, of Lorenzo's grave, or of the willow, under the shade of which Pope wrote some of the most beautiful of his poems. What are the treasures of all the nabobs under the sun, when compared with mine!

I am now reading over again the copies of some of the letters which I wrote to you. They are a true mirror of my soul during my travels; and twenty years hence the perusal of them will still afford me pleasure—though possibly only to me! I see, then, what I was, what were my thoughts, and what were my waking dreams, and—what is more interesting to man than his own dear self? But perhaps others too will be amused with my sketches—perhaps—that, however, is their concern, and not mine.

And ye, my beloved, quickly prepare me a neat cottage, where I may repose from my fatigues, and amuse myself as I list, with the visions of fancy, where I may mourn with my heart, and rejoice with my friends!

THE END.

J. CUNDEE, PRINTER,
Ivy-Lane.

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